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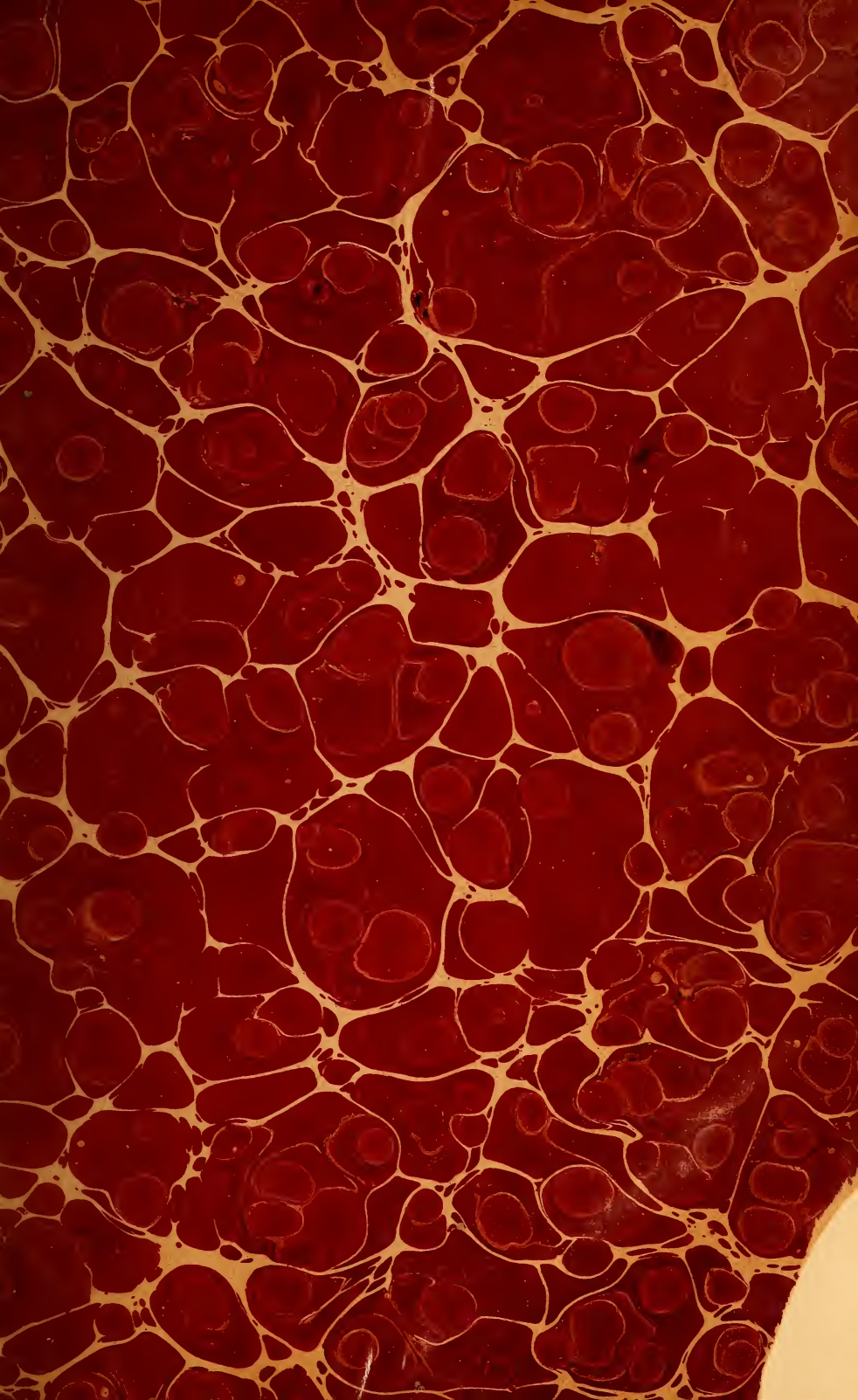
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BONNELL THORNTON, ESQ.

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FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING

THE
CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR GENERAL.

Non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.

HOR.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:

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Dec. 19-14

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THE CONNOISSEUR.

By MR. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR GENERAL.

No. 1.] THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1754.

Ordine gentis
Mores, et studia, et populos, et praelia dicam. VIRG.

Their studies and pursuits in order shown,
'Tis mine to mark the Manners of the Town.

AS I have assumed the character of Censor General I shall follow the example of the old Roman Censor; the first part of whose duty was to review the people, and distribute them into their several divisions. I shall therefore enter upon my office, by taking a cursory survey of what is usually called the Town. In this I shall not confine myself to the exact method of a geographer, but carry the reader from one quarter to another, as it may suit my convenience, or best contribute to his entertainment.

When a comedian, celebrated for his excellence in the part of Shylock, first undertook that character, he made daily visits to the centre of business, the 'Change and the adjacent coffee-houses; that by a frequent intercourse and conversation with "the unforeseinn'd race," he might habituate himself to their air and deportment. A like desire of penetrating into the most secret springs of action in these people has often led me there; but I was never more diverted than at Garraway's a few days before the drawing of the lottery. I not only could read hope, fear, and all the various passions excited by a love of gain, strongly pictured in the faces of those who came to buy; but I remarked with no less delight, the many little artifices made use of to allure adventurers, as well as the visi-

ble alterations in the looks of the sellers, according as the demand for tickets gave occasion to raise or lower their price. So deeply were the countenances of these bubble-brokers impressed with an attention to the main chance, and their minds seemed so dead to all other sensations, that one might almost doubt, where money is out of the case, whether a Jew "has eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions."

From Garraway's it is but a short step to a gloomy class of mortals, not less intent on gain than the stock-jobber: I mean the dispensers of life and death, who flock together like birds of prey watching for carcasses, at Batson's. I never enter this place, but it serves as a *memento mori* to me. What a formal assemblage of sable suits, and tremendous perukes! I have often met here a most intimate acquaintance, whom I have scarce known again; a sprightly young fellow, with whom I have spent many a jolly hour; but being just dubbed a graduate in physic, he has gained such an entire conquest over the risible muscles, that he hardly vouchsafes at any time to smile. I have heard him harangue, with all the oracular importance of a veteran, on the possibility of Canning's subsisting for a whole month on a few bits of bread; and he is now preparing a treatise, in which will be set forth a new and infallible method to prevent the spreading of the plague from France into England. Batson's has been reckoned the seat of solemn stupidity: yet it is not totally devoid of taste and common sense. They have among them physicians, who can cope with the most eminent lawyers or divines; and critics, who can relish the *sal volatile* of a witty composition, or determine

how much fire is requisite to sublimate a tragedy *secundum artem*.

Emerging from these dismal regions, I am glad to breathe the pure air in St. Paul's coffee-house; where, (as I possess the highest veneration for our clergy) I cannot contemplate the magnificence of the cathedral without reflecting on the abject condition of those "tattered crapes," who are said to ply here for an occasional burial or sermon, with the same regularity as the happier drudges, who salute us with the cry of "coach, Sir," or "chair, your honour."

And here my publisher would not forgive me, was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the Chapter Coffee-house, which, is frequented by those encouragers of literature, and (as they are styled by an eminent critic) "not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers." The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a good book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book in the phrase of the Conger is best, which sells most; and if the demand for Quarles should be greater than for Pope, he would have the highest place on the rubric-post. There are also many parts of every work liable to their remarks, which fall not within the notice of less accurate observers. A few nights ago I saw one of these gentlemen take up a sermon, and after seeming to peruse it for some time with great attention, he declared, "it was very good English." The reader will judge whether I was most surprised or diverted, when I discovered, that he was not commending the purity and elegance of the diction, but the beauty of the type; which, it seems, is known among the printers by that appellation. We must not, however, think the members of the Conger strangers to the deeper parts of literature; for as carpenters, smiths, masons, and all mechanics smell of the trade they labour at, booksellers take a peculiar turn from their connections with books and authors. The character of the bookseller is commonly formed on the writers in his service. Thus one is a politician or a deist; another affects humour, or aims at turns of wit and repartee; while a third perhaps is grave, moral, and sententious.

The Temple is the barrier that divides the city and suburbs; and the gentlemen who reside there, seem influenced by the situation of the place they inhabit. Templars are, in general, a kind of citizen-courtiers. They aim at the air and mien of the drawing-room; but the holyday smartness of a 'prentice, heightened with some additional touches of the rake or coxcomb, betrays itself in every thing they do. The Temple, however, is stocked with its peculiar beaux, wits, poets, critics, and every charac-

ter in the gay world: and it is a thousand pities, that so pretty a society should be disgraced with a few dull fellows, who can submit to puzzle themselves with cases and reports, and have not taste enough to follow the genteel method of studying the law.

I shall now, like a true student of the Temple, hurry from thence to Covent-Garden, the acknowledged region of gallantry, wit, and criticism; and hope to be excused for not stopping at George's in my way, as the Bedford affords a greater variety of nearly the same characters. This coffee-house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and *bons mots* are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press, or performance at the theatres, weighed and determined. This school (to which I am myself indebted for a great part of my education, and in which though unworthy, I am now arrived at the honour of being a public lecturer) has bred up many authors, to the amazing entertainment and instruction of their readers. Button's, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addison, Steele, Pope, and the rest of that celebrated set, who flourished at the beginning of this century: and was regarded with just deference on account of the real geniuses who frequented it. But we can now boast men of superior abilities; men, who without any one acquired excellence, by the mere dint of a happy assurance, can exact the same tribute of veneration, and receive it as due to the illustrious characters, the scribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make so large a part of the company at the Bedford.

I shall now take leave of Covent-Garden, and desire the reader's company to White's. Here (as *Vanbrugh* says of *Locket's*) "he may have a dish no bigger than a saucer, that shall cost him fifty shillings." The great people who frequent this place, do not interrupt their politer amusements, like the wretches at *Garraway's*, with business, any farther than to go down to Westminster one session to vote for a bill, and the next to repeal it. Nor do they trouble themselves with literary debates, as at the Bedford. Learning is beneath the notice of a man of quality. They employ themselves more fashionably at whist for the trifle of a thousand pounds the rubber, or by making bets on the lie of the day.

From this very genteel place the reader must not be surprised, if I should convey him to a cellar, or a common porter-house. For, as it is my province to delineate and remark on mankind in general, whoever becomes my disciple must not refuse to follow me from the Star and Garter to the Goose and Gridiron, and be content to climb after me up to an Author's garret, or give me leave to introduce him to a route.

In my present cursory view of the Town I have, indeed, confined myself principally to coffee-houses; though I constantly visit all places, that afford any matter for speculation. I am a Scotchman at Forrest's, a Frenchman at Slaughter's, and at the Cocoa-Tree I am—an Englishman. At the Robin Hood I am a politician, a logician, a geometrician, a physician, a metaphysician, a casuist, a moralist, a theologian, a mythologist, or any thing—but an atheist. Wherever the World is, I am. You will therefore hear of me sometimes at the theatres, sometimes perhaps at the opera: nor shall I think the exhibitions of Sadler's Wells, or the Little Theatre in the Haymarket beneath my notice; but may one day or the other give a dissertation upon tumbling, or, (if they should again become popular) a critique on dogs and monkeys.

Though the Town is the walk I shall generally appear in, let it not be imagined, that vice and folly will shoot up unnoticed in the country. My cousin Village has undertaken that province, and will send me the freshest advices of every fault or foible that takes root there. But as it is my chief ambition to please and instruct the ladies, I shall embrace every opportunity of devoting my labours to their service: and I may with justice congratulate myself upon the happiness of living in an age, when the female part of the world are so studious to find employment for a Censor.

The character of Mr. Town is, I flatter myself, too well known to need an explanation. How far, and in what sense, I propose to be a Connoisseur, the reader will gather from my general motto:

—Non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos saltet; sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus. HOR.

Who better knows to build, and who to dance,
Or this from Italy, or that from France,
Our Connoisseur will ne'er pretend to scan,
But point the follies of mankind to man.
Th' important knowledge of ourselves explain,
Which not to know all knowledge is but vain.

As Critic and Censor General, I shall take the liberty to animadvert on every thing that appears to me vicious or ridiculous: always endeavouring "to hold as it were the mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the Time his form and pressure."

No. 2.] THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1754.

—Commissa quod auctio vendit
Stantibus, cenophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas. Juv.

Maim'd statues, rusty medals, marbles old,
By Sloane collected, or by Langford sold.

I HAVE already received letters from several Vir-

tuosi, expressing their astonishment and concern at my disappointing the warm hopes they had conceived of my undertaking from the title of my paper. They tell me, that by deserting the paths of *Virtu*, I at once neglect the public interest and my own; that by supporting the character of Connoisseur in its usual sense, I might have obtained very considerable salaries from the principal auction-rooms, toy-shops, and repositories, and might besides very plausibly have recommended myself as the properest person in the world, to be keeper of Sir Hans Sloane's Museum.

I cannot be insensible of the importance of this capital business of taste, and how much reputation as well as profit would accrue to my labours by confining them to the minutest researches into nature and art, and poring over the rust of antiquity. I very well know that the discovery of a new zoophyte, or species of the polype, would be as valuable as that of the longitude. The cabinets of the curious would furnish out matter for my essays, more instructing than all the learned lumber of a Vatican. Of what consequence would it be, to point out the distinctions of originals from copies so precisely, that the paltry scratchings of a modern may never hereafter be palmed on a Connoisseur for the labours of a Rembrandt! I should command applause from the adorers of antiquity, were I to demonstrate, that merit never existed but in the schools of the old painters, never flourished but in the warm climate of Italy: and how should I rise in the esteem of my countrymen, by chastising the arrogance of an Englishman in presuming to determine the analysis of beauty!

At other times I might take occasion to show my sagacity in conjectures on rusty coins and illegible marbles. What profound erudition is contained in a half-obliterated antique piece of copper! TRAJ. IMP. P. VII. COSS. MAX. ***TREB. V. P. P. S. C.; and how meretricious, most courteous and righte worthy reader, would the barbarous inscription of some ancient monument appear to thee, and how pleasant to thyne eyne wytheall, thus preserved in its obsolete spelling and original black character! To this branch of taste, I am more particularly pressed: a correspondent desires to know, whether I was of the party that lately took a survey of Palmyra in the Desert; another, if I have traversed the Holy Land, or visited Mount Calvary. I shall not speak too proudly of my travels: but as my predecessor the Spectator has recommended himself by having made a trip to Grand Cairo to take measure of a pyramid, I assure my reader that I have climbed Mount Vesuvio in the midst of its eruptions, and dug some time under ground in the ruins of Herculaneum.

I shall always be solicitous to procure the es-

team of so respectable a body as the Connoisseurs: since I cannot but be sensible, could I any way merit it by my labours, how much more important the name of Mr. Town would appear, dignified with the addition of F. R. S. or Member of the Society of Antiquarians. I therefore take this early opportunity of obliging the curious with a letter from a very eminent personage, who, as well as myself, is lately become a Connoisseur, and is known to have gone abroad for no other purpose than to buy pictures.

TO MR. ———.

DEAR SIR,

The hurry in which I left England must have convinced you how much I was in earnest, when I talked of making a valuable collection of pictures. By my frequent attendance on sales, I already know almost as much of painting, as I do of the funds: and can talk as learnedly of light and shade, figure, proportion, drapery, &c. as of the rise and fall of stocks. I have, however, been very much embarrassed in getting together a collection, suitable to the religion I profess. The famous painters were most of them such bigots to their own way of thinking, that they have scarce left any thing behind them but Holy Families, Dead Christs, and Madonnas; subjects which, to me and my tribe are odious and abominable. A picture, since it has the property of being the language of all mankind, should never be particular in its subject; but we should paint, as the English are taught to pray, "for all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics."

When I have made the tour of Italy, I will send you a complete list of all my purchases: in the mean time, the following short specimen will enable you to judge of my precautions, in selecting pieces suitable to my character, and not offensive to my principles.

The first that I bought was "the Elevation of the Golden Calf." This I shall set up in the Royal Exchange, as a typical representation of myself, to be worshipped by all brokers, insurers, scriveners, and the whole fraternity of stock-jobbers.

The second is "The Triumph of Gideon." This I intended, if a late project in favour of our brethren had not miscarried, should have been hung up in St. Stephen's Chapel, as a memorial of our victory over the Uncircumcised.

The third and fourth are "Peter denying his Master," and "Judas betraying him for thirty pieces of silver;" both which I design as presents to our two worthy friends, the B——s of——, and——.

The next which I shall mention to you, deserves particular notice; and this is "the Prophet of Nazareth himself, conjuring the Devil into a herd of swine." From this piece, when I return to England, I intend to have a

print engraved; being very proper to be had in all Jewish families, as a necessary preservative against pork and christianity.

I shall not tire you with a particular detail of some other lesser pieces; such as—the Deluge; in water-colours—the New Jerusalem, in perspective—Some Ruins of the Temple—a Publican at the Receipt of Custom—and a Samson in miniature.

Besides these, I have employed an ingenious artist here to execute a design of my own. It is a picture of Fortune, not standing (as in the common style) upon a kind of cart-wheel, but on the two wheels of the lottery, with a representation of a net cast over the lesser engrossers of tickets, while a chief manager is breaking his way through the meshes.

I must not forget to tell you, that I have picked up an infamous portrait, by an English hand, called Shylock; with the following inscription under it, taken, I suppose, from the London Evening Post, or that impudent fool the Gazetteer: "they have disgraced me and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies;—and what's the reason? I am a Jew."

As soon as the parliament is dissolved, you may expect to see me in England; till when,

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

I shall here subjoin a letter of a very different stamp; which points out to me another walk as a Connoisseur, not less extensive, perhaps, and more agreeable to the modern taste, than that of *Virtu*.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I suppose Connoisseur is only another word for a knowing one. So write me a few papers in defence of cards, dice, races, and gaming in general; and I will admit you upon the square, introduce you at White's, set you upon the turf the next meeting at Newmarket, and make your fortune at once. If you are the man I take you for, you will be wise, and do this directly; and then the odds are for you. If not, I'll hold you a hundred pounds to a China orange, that your paper is neglected as low and vulgar, and yourself condemned as an unfashionable blockhead.

Yours, as you behave,

T.

WILL. HAZARD.

No. 3.] THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 1754.

*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.* LUCRET.

When raging winds the ruffled deep deform,
We look at distance, and enjoy the storm;
Toss'd on the waves with pleasure others see,
Nor heed their dangers, while ourselves are free.

WE writers of essays, or (as they are termed) periodical papers, justly claim to ourselves a place among the modern improvers of literature. Neither Bently nor Burman, nor any other equally sagacious commentator, has been able to discover the least traces of any similar productions among the ancients: except we can suppose, that the history of Thucydides was retailed weekly in sixpenny numbers; that Seneca dealt out his morality every Saturday; or that Tully wrote speeches and philosophical disquisitions, whilst Virgil and Horace clubbed together to furnish the poetry for a Roman magazine.

There is a word, indeed, by which we are fond of distinguishing our works, and for which we must confess ourselves indebted to the Latin. Myself, and every petty journalist, affect to dignify our hasty performances by styling them *Lucubrations*; by which we mean, if we mean any thing, that as the day is too short for our labours, we are obliged to call in the assistance of the night: not to mention the modest insinuation, that our compositions are so correct, that (like the orations of Demosthenes) they may be said to smell of the lamp. We would be understood to follow the directions of the Roman Satirist, "to grow pale by the midnight candle;" though, perhaps, as our own Satirist expresses it, we may be thought

Sleepless ourselves, to give our readers sleep.

But, as a relief from the fatigue of so many restless hours, we have frequently gone to sleep for the benefit of the public: and surely we, whose labours are confined to a sheet and a half, may be indulged in taking a nap now and then, as well as those engaged in longer works; who (according to Horace) are to be excused, if a little drowsiness sometimes creeps in upon them.

After this preface, the reader will not be surprised, if I take the liberty to relate a dream of my own. It is usual on these occasions to be lulled to sleep by some book: and most of my brethren pay that compliment to Virgil or Shakespeare: but as I could never discover any opiate qualities in those authors, I chose rather to doze over some modern performance. I must beg to be excused from mentioning particulars, as I would not provoke the resentment of my contemporaries: nobody will imagine, that I dipped

into any of our modern novels, or took up any of our late tragedies. Let it suffice, that I presently fell fast asleep.

I found myself transported in an instant to the shore of an immense sea, covered with innumerable vessels; and though many of them suddenly disappeared every minute, I saw others continually launching forth, and pursuing the same course. The seers of visions, and dreamers of dreams, have their organs of sight so considerably improved, that they can take in any object, however distant or minute. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that I could discern every thing distinctly, though the waters before me were of the deepest black.

While I stood contemplating this amazing scene, one of those good-natured genii, who never fail making their appearance to extricate dreamers from their difficulties, rose from the sable stream, and planted himself at my elbow. His complexion was of the darkest hue, not unlike that of the Dæmons of a printing-house; his jetty beard shone like the bristles of a blacking-brush: on his head he wore a turban of imperial paper: and

There hung a calf-skin on his reverend limbs,

which was gilt on the back, and faced with robings of Morocco, lettered (like a rubric-post) with the names of the most eminent authors. In his left hand he bore a printed scroll, which from the marginal corrections I imagined to be a proof-sheet; and in his right he waved the quill of a goose.

He immediately accosted me.—"Town," said he, "I am the genius, who is destined to conduct you through these turbulent waves. The sea that you now behold is the Ocean of Ink. Those towers, at a great distance, whose bases are founded upon rocks, and whose tops seem lost in the clouds, are situated in the Isle of Fame. Contiguous to these, you may discern by the glittering of its golden sands, is the Coast of Gain, which leads to a fertile and rich country. All the vessels which are yonder sailing with a fair wind on the main sea, are making towards one or other of these: but you will observe, that on their first setting out they were irresistibly drawn into the eddies of Criticism, where they were obliged to encounter the most dreadful tempests and hurricanes. In these dangerous straits, you see with what violence every bark is tossed up and down; some go to the bottom at once; others, after a faint struggle, are beat to pieces; many are much damaged; while a few, by sound planks and tight rigging, are enabled to weather the storm."

At this sight I started back with horror: and the remembrance still dwells so strong upon my fancy, that I even now imagine the torrent of criticism bursting in upon me, and ready to overwhelm me in an instant.

"Cast a look," resumed my instructor, "on that vast lake divided into two parts, which lead to yonder magnificent structures, erected by the Tragic and Comic Muse. There you may observe many trying to force a passage without chart or compass. Some have been overset by crowding too much sail, and others have foundered by carrying too much ballast. An *Arcadian vessel (the master an Irishman) was, through contrary squalls, scarce able to live nine days: but you see that light Italian gondola † *Gli Amanti Gelosi*, skims along pleasantly before the wind, and outstrips the painted frigates of our country, ‡ *Didone* and *Artaserse*. Observe that triumphant squadron, to whose flag all the others pay homage. Most of them are ships of the first rate, and were fitted out many years ago. Though somewhat irregular in their make, and but little conformable to the exact rules of art, they will ever continue the pride and glory of these seas: for as it is remarked by the present Laureat, in his prologue to Papal Tyranny,

"Shakspeare, whose art no play-wright can excel,
Has launch'd our fleets of plays, and built them well."

The Genius then bade me turn my eye, where the water seemed to foam with perpetual agitation. "That," said he, "is the strong current of Politics, often fatal to those who venture on it." I could not but take notice of a poor wretch on the opposite shore, fastened by the ears to a terrible machine. This, the Genius informed me, was the memorable Defoe, set up there as a land-mark, to prevent future mariners from splitting on the same rock.

To this turbulent prospect succeeded objects of a more placid nature. In a little creek, winding through flowery meads and shady groves, I descried several gilded yachts and pleasure boats, all of them keeping due time with their silver oars, and gliding along the smooth, even, calm, regularly flowing rivulets of Rhyme. Shepherds and shepherdesses playing on the banks; the sails were gently swelled with the soft breezes of amorous sighs; and little Loves sported in the silken cordage.

My attention was now called off from these pacific scenes to an obstinate engagement between several ships, distinguished from all others by bearing the Holy Cross for their colours. These the Genius told me were employed in the Holy War of Religious Contro-

versy; and he pointed out to me a few Corsairs in the service of the Infidels, sometimes aiding one party, sometimes siding with the other, as might best contribute to the general confusion.

I observed in different parts of the Ocean several galleys which were rowed by slaves. "Those," said the Genius, "are fitted out by very oppressive owners, and are all of them bound to the Coast of Gain. The miserable wretches, whom you see chained to the oars, are obliged to tug without the least respite; and though the voyage should turn out successful, they have little or no share in the profits. Some few you may observe, who rather choose to make a venture on their own bottoms. These work as hard as the galley-slaves, and are frequently cast away: but though they are never so often wrecked, necessity still constrains them to put out to sea again,"

— "Reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."

HOR.

Still must the wretch his shatter'd bark refit,
For who to starve can patiently submit?

It were needless to enumerate many other particulars that engaged my notice. Among the rest was a large fleet of Annotators, Dutch-built, which sailed very heavy, were often a-ground, and continually ran foul on each other. The whole ocean, I also found, was infested by pirates, who ransacked every rich vessel that came in their way. Most of these were endeavouring to make the Coast of Gain, by hanging out false colours, or by forging their passports, and pretending to be freighted out by the most reputable traders.

My eyes were at last fixed, I know not how, on a spacious channel running through the midst of a great city. I felt such a secret impulse at this sight, that I could not help inquiring particularly about it. "The discovery of that passage," said the Genius, "was first made by one Bickerstaff, in the good ship called *The Tatler*, and who afterwards embarked in *The Spectator* and *Guardian*. These have been followed since by a number of little sloops, skiffs, boys, and cock-boats, which have been most of them wrecked in the attempt. Thither also must your course be directed."—At this instant the Genius suddenly snatched me up in his arms, and plunged me headlong into the inky flood. While I lay gasping and struggling beneath the waves, methought I heard a familiar voice calling me by my name, which awaking me, I with pleasure recollected the features of the Genius in those of my publisher, who was standing by my bed-side, and had called upon me for copy.

* *Philoclea*, a tragedy: founded on Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*.

† An admired *Burletta*.

‡ *Operas*.

No. 4.] THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1754.

Conjugium vocat, hoc præterit nomine culpam. VIRG.

Where matrimony veils th' incestuous life,
And whore is shelter'd in the name of wife.

fr is with the utmost concern I have heard myself within this week past accused at several teatables, of not being a man of my word. The female part of my readers exclaim against me for not having as yet paid my particular addresses to the fair. "Who is this Mr. Town?" says one: "Where can the creature live? He has said nothing yet of the dear Burletta girl." Another wonders that I have not recommended to the ladies Mr. Hoyle's New Calculation of Chances; for understanding which nothing more is required, we are told, than the first principles of arithmetic; that is, to know how to tell the pips, and set up one's game. But I find the whole sex in general have expected from me some shrewd remarks upon the Marriage Bill. To oblige them in some measure, I shall at present recommend to their notice the following advertisement, which has been sent me, with a request to make it public.

To all whom it may concern.

THE REVEREND MR. KEITH,

(Who has had the honour to perform before several of the Nobility, Gentry, and others,)

GIVES THIS PUBLIC NOTICE,

That he shall continue at his Chapel in May-fair no longer than the present month. He will then set out on his progress through the principal market-towns, where he will exhibit publicly, without loss of time, any hour of the day or night. He will perform to no less than two persons, and will wait on any Gentleman and Lady privately at their own houses.

*** We have no connection with the Fleet Parsons, or other Pretenders. Beware of counterfeits. *Ego sum solus.*

I may perhaps take a future opportunity of enlarging on this very important subject, the Marriage Bill; but shall at present oblige the ladies by celebrating an order of females lately sprung up among them, usually distinguished by the denomination of Demi-Reps;—a word not to be found in any of our dictionaries.

This order, which seems daily increasing upon us, was first instituted by some ladies eminent for their public spirit, with a view of raising their half of the species to a level with the other in the unbounded license of their enjoyments. By this artifice the most open violation of modesty takes the name of innocent freedom and gayety; and as long as the last failing remains a secret, the lady's honour is spotless and un-

tainted. In a word, a Demi-Rep is a lady, whom every body thinks, what nobody chooses to call her.

It is absolutely necessary, that every lady of this order should be married. Custom has given a certain charm to wedlock which changes the colour of our actions, and renders that behaviour not improper, which in a state of celibacy would be accounted indecent and scandalous. As to the promises made in marriage "to love, honour, and obey," custom has made them also merely ceremonial, and in fact as little binding as the wedding-ring, which may be put on or pulled off at pleasure.

Religious and political writers have both for different reasons endeavoured to encourage frequent marriages: but this order, if it maintains its ground, will more certainly promote them. How inviting must such a state appear to a woman of spirit! An English wife, with all the indiscretions of a girl, may assume more than the privileges of a woman; may trifle publicly with the beaux and smarts, introduce them to her toilette, and fix it as a certain rule in all her conversation and behaviour, that when once marriage has (in Lucy's phrase) "made an honest woman of her," she is entitled to all the license of a courtesan.

I have lately seen, with a good deal of compassion, a few forward maiden ladies investing themselves with the dignities, and encroaching on the privileges of this order. It may not be improper to caution them to recede in time. As their claim to these liberties is unwarranted by custom, they will not retain that ambiguous reputation enjoyed by the Demi-Reps, whose whole system of conduct is founded on the basis of matrimony. Every lady, therefore, inclined to indulge herself in all those little innocent freedoms, should confine herself within the pale of matrimony, to elude censure; as insolvent debtors avoid a jail by lodging within the verge of the court.

A Demi-Rep then must necessarily be married: nor is it easy for a lady to maintain so critical a character, unless she is a woman of fashion. Titles and estates bear down all weak censures, and silence scandal and detraction. That good breeding too, so inviolably preserved among persons of condition, is of infinite service. This produces that delightful insipidity so remarkable in persons of quality, whose conversation flows with an even tenor, undisturbed by sentiment, and unruffled by passion: insomuch that husbands and wives, brothers, sisters, cousins, and in short the whole circle of kindred and acquaintance, can entertain the most thorough contempt and even hatred for each other, without transgressing the minutest article of good breeding and civility. But those females, who want the advantages of birth and fortune, must be content to wrap themselves up

in their integrity; for the lower sort are so notoriously deficient in the requisites of politeness, that they would not fail to throw out the most cruel and bitter invectives against the pretty delinquents.

The great world will, I doubt not, return me thanks for thus keeping the *canaille* at a distance, and securing to them a quiet possession of their enjoyments. And here I cannot but observe, how respectable an order the Demi-Reps compose, of which the lovely sisterhood must all be married, and almost all Right Honourable.

For this order, among many other establishments of modern life, we are indebted to the French. Such flippant gayety is more agreeable to the genius of that nation. There is a native bashfulness inherent in my country-women, which it is not easy to surmount; but our modern fine ladies, who take as much pains to polish their minds as to adorn their persons, have got over this obstacle with incredible facility. They have so skilfully grafted the French genius for intrigue upon British Beauty and liberty, that their conduct appears perfectly original: though we must do the French the justice to allow, that when a lady of this airy disposition visits Paris, she returns most wonderfully improved. Upon the whole, France appears the properest school to instruct the ladies in the theory of their conduct: but England, and more especially London, the most commodious place to put it in practice. In this town, indeed, a lady studious of improvement, may in a very short time become a considerable proficient, by frequenting the several academies kept constantly open for her profit and instruction. The card tables and masquerades in particular have trained up some ladies to a surprising eminence, without the least assistance from a foreign education.

It is observed, that the difference between the several species in the scale of being is but just sufficient to preserve their distinction; the highest of one order approaching so near to the lowest of the other, that the gradation is hard to be determined; as the colours of the rainbow, through an infinite variety of shades, die away into each other imperceptibly. The Demi-Reps hold this intermediate station, in the characters of females, between the modest women and the women of pleasure; to both which they are in some measure connected, as they stand upon the utmost verge of reputation, and totter on the brink of infamy. It were therefore to be wished, that these ladies wore some symbol of their order, or were distinguished by some particular mode of dress. The Romans assigned different habits to persons of different ages and stations; and I hope, that when the bustle of the ensuing election is over, the new parliament will take this matter into consideration, and oblige the several classes of females to distinguish them-

selves by some external marks and badges of their principles.

Till some act of this nature shall take place, I shall propose a method by which every lady may exactly learn in what class she may be reckoned. The world must know then, that my very good friend Mr. Ayscough has at length, with infinite pains and study, constructed a thermometer; upon which he has delineated, after the manner that the degrees of heat and cold are marked on the common sort, the whole scale of female characters, from the most inviolable modesty to the most abandoned impudence. It is of a commodious size to wear at a watch: the liquor within the tube is a chemical mixture, which being acted on by the circulation of the blood and animal spirits, will rise and fall according to the desires and affections of the wearer. He will very shortly publish a large assortment of them, to be sold at his shop on Ludgate-hill: and I flatter myself, there are many women in England, who would be glad to purchase such an effectual regulator of their passions. Every lady, therefore, may avail herself of the instructions of this pocket monitor: a monitor, who would give her the most profitable lessons, without the usual impertinence of advice. It will be of equal efficacy, if worn by the men. But I expect my friend will have but little of their custom; for as the mere reputation of chastity is the utmost aim of a fine lady, to preserve even that, in a fine gentleman, is accounted mean and unmanly.

O.

No. 5.] THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1754.

Σκῆψας ἱλαυνεὶ λοιμὸς ἰχθιστος πόλιν.

SOPHOCLES.

A plague has seized us, and the tainted city
Is one wide pest-house teeming with contagion.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR, *Batson's Coffee-House, Feb. 26, 1754.*

I MUST beg leave to trouble you on a most serious and melancholy subject, a subject, which I fear will be attended with the most dreadful consequences to the whole nation. Notwithstanding the last mail brought the college positive assurances from the French King's physicians, that the late plague at Rouen was entirely ceased, I have the strongest reasons to apprehend, that the contagion is already spread to this city. My own practice daily furnishes me with lamentable instances, that manifestly indicate a pestilential disorder in the blood and humours.

I was first induced to suspect, that some epidemical distemper was taking root among us, from my being called in to a noble patient, who (as the

public prints have informed you) has lately been afflicted with a violent boil on his back. From this patient, there have issued continually great quantities of corruption of a yellow hue. His complaint seems to be in some sort constitutional, as it commonly breaks out with extraordinary virulence every seven years; and as this is the crisis, we cannot pronounce our noble patient out of danger, till he has got over the ensuing spring. It is moreover to be feared, that the contagion has likewise reached Ireland; where we hear that the best physicians are using the most forcing medicines, and are of opinion that nothing can relieve the unhappy people, till they have voided a stone. A great man there labours also under the above-mentioned complaint of having a violent Boyle on his back.*

I shall now proceed to give you the history of some other cases, which have fallen under my notice, and are to me an indisputable proof, that the plague has got footing among us. Its malignancy shows itself particularly about the court; and we are assured, that some parts of the country are also tainted with it. I have had the honour to attend several members of parliament, whose cases are very desperate. Some I found in a declining way, given over by all their friends; others are so weak, that they cannot stand alone; and many are so restless, that they are continually turning from side to side. As I found they had great need of support, I have advised them to drink plentifully of strong liquors, and guard against the ill consequences of a return.

I visited the other day a young gentleman, who has lately been promoted to a command in the squadron designed for the East Indies. I found him in a most languishing condition; his spirits were quite depressed; he had a violent palpitation of the heart; and the whole nervous system was relaxed. I would have prescribed the well known diet-drink brought into practice by the late Bishop of Cloyne; but he told me, every thing went against his stomach that savoured of tar. However, I at length prevailed on him to submit to a long course of sea water. I have observed the same prognostics in some of our land officers; to whom I have recommended the frequent use of exercise, together with a course of steel, and a powder composed of nitre and sulphur.

A friend of mine, one of the common-council men of this city, is infected to a strong degree with the present pestilence. His chief complaint is a canine appetite; and his wife assures me, she has often felt the wolf in his belly. The seat of this distemper is originally in the palate,

and discovers itself by a watering of the mouth from the salival glands, and a grinding of the teeth as in the action of mastication. This disorder being very common in the city, and likely to spread among the livery, I have directed him to perform quarantine for forty days, by abstaining from flesh during the present Lent.

I know another, a very worthy alderman, who now lies in a most deplorable condition. He is swelled to a most enormous size; his whole face, and particularly his nose, is crusted over with fiery pustules of the confluent kind. He is afflicted with an insatiable thirst and is very subject to falling-fits. I was sent for last night, when one of these fits had just seized him. He lay to all appearance dead on the floor, wallowing in the midst of a fetid mass, partly solid, partly fluid, which had issued from his mouth and nostrils with repeated eructations. I would immediately have administered to him a proper dose of *Aq. Font. tepefact.* but on offering him the draught, he showed the strongest symptoms of a confirmed hydrophobia.

I went out of charity to see a poor tragic author, (no reflection upon any of the profession, Mr. Town) who has been obliged to keep his room all the winter, and is dying by inches of an inveterate atrophy. By his extravagant ravings, sudden starts, incoherent expressions, and passionate exclamations, I judged his disorder to be seated in the brain, and therefore directed his head to be blistered all over. I cured another, a comic author, of a lethargy, by making a revulsion of the bad humour, from the part affected, with stimulating cathartics. A short squabby gentleman of a gross and corpulent make was seized with a kind of St. Vitus's dance, as he was practising Harlequin for the masquerade: his whole body was convulsed with the most violent writhings and irregular twitches; but I presently removed his complaint by applying blisters to the soles of his feet.

The plague, as I observed before, puts on different appearances in different subjects. A person of quality, one of the club at White's, was seized with the epidemical frenzy raging there, which propagates itself by certain black and red spots. He had suffered so much loss by continual evacuations, that his whole substance was wasted; and when I saw him he was so reduced that there were no hopes of a recovery. Another nobleman caught the infection at Newmarket, which brought upon him such a running that he is now in the last stage of a galloping consumption. A reverend divine, lately made a dignitary of the church, has unhappily lost his memory; and is so blind withal, that he hardly knows any of his old acquaintances; the muscles of his face are all contracted into an austere frown, his knees are stiff and inflexible, and he is unable, poor gentleman! to bend his body, or

* Alluding to some disputes in Ireland.

move his hand to his head. I have observed others seized at times with a strange kind of deafness; and at certain intervals, I have found them so prodigiously hard of hearing, that though a tradesman has bawled ever so loudly in their ears, it has had no effect on them.

By what means this plague has been introduced among us, cannot easily be ascertained;—whether it was imported in the same band-box with the last new head, or was secretly conveyed in the plaits of an embroidered suit:—But that it came over hither from France, plainly appears from the manner in which it affects our people of fashion, (especially the ladies,) who bear about them the most evident marks of the French Disease. This is known to affect the whole habit of body, and extends its influence from head to foot. But its strongest attacks are levelled at the face: and it has such an effect upon the complexion, that it entirely changes the natural colour of the skin. At Paris, the face of every lady you meet is besmeared with unguent, ceruss, and plaster: and I have lately remarked, with infinite concern, the native charms of my pretty countrywomen destroyed by the same cause. In this case I have always proposed calling in the assistance of a surgeon to pare off this unnatural epidermis of scarf-skin, occasioned by the ignorance of empirics in the immoderate application of alteratives.

From what I have been able to collect from observations on my female patients, I have found little variation in the effects of the plague on that sex. Most of them complain of a lassitude, a listlessness, an uneasiness, pains they don't know where, vapours, hysterics, want of rest, want of spirits, and loss of appetite: consequently the same regimen may serve for all. I advise them to use a great deal of exercise in driving about the town, to dilute properly with tea, to perspire freely at public places, and in their seasons to go to Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, or Scarborough.

I was indeed surprised with an extraordinary new case the other night, when I was called out of bed to attend a maid of honour, who is frequently afflicted with fits of the mother. Her abdomen, I found, upon examination, to be preternaturally distended; the tumour has been gradually increasing; but I would not attempt to discuss it, as it was not yet arrived to maturity. I intend soon to remove her into the country for a month, in order to deliver her from the complaint she labours under.

I have been induced, Sir, to write to you on this occasion, as you are pleased to take this city under your immediate care. So alarming an evil calls upon us all to oppose its progress: for my own part nothing shall deter me from a diligent discharge of the duty of my profession; though it has already exposed me to the greatest dan-

gers in the execution of it. An old captain of a man of war, who is grievously troubled with choler and overflowing of the gall, on my only hinting a clyster, swore vehemently that I should take one myself, and applying his foot directly to my fundament, kicked me down stairs. This very morning I escaped almost by miracle from the contagion, which raged in the most violent degree through a whole family. The master and mistress were both of them in a very high fever, and quite frantic and delirious: their tongues were prodigiously inflamed, with the tip very sharp, and perpetual vibrating without the least intermission. I would have prescribed some cooling and lenitive medicines; but the husband in the height of his frenzy flung my tie-wig into the fire, and his wife sluiced me with extravasated urine. As I retired with precipitation, I heard the same wild ravings in the nursery, the kitchen, and every other quarter, which convinced me that the pestilence had seized the whole house. I ran out of doors as fast as possible, reflecting with Terence, "If Health herself would save this family, she could not."

————— *Ipsa si cupiat salus
Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.*

Upon the whole, I may conclude with the aphorism of Hippocrates; "that no people can possibly be afflicted with so many and so terrible disorders, unless the plague is among them."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W.

B. G.

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No. 6.] THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

————— *Quid aliat fermetque poetam.* Hor.

Practice alone must form the writer's head,  
And every author to the trade be bred.

I REMEMBER to have seen, in some old Italian poet, a fable called "The Education of the Muses." Apollo is there said to have taken them at their birth under his immediate care, and as they grew up, to have instructed them, according to their different capacities, in the several branches of playing and singing. Thalia, we are told, was of a lively turn, and took delight in the most comic airs; but was at first with difficulty restrained from falling into ridiculous drolleries, and what our author calls *extravaganzas* in her manner. Melpomene, who was of a serious and grave disposition, indulged herself in strains of melancholy; but when she aimed at the most pathetic strokes, was often harsh, or run into wild divisions. Clio, and



the rest of the Nine, had not yet learned to temper their voices with sweetness and variety; nor could they tell how to regulate the stops of their flutes, or touch the strings of their lyres with judgment and grace. However, by much practice, they improved gradually under the instructions of Apollo, till at last they were able to exert all the powers of music: and they now form a complete concert, which fills all Parnassus with the most enchanting harmony.

The moral to be drawn from this little fable is naturally applied to those servants of the Muses, Authors; who must necessarily rise, by the same slow degrees, from their first lame attempts in cultivating the arts of Apollo. The best of them, without doubt, went through many more stages of writing, than appears from the palpable gradations still remaining in their works. But as it is impossible to trace them from the first setting out, I shall here present the reader with the sum of my own experience, and illustrate, in the life of Mr. Town, the progress of an author.

Right or wrong, I have ever been addicted to scribbling. I was famous at school for my readiness at crambo and capping verses: I often made themes for other boys, and sold my copy for a tart or a custard: at nine years old I was taken notice of for an English distich; and afterwards immortalized myself by an holiday's task in the same language, which my master, who was himself a poet, pronounced to be scarce inferior to his favourite Blackmore. These were followed by a multitude of little pieces; which, like other fruits that come before their season, had nothing to recommend them but their early appearance.

Filled, however, with great conceptions of my genius and importance, I could not but lament, that such extraordinary parts should be confined within the narrow circle of my relations and acquaintance.—Therefore, in order to oblige and amaze the public, I soon became a very large contributor to the monthly magazines. But I had the unspeakable mortification to see my favours sometimes not inserted, sometimes postponed, often much altered, and you may be sure always for the worse. On all these occasions, I never failed to condemn the arrogance and folly of the compilers of these miscellanies; wondering how they could so grossly mistake their own interest, and neglect the entertainment of their readers.

In the meantime a maiden aunt, with whom I lived, a very pious old lady, turned Methodist, and often took me with her to the Tabernacle, the Foundry, and many private meetings. This made such an impression upon my mind, that I devoted myself entirely to sacred subjects, and wrote several hymns, which were received with infinite applause by all the good women who visited my aunt; and (the servants being also

Methodists) they were often sung by the whole family in the kitchen. I might perhaps in time have rivalled Wesley in these divine compositions, and had even begun an entire new version of the Psalms; when my aunt changing her religion a second time, became a Moravian. But the hymns usually sung by the United Brethren, contain sentiments so sublime and so incomprehensible, that notwithstanding my late success in that kind of poetry, and the great opinion I entertain of my own talents, I durst not venture on their style and manner.

As love and poetry mutually produce each other, it is no wonder, that before I was seventeen I had singled out my particular Sacherissa. This you may suppose gave birth to innumerable songs, elegies, and acrostics. In the space of two years I had written more love verses than Waller, or any other poet; when, just as I imagined I had rhymed myself into her good graces, I had the mortification to find that my mistress was married to a cornet of horse, a fellow, who I am sure never wrote a line in his life. This threw me into such a violent rage against the whole sex, that I immediately burnt every syllable I had written in her praise, and in bitterness of soul translated the sixth satire of Juvenal.

Soon after this, the son and heir of Lord Townly, to whom I have the honour of being a distant relation, was engaged in a treaty of marriage with a rich heiress. I sat down immediately with great composure to write an Epithalamium on this occasion. I trimmed Hymen's torch, and invited the Loves and Graces to the wedding; Concord was prepared to join their hands, and Juno to bless them with a numerous race of children. After all these pains, when every thing was ready for the wedding, and the last hand put to the Epithalamium, the match was suddenly broke off, and my poem of course rendered useless. I was more uneasy under this disappointment than any of the parties could possibly be; till I was informed of the sudden marriage of a noble lord with a celebrated beauty. On this popular occasion, promising myself universal applause, I immediately published my Epithalamium, which like Bays's Prologue, was artfully contrived to serve one purpose as well as another.

As my notions had been hitherto confined within a narrow sphere of life, my literary pursuits were consequently less important, till I had the opportunity of enlarging my ideas by going abroad. My travels, of which I have before hinted something to the reader, opened to me a new and extensive field for observation. I will not presume to boast, that I received any part of my education at Geneva, or any of those celebrated foreign universities, in which alone an Englishman can be grounded in the principles of religion and liberty: but I may say without

vanity, that I gleaned some useful knowledge from every place I visited. My propensity to writing followed me wherever I went: and were I to meet with encouragement by a large subscription, I could publish several volumes of curious remarks, which I made in my tour. I had, indeed, like to have got into some unlucky scrapes, by turning author in places, where the liberty of the press was never so much as heard of. At Paris I narrowly escaped being put into the Bastile for a little *Chanson a boire*, reflecting on the mistress of the Grand Monarque; and I was obliged to quit Rome a week sooner than I intended, for fixing on Pasquin a prayer for the Pope's toe, which was then laid up with the gout.

It was not till my return from abroad, that I formally commenced a professed critic, for which I now thought myself thoroughly qualified. I could draw parallels between Marseilles and Denoyer, compare the behaviour of the French parterre with the English pit; and have lately made a figure by affecting an indifference about the present burlettas, as I took care to let every body know that I had often seen them in Flanders. My knowledge in theatrical affairs naturally led me to write a great number of occasional pamphlets on those topics; such as 'Examens of New plays, Letters to the Managers, &c.' Not content with this I had a strong inclination to shine in the drama. I often pleased myself with computing—"three benefit nights—let me see—six hundred pounds at least—a hundred more for the copy—besides a perpetual freedom of the house."—These were temptations not to be resisted. I sat down therefore to a tragedy; but, before I got through the first act, despairing to make it sufficiently pathetic for the modern taste, I changed my scheme, and began a comedy; then again reflecting, that most of our comedies were in reality nothing but overgrown farces, contented myself with writing, what authors are now pleased to call a comedy of two acts. This I finished with a great deal of pains, and very much to my own satisfaction: but not being able to get it on the stage, as one house was entirely taken up with pantomimes, and the manager of the other had so many farces of his own, I generously made a present of it to an actor for his benefit;—when to my great surprise it was damned.

I have at last resolved to bend all my attention, and dedicate all my powers, to the carrying on this my present elaborate undertaking. I am sorry to own, that the success has not at all answered my expectations: I flattered myself with being universally known, read, and admired; but I find quite the contrary. I went into a coffee-house the other day by White-chapel Mount, where on asking for the Connoisseur, the woman stared at me, and said

she did not know what I meant. I dined last week at a foreign ambassador's; and not a word about me or my works passed at table. I wrote to a relation at Caermarthen, desiring to know what reputation my paper has in Wales: but he tells me, that nothing in the literary way comes down there but the King's speech and the London Evening Post. I have inquired into the sale of my first number, my second, my third, my fourth, and the last: yet I cannot assure my readers, that I have sold three thousand of any one of them. In short, I give this public notice once for all, that if I do not find myself taken in all over England, by the time I have published two or three hundred papers,—let them look to it—let them look to it—I'll bid adieu to my ungrateful country, go directly to Berlin, and (as Voltaire is discarded) employ my pen in the service of that encourager of literary merit the King of Prussia. O.

\* \* \* As several correspondents, since the first publication of this number, have desired to know, from what Italian author the Fable at the beginning of this paper is borrowed: we think it necessary to acquaint them, that the fiction is entirely our own.

No. 7.] THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

*Pœnit t hospitii, cùm me spectante lacertos  
Imponit collo rusticus ille tuo.  
Oscula cùm verò coram non dura daretis,  
Ante oculos posui pocula sumpta meos. OVID.*

I loath'd the dinner, while before my face  
The clown still paw'd you with a rude embrace:  
But when ye toy'd and kiss'd without control,  
I turn'd and screen'd my eyes behind the bowl.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for recommending to your notice, as Censor General, a fault that is too common among the married people; I mean the absurd trick of fondling before company. Love is, indeed, a very rare ingredient in modern wedlock; nor can the parties entertain too much affection for each other: but an open display of it on all occasions renders them ridiculous.

A few days ago I was introduced to a young couple who were but lately married, and are reckoned by all their acquaintance to be exceeding happy in each other. I had scarce saluted the bride, when the husband caught her eagerly in his arms, and almost devoured her with kisses. When we were seated, they took care to place themselves close to each other; and during our conversation he was constantly piddling with her fingers, tapping her cheek, or



playing with her hair. At dinner, they were mutually employed in pressing each other to taste of every dish ; and the fond appellations of "my dear, my love," &c. were constantly banded across the table. Soon after the cloth was removed, the lady made a motion to retire ; but the husband prevented the compliments of the rest of the company by saying, "We should be unhappy without her." As the bottle went round, he joined her health to every toast ; and could not help now and then rising from his chair to press her hand, and manifest the warmth of his passion by the ardour of his caresses. This precious fooling, though it highly entertained them, gave me great disgust : therefore, as my company might very well be spared, I took my leave as soon as possible.

Nothing is more common than to see a new married couple, setting out with a splendour in their equipage, furniture, and manner of living, which they have been afterwards obliged to retrench. Thus it happens, when they have made themselves remarkable by a show of excessive love. They begin with great eclat, are lavish of their fondness, at first, but their whole stock is soon wasted ; and their poverty is the more insupportable, as their former profusion has made it more conspicuous. I have remarked the ill consequences of this indiscretion in both cases : One couple has at last had separate beds, while the other have been carried to the opera in hackney chairs.

Two people who are to pass their whole lives together, may surely find time enough for dalliance without playing over their pretty tricks in public. How ridiculous would it appear, if in a large assembly every one should select his mate, and the whole company should fall into couples, like the birds on Valentine's day ! And it is surely no less absurd, to see a man and his wife eternally trifling and toying together.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

HUDBRAS.

I have often been reduced to a kind of awkward distress on these occasions ; not knowing which way to look, or what to say. I consider them as playing a game, in which the stander-by is not at all interested ; and would therefore recommend it to every third person in these circumstances to take it as a hint, that the parties have a mind to be alone, and leave the room without further ceremony.

A friend of mine happened to be engaged in a visit to one of these loving couples. He sat still for some time, without interrupting the little endearments that passed between them. Finding them at last quite lost in nods, whispers, ogles, and in short, wholly taken up with each other, he rang the bell, and desired the servant to send in my lady's woman. When she came, he led her very gravely to the setter, and began

to indulge himself in certain freedoms, which provoked the damsel to complain loudly of his rudeness. The lady flew into a violent passion, and rated him severely for his monstrous behaviour. My friend begged her pardon with great politeness, hoped she was not offended, for that he thought there had been no harm in amusing himself a little while with Mrs. Betty, in the same manner as her ladyship and Sir John had been diverting themselves these two hours.

This behaviour, though at all times improper, may in some sort be excused, where perhaps the match had been huddled up by the parents, and the young people are such new acquaintance, that they scarce ever saw each other till their marriage. A pair of loving turtles may be indulged in a little amorous billing at their first coming together : yet this license should expire with the honey-moon, and even in that period be used but sparingly.

But if this conduct is blameable in young people, how very absurd is it in those advanced in years ! Who can help laughing when he sees a worn-out beau and belle, practising at three-score the very follies that are ridiculous at sixteen ? I could wish that such a pair of antiquated lovers were delineated by the pencil of a Hogarth. How humorously would he represent two emaciated wrinkled figures, with eyes sunk into their heads, lank cheeks, and toothless gums, affecting to leer, smile, and languish at each other. But this affectation is still more remarkable, when a liquorish old fool is continually fondling a young wife : though perhaps the sight is not so disgusting to a stranger, who may reasonably suppose it to be the overflowings of a father's tenderness for his daughter.

It sometimes happens, that one of the parties perceives the folly of this behaviour. I have seen a sensible man quite uneasy at the indiscreet marks of kindness shown by his lady. I know a clergyman in the country, who is often put to the blush by the strange familiarities, which his wife's love induces her to take with him. As she has had but an indifferent education, you would often be at a loss to know, whether she is very kind, or very rude. If he dines abroad, she always sees him get on horseback, and before he has got twenty yards from the door, halloos after him, "be at home in time, my dear soul, do." I have known her almost quarrel with him for not buttoning his coat in the middle of summer : and she once had the good-nature to burn a very valuable collection of Greek manuscripts, lest the poring over those horrid crooked letters should put her dear Jack's eyes out. Thus does she torment the poor parson with her violent affection for him, and according to the common phrase, kills him with kindness.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of those luscious love-scenes that have so great a share in our modern plays ; which are rendered



still more fulsome by the officiousness of the player, who takes every opportunity of heightening the expression by kisses and embraces. In a comedy nothing is more relished by the audience than a loud smack, which echoes through the whole house; and in the most passionate scenes of a tragedy the hero and the heroine are continually flying into each other's arms. For my part I am never present at a scene of this kind, which produces a conscious simper from the boxes, and a hearty chuckle of applause from the pit and galleries, but I am ready to exclaim with old Renault—"I like not these huggers."

I would recommend it to all married people, but especially to the ladies, not to be so sweet upon their dears before company: but I would not be understood to countenance that coldness and indifference, which are so fashionable in the polite world. Nothing is accounted more ungentle, than for a husband and wife to be seen together in public places; and if they should ever accidentally meet, they take no more notice of each other, than if they were absolute strangers. The gentleman may lavish as much gallantry as he pleases on other women, and the lady give encouragement to twenty pretty fellows, without censure: but they would either of them blush at being surprised, in showing the least marks of a regard for each other.

I am, Sir,

T. Your humble Servant, &c.

No. 8.] THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

*O quanta species cerebrum non habet !* PHLEDR.

In outward show so splendid and so vain,  
'Tis but a gilded block without a brain.

I MUST acknowledge the receipt of many letters containing very lavish encomiums on my works. Among the rest a correspondent, whom I take to be a bookseller, is pleased to compliment me on the goodness of my print and paper; but tells me, that he is very sorry not to see something expressive of my undertaking in the little cut that I carry in front. It is true, indeed, that my printer and publisher held several consultations on this subject; and I am ashamed to confess, that they had once prevailed on me to suffer a profile of my face to be prefixed to each number. But when it was finished, I was quite mortified to see what a scurvy figure I made in wood: nor could I submit to be hung out, like Broughton, at my own door, or let my face serve like the canvas before a booth to call people into the show. I hope it will not be imputed to envy or malevolence, that I here re-

mark on this part of the production of Mr. Fitz-Adam. When he gave his paper the title of the World, I suppose he meant to intimate his design of describing that part of it, who are known to account all other persons nobody, and are therefore emphatically called The World. If this was to be pictured out in the head-piece, a lady at her toilette, a party at whist, or the jovial member of the Dilettanti tapping the World for Champagne, had been the most natural and obvious hieroglyphics. But when we see the portrait of a philosopher poring on the globe instead of observations on modern life, we might more naturally expect a system of geography, or an attempt towards a discovery of the longitude.

The reader will smile, perhaps, at a criticism of this kind; yet, certainly, even here propriety should be observed, or at least all absurdities avoided. But this matter being usually left to the printer or bookseller, it is often attended with strange blunders and misapplications. I have seen a sermon ushered in with the representation of a shepherd and shepherdess sporting on a bank of flowers, with two little Cupids smiling over head; while, perhaps, an epithalamium, or an ode for a birth-day, has been introduced with death's heads and cross marrow-bones.

The inhabitants of Grub-street are generally very studious of propriety in this point. Before the halfpenny account of a horse-race, we see the jockeys whipping, spurring, jostling, and the horses straining within sight of the post. The last dying speech, character, and behaviour of the malefactors presents us with a prospect of the place of execution; and the History of the London Prentice exhibits the figure of a lad standing between two lions, and ramming his hands down their throats. A due regard has been paid to this article, in the several elegies from that quarter on the death of Mr. Pelham. They are encompassed with dismal black lines, and all the sable emblems of death: nor can we doubt, but that an author, who takes such care to express a decent sorrow on the outside of his work, has infused a great deal of the pathetic into the piece itself.

These little embellishments were originally designed to please the eye of the reader; as we tempt children to learn their letters by disposing the alphabet into pictures. But, in our modern compositions, they are not only ornamental but useful. An angel or a flower-pot, at the beginning and end of every chapter or section, enables the bookseller to spin out a novel, without plot or incident, to a great number of volumes: and by the help of these decorations, properly disposed, I have known a little piece swell into a duodecimo, which had scarce matter enough for a sixpenny pamphlet.

In this place I might also take notice of the several new improvements in the business of

typography. Though it is reckoned ungenteel to write a good hand, yet every one is proud of appearing in a beautiful print: and the productions of a man of quality come from the press in a very neat letter, though, perhaps, the manuscript is hardly legible: Indeed, our modern writers seem to be more solicitous about outward elegance, than the intrinsic merit of their compositions: and on this account it is thought no mean recommendation of their works, to advertise that they are "beautifully printed on a fine paper and entire new letter." Nor are they only indebted to the press for the beauty of the type, but often call in its assistance to explain and enforce the sentiment. When an author is in doubt whether the reader will be able to comprehend his meaning, or indeed, whether he has any meaning at all, he takes care to sprinkle the sentence with italics; but when he would surprise us with any thing more striking than ordinary, he distinguishes the emphatical words by large staring CAPITALS, which overtop the rest of their fellows, and are intended, like the grenadiers' caps, to give us an idea of something grand and uncommon. These are designed as so many hints to let the reader know where he is to be particularly affected; and answer the same purpose with the marginal directions in plays, which inform the actor when he is to laugh or cry. This practice is most remarkable in pieces of modern wit and humour; and it may be observed, that where there is the least of these lively qualities, the author is most desirous of substituting these arts in their room; imagining, that by a judicious distribution of these enlivening strokes in different parts of it, his work, however dull in itself, will become smart and brilliant.

And here I cannot but take notice, that these arts have been employed to a very great advantage in the service of the theatres. The writer of the play bills deals out his capitals in so just a proportion, that you may tell the salary of each actor by the size of the letter in which his name is printed. When the present manager of Drury-lane first came upon the stage, a new set of types two inches long were cast on purpose to do honour to his extraordinary merit. This indeed is so proper, that the severest critics on the drama cannot be offended at this piece of theatrical justice.

There is lately sprung up among us a new species of writers, who are most of them persons of the first rank and fashion. At this period the whole house of commons are turned authors: and we cannot sufficiently admire the propriety of style and sentiment in those elegant addresses, by which they humbly offer themselves as candidates, and beg the favour of your votes and interest. These gentlemen avail themselves greatly of the arts of printing above-mentioned: whether they would raise the merits of their

own cause, or throw out invectives on the opposite party. The courtier sets before your eyes in large letters his steady attachment to King George, while his opponent displays in the same manner his zeal for Liberty and the Constitution. This must undoubtedly have a wonderful effect on the electors; and I could almost assure any patriot certain success, who should manifest his regard for *Old England* by printing his addresses in the *Old English Character*.

But, in the whole republic of letters, there are none, perhaps, who are more obliged to the printer, than the writers of periodical essays. The *Spectators*, indeed, came into the world without any of the advantages we are possessed of. They were originally published in a very bad print and paper, and were so entirely destitute of all outward ornaments, that like (Terence's virgin)

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*Ni vis boni.*

*In ipsa inesset forma, hæc formam extinguereut,*

"Unless the soul of beauty had breathed through the compositions themselves, these disadvantages would have suppressed the least appearances of it."

As it requires no genius to supply a defect of this nature, our modern essays as much excel the *Spectators* in elegance of form, as perhaps they may be thought to fall short of them in every other respect. But they have this additional advantage, that by the fineness of their paper they are rescued from serving many mean and ignoble purposes, to which they might otherwise be applied. They also form themselves more commodiously into volumes, and become genteeler appendages of the tea-table. The candid reader will undoubtedly impute this extraordinary care about externals to the modesty of us present essayists, who are willing to compensate for our poverty of genius, by bestowing these outward graces and embellishments on our works. For my own part, I never reflect on the first unadorned publication of the *Spectator*, and at the same time take up one of my own papers, set off with every ornament of the press, but I am afraid that the critics will apply, what a facetious peer is said to have remarked on two different ladies; that "the first is a soul without a body, and the last a body without a soul."

As in this fashionable age there are many of Lord Foppington's opinion, "that a book should be recommended by its outside to a man of quality and breeding," it is incumbent on all authors to let their works appear as well dressed as possible, if they expect them to be admitted into polite company. Yet we should not lay too much stress on the decorations, but rather remember Tully's precepts to all who build, that "the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner."



No. 9.] THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

— *Solvitque animis miracula rerum,  
Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, vincsq; tonanti.* MANIL.

He freed our minds from dread of things above,  
And snatch'd the thunder from the hand of Jove.

THE publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works has given new life and spirit to free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechism, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his Lordship's system. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our Bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of Parliament, now in force, gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transportation. I was in hopes that the extraordinary price of these volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-thinking, in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood; where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was, "Whether Lord Bolingbroke had not done greater service to mankind by his writings, than the Apostles or Evangelists?" As this society is chiefly composed of lawyer's clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprised to find such amazing erudition among them. Tolland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoemaker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by Lord Bolingbroke; but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the idea of a patriot King, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to show his disbelief of the Gospel by unsainting the apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this society, have, indeed, almost induced me to wish, that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the Bible, rather than they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen settling the most important articles of our

faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion from Canning's affair to maintain, in opposition to the Scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least that woman might; "for else," said he, "how could the girl have been supported for a whole month by a few hard crusts?" In answer to this, a barber surgeon set forth the improbability of that story; and thence inferred, that it was impossible for our Saviour to have fasted forty days in the wilderness. I lately heard a midshipman swear that the Bible was all a lie; for he had sailed round the world with Lord Anson, and if there had been any Red Sea, he must have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who, while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer, that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his Bible, in a dispute concerning the miracles, made a pleasant mistake about the nature of the first, and gravely asked his antagonist what he thought of the Supper at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking, among the lower class of people, is at present happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the husbands are toying at the ale-house, the good women their wives think it their duty to go to church, say their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechism. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conversations, little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, since it is now no longer the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly laid aside; and I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can ever fill the churches with people of quality. The fair sex in general are too thoughtless to concern themselves in deep inquiries into matters of religion. It is sufficient, that they are taught to believe themselves angels: it would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they bestow, to persuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no souls: though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine that by convincing a lady that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-thinkers in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refutation; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions, which they so stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

#### THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe that the world was not made; that



the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end.

I believe that man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the First Philosophy; I believe not the Evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbs, Shaftesbury; I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not Revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe not the Bible; I believe in Socrates, I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiaton; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

### AN ADDRESS

TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Ever since we have thought fit to take these kingdoms into our immediate care, we have made it our earnest endeavour to go hand in hand with your wisdoms in promoting the welfare and prosperity of the people. The important business of taxes, lotteries, marriages, and Jews, we have left to your weighty consideration: while ourselves have been employed in the regulation of fashions, the establishment of taste, and amendment of the morals. We have the satisfaction to find, that both our measures have hitherto met with success: and the public affairs are at present in so prosperous a condition, that the national vices seem as likely to decrease as the national debt.

The dissolution of your assembly is now at hand; and as your whole attention will naturally be engaged in securing to yourselves and friends a seat in the next parliament, it is needless to recommend to you that heads should be broken, drunkenness encouraged, and abuse propagated; which has been found by experience to be the best method of supporting the freedom of elections. In the mean time, as the care of the nation must be left to us, it is necessary that, during this interval, our prerogative, as Censor-General, should be considerably extended, and we should be invested with the united powers of Lords and Commons.

When we are entrusted with this important charge, we shall expect, that every different faction shall concur in our measures for the public utility; that Whig and Tory, High-Church and Low-Church, Court and Country, shall all unite in this common cause; and that

opposite parties in the body politic, like the arms and legs in the body natural, shall move in concert, though they are on different sides. In our papers, which we continue to publish on Thursdays, under the title of *The Connoisseur*, every misdemeanour shall be examined, and offenders called to the bar of the House. Be it therefore enacted, that these our orders and resolutions have an equal authority with acts of parliament: as we doubt not they will be of equal advantage to the community.

The extraordinary supplies requisite for the service of the current weeks, and for the support of our own privy purse, oblige us to demand of you that a sum, not exceeding two-pence, be levied weekly on each person, to be collected by our trusty and well-beloved the booksellers. We must also particularly request of you, that the same privilege and protection be extended to us, which is enjoyed by yourselves, and is so very convenient to many of your honourable members. It is no less expedient, that we should be secured from let or molestation: be it therefore provided, that no one presume to arrest, or cause to be arrested, our person, or the persons of our publisher, printer, corrector, devil, or any other employed in our service.

We have only to add, that you may rely on our care and diligence in discharging the high trust reposed in us, in such manner as shall merit the thanks of the next parliament. We shall then recommend it to their consideration, whether it would not be for the interest of these kingdoms, that we should have a woolpack allotted us with the bishops, or be allowed a perpetual seat among the commons, as the representative of the whole people. But if this should be deemed too great an honour, it will, at least, be thought necessary, that we should be occasionally called in, like the judges, to give our opinion in cases of importance.

TOWN, Connoisseur, Critic, and  
Censor-General.

T.

NO. 10.] THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

Νῆπιον οὕτω εἰδὼς ὁμοῦν πολέμοιο,  
Οὐδ' ἀγροῶν, ἵνα τ' ἄνδρες ἀνιστρατίης τελέθουσι.

HOMER.

What knows the stripling of the soldier's trade  
Beyond his regimentals and cockade?

LEARNING, as it polishes the mind, enlarges our ideas, and gives an ingenious turn to our whole conversation and behaviour, has ever been esteemed a liberal accomplishment; and is, indeed, the principal characteristic that distinguishes the gentleman from the mechanic.

This axiom being universally allowed, I have often observed with wonder the neglect of learning that prevails among the gentlemen of the army; who, notwithstanding their shameful deficiency in this main requisite, are generally proposed as the most exact models of good behaviour, and standards of politeness.

The art of war is no easy study: it requires much labour and application to go through what Milton calls "the rudiments of soldiership, in all the skill of embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging, and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims." With all these, every officer should undoubtedly be acquainted; for mere regimentals no more create a soldier, than the cowl makes a monk. But, I fear, the generality of our army have made little proficiency in the art they profess; have learnt little more than just to acquit themselves with some decency at a review; have not studied and examined as they ought, the ancient and modern principles of war;

Nor the division of a battle know,

More than a spinster.

SHAKESPEARE.

Besides the study of the art of war itself, there are many collateral branches of literature; of which, as gentlemen and as soldiers, they should not be ignorant. Whoever bears a commission in the army should be well read in history. The examples of Alexander, Cæsar, or Marlborough, however illustrious, are of little concern to the generality of readers, but are set up as so many land-marks, to direct those who are pursuing the same course of glory. A thorough knowledge of history would furnish a commander with true courage, inspire him with an honest emulation of his ancestors, and teach him to gain a victory without shedding blood.

Poetry too, more especially that of the ancients, seems particularly calculated for the perusal of those concerned in war. The subject of the *Iliad* is entirely martial; and the principal characters are distinguished from each other chiefly by their different exertion of the single quality of courage. It was, I suppose, on account of this martial spirit, which breathes throughout the *Iliad*, that Alexander was so captivated with it, that he is said to have laid it every night under his pillow. The principal character in the *Æneid* is a general, of remarkable piety and courage; and great part of the poem is made up of war. These studies cannot, surely, fail of animating a modern breast, which often kindled such a noble ardour in the ancients.

If we look into the lives of the greatest generals of antiquity, we shall find them no mean proficient in science. They led their armies to victory by their courage, and support-

ed the state by their counsels. They revered the same Pallas, as the goddess of war and of wisdom; and the Spartans in particular, before they entered on an engagement, always sacrificed to the Muses. The exhortations, given by commanders before the onset, are some of the most animated pieces of oratory in all antiquity, and frequently produced astonishing effects, rousing the soldiers from despair, and hurrying them on to victory. An illiterate commander would have been the contempt of Greece and Rome. Tully, indeed, was called the learned Consul in derision; but then, as Dryden observes, "his head was turned another way. When he read the tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle." I am particularly pleased with the character of Scipio *Æmilianus*, as drawn by Velleius Paterculus, and would recommend it to the serious imitation of our modern officers. He was so great an admirer of liberal studies, that he always retained the most eminent wits in his camp: nor did any one fill up the intervals of business with more elegance, retiring from war only to cultivate the arts of peace; always employed in arms or study, always exercising his body with perils, or disciplining his mind with science. The author contrasts this amiable portrait with a description of *Mummius*; a general so little versed in the polite arts, that, having taken at Corinth several pictures and statues of the greatest artists, he threatened the persons who were intrusted with the carriage of them to Italy, "that, if they lost those, they should give new ones."

I would fain have a British officer looked upon with as much deference as those of Greece and Rome: but while they neglect the acquisition of the same accomplishments, they will never meet with the same respect. Instead of cultivating their minds, they are wholly taken up in adorning their bodies, and look upon gallantry and intrigue as essential parts of their character. To glitter in the boxes, or at an assembly, is the full display of their politeness; and to be the life and soul of a lewd brawl, almost the only exertion of their courage; inasmuch that there is a good deal of justice in Macheath's raillery, when he says, "if it was not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-Lane would be uninhabited."

It is something strange, that officers should want any inducement to acquire so gentleman-like an accomplishment as learning. If they imagine it would derogate from their good-breeding, or call of their attention from military business, they are mistaken. Pedantry is no more connected with learning, than rashness with courage. Cæsar, who was the finest gentleman and the greatest general, was also the best scholar of his age.

To say the truth, learning wears a more



amiable aspect and winning air in courts and camps, whenever it appears there, than amid the gloom of colleges and cloisters. Mixing in genteel life files off the rust that may have been contracted by study, and wears out any little oddness or peculiarity, that may be acquired in the closet. For this reason, the officer is more inexcusable who neglects an accomplishment that would sit so gracefully upon him: for this reason, too, we pay so great deference to those few who have enriched their minds with the treasures of antiquity. An illiterate officer either hardens into a bravo, or refines into a fop. The insipidity of the fop is utterly contemptible; and a rough brutal courage, unpolished by science, and unassisted by reason, has no more claim to heroism, than the case-hardened valour of a bruiser or prize-fighter. Agreeable to this notion, Homer in the fifth Iliad represents the goddess Minerva as wounding Mars, and driving the heavy deity off the field of battle; implying allegorically, that wisdom is capable of subduing courage.

I would flatter myself, that British minds are still as noble, and British genius as exuberant, as those of any other nation or age whatever; but that some are debased by luxury, and others run wild for want of proper cultivation. If Athens can boast her Miltiades, Themistocles, &c. Rome her Camillus, Fabius, Cesar, &c. England had her Edwards, Henrys, and Marlboroughs. It is to be hoped the time will come, when learning will be reckoned as necessary to qualify a man for the army, as for the bar or pulpit. Then we may expect to see the British soldiery enter on the field of battle, as on a theatre, for which they are prepared in the parts they are to act. "They will not then, (as Milton expresses himself with his usual strength in his Treatise on Education) if intrusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them, for want of just and wise discipline, to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied: they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitable colonels of twenty men in a company, to quaff out, or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list and miserable remnant; yet in the meanwhile to be over-mastered with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them; or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No, certainly, if they knew aught of that knowledge, that belongs to good men and good governors, they would not suffer these things." O.

the Lying Lover is young Bookwit; an Oronian, who at once throws off the habit and manners of an academic, and assumes the dress, air, and conversation of a man of the town. He is, like other fine gentlemen, a coxcomb; but a coxcomb of learning and parts. His erudition he renders subservient to his pleasures: his knowledge in poetry qualifies him for a sonneteer, his rhetoric to say fine things to the ladies, and his philosophy to regulate his equipage; for he talks of having "Peripatetic footmen, a follower of Aristippus for a valet de chambre, an epicurian cook, with an hermetical chemist (who are good only at making fires) for a scullion." Thus he is, in every particular, a fop of letters, a complete classical beau.

By a review I have lately made of the people in this great metropolis, as Censor, I find that the town swarms with bookwits. The play-houses, parks, taverns, and coffee-houses are thronged with them. Their manner, which has something in it very characteristic, and different from the town-bred coxcombs, discovers them to the slightest observer. It is, indeed, no easy matter for one, whose chief employment is to store his mind with new ideas, to throw that happy vacancy, that total absence of thought and reflection, into his countenance, so remarkable in our modern fine gentlemen. The same lounging air, too, that passes for genteel in a university coffee-house, is soon distinguished from the genuine careless loll, and easy saunter; and bring us over to the notion of Sir Wilful in *The Way of the World*, "that a man should be bound 'prentice to a maker of fops, before he ventures to set up for himself."

Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, the love of pleasure, and a few supernumerary guineas, draw the student from his literary employment, and entice him to this theatre of noise and hurry, this grand mart of luxury; where as long as his purse can supply him, he may be as idle and debauched as he pleases. I could not help smiling at a dialogue between two of these gentlemen, which I overheard a few nights ago at the Bedford Coffee-house. "Ha! Jack (says one accosting the other) is it you? how long have you been in town?"—"Two hours."—"How long do you stay!—Ten guineas.—If you'll come to Venable's after the play is over, you'll find Tom Latine, Bob Classic, and two or three more, who will be very glad to see you. What, you're in town upon the sober plan at your father's? But harkye, Frank, if you'll call in, I'll tell your friend Harris to prepare for you. So your servant; for I am going to meet the finest girl upon town in the green boxes."

I left the coffee-house pretty late; and as I came into the piazza, the fire in the Bedford-Arms kitchen blazed so cheerfully and invitingly before me, that I was easily persuaded by a fiend who was with me, to end the evening at that house. Our good fortune led us into the

No. 11.] THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1754.

—Pallas quas condidit arces  
Ipsa colat.—

VIRG.

Let Pallas dwell in towers herself has raised.

The principal character in Steele's comedy of



next room to this knot of academical rakes. Their merriment being pretty boisterous, gave us a good pretext to inquire what company were in the next room. The waiter told us, with a smartness which those fellows frequently contract from attending on beaux and wits, "some gentlemen from Oxford, with some ladies, Sir. My master is always very glad to see them; for while they stay in town, they never dine or sup out of his house, and eat and drink, and pay better than any nobleman."

As it grew later they grew louder: till at length an unhappy dispute arose between two of the company, concerning the present grand contest between the Old and the New Interest, which has lately inflamed Oxfordshire. This accident might have been attended with ugly consequences: but, as the ladies are great enemies to quarrelling, unless themselves are the occasion, a good-natured female of the company interposed, and quelled their animosity. By the mediation of this fair one, the dispute ended very fashionably, in a bet of a dozen of claret, to be drank there by the company then present, whenever the wager should be decided. There was something so extraordinary in their whole evening's conversation, such an odd mixture of the town and university, that I am persuaded, if Sir Richard had been witness to it, he could have wrought it into a scene as lively and entertaining as any he has left us.

The whole time these lettered beaux remain in London, is spent in a continual round of diversion. Their sphere, indeed, is somewhat confined; for they generally eat, drink, and sleep within the precincts of Covent-Garden. I remember I once saw, at a public inn on the road to Oxford, a journal of the town transactions of one of these sparks; who had recorded them on a window-pane for the example and imitation of his fellow-students. I shall present my reader with an exact copy of this curious journal, as nearly as I can remember.

Monday, rode to town in six hours—saw the two last acts of Hamlet—at night with Polly Brown.

Tuesday, saw Harlequin Sorcerer—at night, Polly again.

Wednesday, saw Macbeth—at night, with Sally Parker, Polly engaged.

Thursday, saw the Suspicious Husband—at night, Polly again.

Friday, set out at twelve o'clock for Oxford—a damn'd muzzy place.

There are no set of mortals more joyous than these occasional rakes, whose pride it is to gallop up to town once or twice in the year with their quarterage in their pockets, and in a few days to squander it away in the highest scenes of luxury and debauchery. The tavern, the theatre, and the bagnio, engross the chief part of their attention; and it is constantly Polly again

with them, till their finances are quite exhausted, and they are obliged to return (as Book-wit has it) "to small beer and three-halfpenny commons."

I shall enlarge no further on this subject at present, but conclude these reflections with an Ode, which I have received from an unknown correspondent. He tells me, it was lately sent from an academical friend to one of these gentlemen, who had resigned himself wholly to these polite enjoyments, and seemed to have forgot his connections with the University. All, who peruse this elegant little piece, will I doubt not, thank me for inserting it; and the learned reader will have the additional pleasure of admiring it as a humorous imitation of Horace,

*Ecce, beatis nunc Arabum invidias*

*Gazis, &c.*

L. I. Ode xxix.

So you, my friend, at last are caught—  
Where could you get so strange a thought,  
In mind and body sound?  
All meaner studies you resign,  
Your whole ambition now to shine  
The beau of the beau-monde.

Say, gallant youth, what well-known name  
Shall spread the triumphs of your fame  
Through all the realms of Drury?  
How will you strike the gaping cit?  
What tavern shall record your wit?  
What watchmen mourn your fury?

What sprightly imp of Gallic breed  
Shall have the culture of your head,  
(I mean the outward part)  
Form'd by his parent's early care  
To range in nicest curls the hair,  
And wield the puff with art?

No more let mortals toil in vain,  
By wise conjecture to explain  
What rolling time will bring:  
Thames to his source may upwards flow,  
Or Garrick six feet high may grow,  
Or witches thrive at Tring:

Since you each better promise break,  
Once famed for slovenliness and Greek,  
Now turn'd a very Paris,  
For lace and velvet quit your gown,  
The Stagyrte for Mr. Town,  
For Drury-lane St. Mary's.

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No. 12.] THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

*Nec verò hoc sine sorte datur, sine iudice sedes.* VIRG.

Nor shall the four-legg'd culprit 'scape the law,  
But at the bar hold up the guilty paw.

TURNING over the last volume of Lord Bolingbroke's Works a few days ago, I could not help smiling at his lordship's extraordinary manner of commenting on some parts of the Scriptures.

Among the rest he represents Moses, as making beasts accountable to the community for crimes, as well as men : whence his lordship infers, that the Jewish legislator supposed them capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and acting as moral agents. The oddity of this remark led me to reflect, if such an opinion should prevail in my country, what whimsical laws would be enacted, and how ridiculous they would appear, when put in execution. As if the horse, that carried the highwayman, should be arraigned for taking a purse, or a dog indicted for feloniously stealing a shoulder of mutton. Such a country would seem to go upon the same principles, and to entertain the same notions of justice, as the puritanical old woman, that hanged her cat for killing mice on the sabbath-day.

These reflections were continued afterwards in my sleep ; when methought such proceedings were common in our own courts of judicature. I imagined myself in a spacious hall like the Old Bailey, where they were preparing to try several animals, who had been guilty of offences against the laws of the land. The walls, I observed, were hung all round with bulls'-hides, sheep-skins, foxes-tails, and the spoils of other brute-malefactors ; and over the justice-seat, where the King's Arms are commonly placed, there was fixed a large stag's head, which overshadowed the magistrate with its branching horns. I took particular notice, that the galleries were very much crowded with ladies ; which I could not tell how to account for, till I found it was expected that a Goat would that day be tried for a rape.

The sessions soon opened : and the first prisoner that was brought to the bar, was a Hog, who was prosecuted at the suit of the Jews on an indictment for burglary, in breaking into their synagogue. As it was apprehended, that religion might be affected by this cause, and as the prosecution appeared to be malicious, the Hog, though the fact was plainly proved against him, to the great joy of all true Christians was allowed Benefit of Clergy.

An indictment was next brought against a Cat for killing a favourite canary-bird. This offender belonged to an old woman who was believed by the neighbourhood to be a witch. The jury, therefore, were unanimous in their opinion, that she was the devil in that shape, and brought her in guilty. Upon which the judge formally pronounced sentence upon her, which I remember concluded with these words : ' You must be carried to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck nine times, till you are dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, and the fiddlers have mercy on your guts.'

A Parrot was next tried for *scandalum magnatum*. He was accused by the chief magistrate of the city, and the whole court of aldermen, for

defaming them, as they passed along the street, on a public festival, by singing " Room for cuckolds, here comes a great company, room for cuckolds, here comes my lord mayor." This Parrot was a very old offender ; much addicted to scurrility ; and had been several times convicted of profane cursing and swearing. He had even the impudence to abuse the whole court by calling the jury rogues and rascals ; and frequently interrupted my lord judge in summing up the evidence by crying out ' old bitch.' The court, however, was pleased to show mercy to him, upon the petition of his mistress, a strict Methodist ; who gave bail for his good behaviour, and delivered him over to Mr. Whitefield, who undertook to make a thorough convert of him.

After this a Fox was indicted for robbing a hen-roost. Many farmers appeared against him, who deposed, that he was a very notorious thief, and had long been the terror of ducks, geese, turkeys, and all other poultry. He had infested the country a long time, and had often been pursued, but they could never take him before. As the evidence was very full against him, the jury readily brought him in guilty ; and the judge was proceeding to condemn him, when the sly villain, watering his brush, flitted it in the face of the jailor, and made off. Upon this a country squire, who was present, hallooed out, Stole away ! and a hue and cry was immediately sent after him.

When the uproar, which this occasioned, was over, a Milch-Ass was brought to the bar, and tried for contumeliously braying, as she stood at the door of a sick lady of quality. It appeared that this lady was terribly afflicted with the vapours, and could not bear the least noise ; had the knocker always tied up, and straw laid in the street. Notwithstanding which, this audacious creature used every morning to give her foul language, which broke her rest, and flung her into hysterics. For this repeated abuse the criminal was sentenced to the pillory, and ordered to lose her ears.

An information was next laid against a shepherd's Dog upon the Game Act for poaching. He was accused of killing a hare, without being properly qualified. But the plaintiff thought it advisable to quash the indictment, as the owner of the dog had a vote to sell at the next election.

There now came on a very important cause, in which six of the most eminent council learned in the law were retained on each side. A Monkey belonging to a lady of the first rank and fashion, was indicted for that he with malice prepense did commit wilful murder on the body of a lap-dog. The council for the prosecutor set forth, that the unfortunate deceased came on a visit with another lady ; when the prisoner at the bar, without the least provocation, and contrary to the laws of hospitality, perpetrated this



inhuman fact. The council for the prisoner, being called upon to make the Monkey's defence, pleaded his privilege, and insisted on his being tried by his peers. This plea was admitted; and a jury of beaux was immediately empanelled, who without going out of court honourably acquitted him.

The proceedings were here interrupted by a Hound who came jumping into the hall, and running to the justice-seat, lifted up his leg against the judge's robe. For this contemptuous behaviour, he was directly ordered into custody; when to our great surprise he cast his skin and became an Ostrich; and presently after shed his feathers, and terrified us in the shaggy figure of a Bear. Then he was a Lion, then a Horse, then again a Baboon; and after many other amazing transformations, leaped out a Harlequin, and before they could take hold of him, skipped away to Covent-Garden theatre.

It would be tedious to recount the particulars of several other trials. A sportsman brought an action against a Race-Horse, for running on the wrong side of the post, by which he lost the plate and many considerable bets. For this the criminal was sentenced to be burnt in the forehead, and to be whipt at the cart's tail. A Mare would have undergone the same punishment, for throwing her rider in a stag-hunt, but escaped by pleading her belly; upon which a jury of grooms was empanelled, who brought her in quick. The company of Dogs and Monkeys, together with the dancing Bears, who were taken up on the License Act, and indicted for strollers, were transported for life.

The last trial was for high treason. A Lion, who had been long confined as a state-prisoner in the Tower, having broken jail, had appeared in open rebellion, and committed several acts of violence on his majesty's liege subjects. As this was a noble animal, and a prince of the blood in his own native country, he was condemned to be beheaded. It came into my thoughts, that this lion's head might vie with that famous one formerly erected at Button's for the service of the Guardian. I was accordingly going to petition for leave to put it up in Macklin's new coffee-house; when methought the Lion, setting up a most horrible roar, broke his chains, and put the whole court to flight; and I awaked in the utmost consternation, just as I imagined he had got me in his gripe.

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No. 13.] THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

— *Commotâ fervet plebecula bile.* PERSIUS.

Inspired by freedom, and election ale,  
The patriot-mob at courts and placemen rail.

I SHALL this day present my readers with a

letter, which I have received from my cousin Village; who, as I informed them in my first paper, has undertaken to send me an account of every thing remarkable, that passes in the country.

DEAR COUSIN,

I have not been unmindful of the province which you was pleased to allot me; but the whole country has been lately so much taken up with the business of elections, that nothing has fallen under my notice, but debates, squabbles, and drunken rencounters. The spirit of party prevails so universally, that the very children are instructed to lisp the names of the favourite chiefs of each faction; and I have more than once been in danger of being knocked of my horse, as I rode peaceably on, because I did not declare with which party I sided, though I knew nothing at all of either. Every petty village abounds with the most profound statesmen: it is common to see our rustic politicians assembling after sermon, and settling the good of their country across a tomb-stone, like so many dictators from the plough; and almost every cottage can boast its patriot, who, like the old Roman, would not exchange his turnip for a bribe.

I am at present in \*\*\*, where the election is just coming on, and the whole town consequently in an uproar. They have for several parliaments returned two members, who recommended themselves by constantly opposing the court: but there came down a few days ago a banker from London, who has offered himself a candidate, and is backed with the most powerful of all interests, money. Nothing has been since thought of but feasting and revelling; and both parties strive to outdo each other in the frequency and expense of their entertainments. This, indeed, is the general method made use of to gain the favour of electors, and manifest a zeal for the constitution. I have known a candidate depend more upon the strength of his liquor than his arguments; and the merits of a treat has often recommended a member, who has had no merits of his own. For it is certain, that people, however they may differ in other points, are unanimous in promoting the grand business of eating and drinking.

It is impossible to give a particular account of the various disorders occasioned by the contest in this town. The streets ring with the different cry of each party; and every hour produces a ballad, a set of queries, or a serious address to the worthy electors. I have seen the mayor, with half the corporation, roaring, hallooing, and reeling along the streets, and yet threatening to clap a poor fellow into the stocks for making the same noise, only because he would not vote as they do. It is no wonder that the strongest connections should be broken, and the most intimate friends set at variance, through



their difference of opinions. Not only the men, but their wives were also engaged in the same quarrel. Mr. Staunch the haberdasher used to smoke his pipe constantly, in the same kitchen corner every evening, at the same alehouse, with his neighbour, Mr. Veer the chandler, while their ladies chatted together at the street-door: out now the husbands never speak to each other; and consequently Mrs. Veer goes a quarter of a mile for her inkle and tape, rather than deal at Mr. Staunch's shop; and Mrs. Staunch declares, she would go without her tea, though she has always been used to it twice a day, rather than fetch her half quartern from that turn-coat Veer's.

Wherever politics are introduced, religion is always drawn into the quarrel. The town I have been speaking of, is divided into two parties, who are distinguished by the appellation of Christians and Jews. The Jews, it seems, are those who are in the interest of a nobleman, who gave his vote for passing the Jew-bill, and are held in abomination by the Christians. The zeal of the latter is still further inflamed by the vicar, who every Sunday thunders out his anathemas, and preaches up the pious doctrines of persecution. In this he is seconded by the clerk, who is careful to enforce the arguments from the pulpit, by selecting staves proper for the occasion.

This truly Christian spirit is no where more manifest than at their public feasts. I was at one of their dinners, where I found great variety of pig-meat was provided. The table was covered from one end to the other with hams, legs of pork, spare-ribs, griskins, haslets, feet and ears, brawn, and the like. In the middle there smoked a large barbecued hog, which was soon devoured to the bone, so desirous was every one to prove his Christianity by the quantity he could swallow of that Anti-Judaic food. After dinner there was brought in, by way of desert, a dish of hog's puddings; but as I have a dislike to that kind of diet, (though not from any scruple of conscience) I was regarded as little better than a Jew for declining to eat of them.

The great support of this party is an old neighbouring knight, who, ever since the late naturalization act, has conceived a violent antipathy to the Jews, and takes every opportunity of railing at the above-mentioned nobleman. Sir Rowland swears, that his lordship is worse than Judas, that he is actually circumcised, and that the chapel in his house is turned into a synagogue. The knight had never been seen in a church till the late clamour about the Jew-bill; but he now attends it regularly every Sunday, where he devoutly takes his nap all the service; and he lately bestowed the best living in his gift, which he had before promised to his chaplain, on one whom he had never seen, but had read his name in a title-page to a sermon against the Jews.

He turned off his butler, who had lived with him many years, (and whose only crime was a swarthy complexion) because the dog looked like a Jew. He feeds hogs in his park and the courtyard, and has guinea-pigs in his parlour. Every Saturday he has a hunt, because it is the Jewish sabbath; and in the evening he is sure to get drunk with the vicar in defence of religion. As he is in the commission, he ordered a poor Jew pedlar, who came to hawk goods at his house, to Bridewell; and he was once going to send a little parish-boy to the same place, for presuming to play in his worship's hearing on that unchristian-like instrument the Jew's-harp.

The fair sex here are no less ambitious of displaying their affection for the same cause; and they manifest their sentiments by the colour and fashion of their dress. Their zeal more particularly shows itself in a variety of posies for rings, buckles, knots, and garters. I observed the other night at the assembly, that the ladies seemed to vie with each other in hanging out the ensigns of the faith in orthodox ribands, bearing the inscription of No Jews. Christianity for ever. They likewise wore little crosses at their breasts; their pompons were formed into crucifixes, their knots disposed in the same angles, and so many parts of their habits moulded into that shape, that the whole assembly looked like the court on St. Andrew's day. It was remarkable that the vicar's lady, who is a thorough-paced High-Church-woman, was more religious in the decorations of her dress than any of the company; and, indeed, she was so stuck over from head to foot with crosses, that a wag justly compared her to an old Popish monument in a Gothic cathedral.

I shall conclude my letter with the relation of an adventure, that happened to myself at my first coming into this town. I intended to put up at the Catherine-Wheel, as I had often used the house before, and knew the landlord to be a good civil kind of fellow. I accordingly turned my horse into the yard, when, to my great surprise, the landlord, as soon as he saw me, gave me a hearty curse, and told me I might go about my business, "for indeed he would not entertain any such rascals." Upon this he said something to two or three strapping country-fellows, who immediately came towards me: and if I had not rode away directly, I should have met with a very rough salutation from their horsewhips. I could not imagine what offence I had committed, that could give occasion for such ill usage, till I heard the master of the inn hallooing after me, "that's the scoundrel that came here some time ago with Tom T'otherside;" who, I have since learned, is an agent for the other party.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

T.

No. 14.] THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

— *Tum in lecto quoque videres  
Stridere secretâ divisos aure susurros.  
Nullo his mallem ludos spectasse. Sed illa  
Redde age, quæ deinceps risisti.* — Hon.

Imparted to each laughter-loving fair,  
The whizzing whisper glides from chair to chair :  
And e'er the conscious ear receives it half,  
With titterings they betray the stifled laugh.  
Such giggling glee !—what farce so full of mirth !  
But tell the tickling cause which gave it birth.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

As the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inserted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact ? They will pardon me, if by laying before you a particular instance I was lately witness to of their improper behaviour. I endeavour to expose a reigning evil, which subjects them to many shameful imputations.

I received last week a dinner-card from a friend, with an intimation that I should meet some very agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company consisted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honour to rise, but quite disconcerted me in paying my respects, by their whispering each other, and appearing to stifle a laugh. When I was seated, the ladies grouped themselves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, seemingly to discourse upon points of great secrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diversion.

The same conduct of keeping close to their ranks was observed at table, where the ladies seated themselves together. Their conversation was here also confined wholly to themselves, and seemed like the mistress of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any share. It was a continued laugh and whisper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole sentence was scarce ever spoken aloud. Single words indeed, now and then broke forth ; such as odious, horrible, detestable, shocking, humbug. This last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable, whenever it is pronounced : but from the mouth of a lady it is ' shocking, detestable, horrible, and odious.'

My friend seemed to be in an uneasy situation at his own table ; but I was far more miserable. I was mute, and seldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for small beer, lest by some awkward gesture I might draw upon me a whisper or a laugh. Sancho, when he was forbid to eat a delicious banquet set before him, could scarce appear more melancholy. The useful length of my face might possibly increase the mirth of my tormentors : at least, their joy seemed to rise in exact proportion

with my misery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off, hand in hand, whispering, like the two kings of Brentford.

Modest men, Mr. Town, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themselves the objects of ridicule or contempt : and the pain is the greater, when it is given by those whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we must allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognostics of future kindness. If a lady strikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Gospel, and turn the other cheek to be smitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleasure. But this battery of whispers is against all legal rights of war :—poisoned arrows, and stabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

If the misconduct which I have described, had been only to be found, Mr. Town, at my friend's table, I should not have troubled you with this letter ; but the same kind of ill breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and the whisperers are innumerable : they beset us wherever we go ; and it is observable, that, after a short murmur of whispers out comes the burst of laughter : like a gunpowder serpent, which, after hissing about for some time, goes off in a bounce.

Modern writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very severe upon the rest of the company ; but all his waggy is spoken aside. These gigglers and whisperers seem to be acting the same part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whispers ; the dropping of a snuff-box, or spilling the tea, is sure to be accompanied with a titter : and upon the entrance of any one with something particular in his person or manner, I have seen a whole room in a buzz like a bee-hive.

This practice of whispering, if it is any where allowable, may, perhaps, be indulged the fair sex at church, where the conversation can only be carried on by the secret symbols of a courtesy, an ogle or a nod. A whisper in this place is very often of great use, as it serves to convey the most secret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burst with, if she could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confession. A piece of scandal transpires in this manner from one pew to another, then presently whizzes along the chancel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, till at last the whole church hums with it.

It were also to be wished, that the ladies would be pleased to confine themselves to whispering, in their *tête-à-tête* conferences at the opera or the play-house ; which would be a proper deference to the rest of the audience. In



France, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air; but we seem to have carried this custom still further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themselves in the least with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humour of a Vanbrugh or a Congreve is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two persons of fashion; and a love-scene in the side-box, has often been more attended to, than that on the stage. As to their loud bursts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excused, when they are excited by any lively strokes in a comedy: but I have seen our ladies titter at the most distressful scenes in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, grin over the anguish of a *Monimia*, or *Belvidera*, and fairly laugh *King Lear* off the stage.

Thus the whole behaviour of these ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they should cry, are loud when they should be silent, and are silent when their conversation is desirable. If a man, in a select company, was thus to laugh or whisper me out of countenance, I should be apt to construe it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would desire them to reflect how much they would suffer, if their own weapons were turned against them, and the gentlemen should attack them with the same arts of laughing and whispering. But, however free they may be from our resentment, they are still open to ill-natured suspicions. They do not consider, what strange constructions may be put on these laughs and whispers. It were, indeed, of little consequence, if we only imagined that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abusing the company round; but when they indulge themselves in this behaviour, some, perhaps, may be led to conclude, that they are discoursing upon topics, which they are ashamed to speak of in a less private manner.

Some excuse may perhaps be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair sex. *Venus*, the goddess of beauty, is frequently called the laughter-loving dame; and by laughing our modern ladies may possibly imagine, that they render themselves like *Venus*. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjust their laugh to their persons, and are merry in proportion as it sets off their particular charms. One lady is never farther moved than to a smile or a simper, because nothing else shows her dimples to so much advantage; another, who has a very fine set of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well turned neck and graceful chest, calls up all her beauties to view, by breaking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I would not be understood to impose gravity or too great a reserve on the fair sex. Let them laugh at a feather; but let them declare openly,

that it is a feather which occasions their mirth. I must confess, that laughter becomes the young, gay, and the handsome: but a whisper is unbecoming at all ages, and in both sexes; nor ought it ever to be practised, except in the round gallery at *St. Paul's*, or in the famous whispering place in *Gloucester Cathedral*, where two whisperers hear each other at the distance of five and twenty yards.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,  
K. L.

No. 15.] THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754,

— Tu dic, mecum quo pignore certes. VIRG.

Name your Bet.

A FRIEND of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, acquaints me, that the revenue arising from the duty on cards and dice continues to increase every year, and that it now brings in near six times more than it did at first. This will not appear very wonderful, when we consider, that gaming is now become rather the business than amusement of our persons of quality: and that they are more concerned about the transactions of the two clubs at *White's* than the proceedings of both houses of parliament. Thus it happens, that estates are now almost as frequently made over by whist and hazard, as by deeds and settlements; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be said (like *Count Basset's* in the play) "to roll upon the four aces."

This love of gaming has taken such entire possession of their ideas, that it infects their common conversation. The management of a dispute was formerly attempted by reason and argument; but the new way of adjusting all difference in opinion is by the sword or a wager: so that the only genteel method of dissenting is to risk a thousand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The strange custom of deciding every thing by a wager is so universal, that if (in imitation of *Swift*) any body was to publish a specimen of *Polite Conversation*, instead of old sayings and tite repartees, he would in all probability fill his dialogues with little more than bet after bet, and now or then a calculation of the odds.

*White's*, the present grand scene of these transactions, was formerly distinguished by gallantry and intrigue. During the publication of the *Tatler*, *Sir Richard Steele* thought proper to date all his love news from that quarter: but it would now be as absurd to pretend to gather any such intelligence from *White's*, as to send to *Batson's* for a lawyer, or to the *Roll's* coffee-house for a man-midwife.

The gentlemen who now frequent this place,  
E



profess a kind of universal scepticism: and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the issue upon a wager. There is nothing however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been lost upon the colour of a coach-horse, an article in the news, or the change of the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to persons not in the least related to the family it was born in; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, besides the parties immediately concerned.

But the most extraordinary part of this fashionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called pitting one man against another; that is, in plain English, wagering which of the two will live longest. In this manner, people of the most opposite characters make up the subject of a bet. A player, perhaps, is pitted against a duke, an alderman against a bishop, or a pimp with a privy-counsellor. There is scarce one remarkable person, upon whose life there are not many thousand pounds depending: or one person of quality, whose death will not leave several of these kind of mortgages upon his estate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the subject of many bets, occasion very serious reflections in those, who have ventured large sums on his life or death. Those who would be gainers by his decease, upon every slight indisposition, watch all the stages of his illness, and are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other sides are very solicitous about his recovery, send every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him, as a clergyman's wife does of her husband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the constitution of a porter, upon whose life very great odds were laid; but when the person he was pitted against, was expected to die every week, this man shot himself through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.

Though most of our follies are imported from France, this has had its rise and progress entirely in England. In the last illness of Lewis the Fourteenth Lord Stair laid a wager on his death; and we may guess what the French thought of it, from the manner, in which Voltaire mentions it in his *Siecle de Louis XIV.* '*Le Roi fut attaqué vers le milieu du mois d'Aout. Le Comte de Stair, ambassadeur d'Angleterre, paria, selon le genie de sa nation, que le Roi ne passeroit pas le mois de Septembre.*' 'The King,' says he, 'was taken ill about the middle of August; when Lord Stair, the ambassador from England, betted according to the genius of his nation, that the King would not live beyond September.'

I am in some pain, lest this custom should get among the ladies. They are at present very deep in cards and dice; and while my lord is

gaming abroad her ladyship has her rout at home. I am inclined to suspect, that our women of fashion will also learn to divert themselves with this polite practice of laying wagers. A birth-day suit, the age of a beauty, who invented a particular fashion, or who were supposed to be together at the last masquerade, would frequently give occasion for bets. This would also afford them a new method for the ready propagation of scandal: as the truth of several stories, which are continually flying about the town, would naturally be brought to the same test. Should they proceed further to stake the lives of their acquaintance against each other, they would doubtless bet with the same fearless spirit, as they are known to do at brag: the husband of one would perhaps be pitted against the gallant of another, or a woman of the town against a maid of honour. And, perhaps, if this practice should once become fashionable among the ladies, we may soon see the time, when an allowance for bet-money will be stipulated in the marriage articles.

As the vices and follies of persons of distinction are very apt to spread, I am also much afraid, lest this branch of gaming should descend to the common people. Indeed, it seems already to have got among them. We have frequent accounts in the daily papers of tradesmen riding, walking, eating, and drinking for a wager. The contested election in the city has occasioned several extraordinary bets: I know a butcher in Leadenhall market, who laid an ox to a shin of beef, on the success of Sir John Barnard against the field; and have been told of a publican in Thames-street, who ventured an hogshead of entire butt, on the candidate who serves him with beer.

We may observe, that the spirit of gaming displays itself with as much variety among the lowest as the highest order of people. It is the same thing whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow or at the hazard-table. A couple of chairmen in a night cellar are as eager at put or all-fours, as a party at St. James's at a rubber of whist; and the E O table is but a higher sort of Merry-go-round, where you may get six half pence for one, sixpence for one, and six twopences for one. If the practice of pitting should be also propagated among the vulgar, it will be common for prize fighters to stake their lives against each other; and two pickpockets may lay which of them shall first go to the gallows.

To give the reader a full idea of a person of fashion wholly employed in this manner, I shall conclude my paper with the character of Montano. Montano was born heir to a nobleman, remarkable for deep play, from whom he very early imbibed the principles of gaming. When he first went to school, he soon became the most expert of any of his play-fellows; he was sure to win all their marbles at taw, and would often

strip them of their whole week's allowance at chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every match of football or cricket; and when he was captain, he took in all the big boys by making a lottery, but went away without drawing the prizes. He is still talked of at the school, for a famous dispute he had with another of his own cast about their superiority in learning; which they decided by tossing up heads or tails who was the best scholar. Being too great a genius for our universities at home, he was sent abroad on his travels, but never got further than Paris; where having lost a considerable bet of four to one concerning the taking a town in Flanders, he was obliged to come back with a few guineas he borrowed to bring him over. Here he soon became universally known by frequenting every gaming-table, and attending every horse-race in the kingdom. He first reduced betting into an art, and made White's the grand market for wagers. He is at length such an adept in this art, that whatever turn things take, he can never lose. This he has effected, by what he has taught the world to call hedging a bet. There is scarce a contested election in the kingdom, which will not end to his advantage; and he has lately sent over commissions to Paris to take up bets on the recall of the parliament. He was the first that struck out the above-mentioned practice of pitting; in which he is so thoroughly versed, that the death of every person of quality may be said to bring him a legacy: and he has so contrived the bets on his own life, that (live or die) the odds are in his favour. O.

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No. 16.] THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

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*Altius omnem  
Expeditam prima repetens ab origine famam.* VIRG.

I'll trace the current upwards, as it flows,  
And mark the secret spring, whence first it rose.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir, Oxford, May 12, 1754.

Your last week's paper, on the subject of bets, put me in mind of an extract I lately met with in some newspapers, from the "Life of Pope Sixtus V. translated from the Italian of Gregorio Leti by the Reverend Mr. Farnworth." The passage is as follows:

It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was

have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lie. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh, that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and being informed of the whole affair, said "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as this shall. Take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

What induced me to trouble you with this, is a remark made by the editor, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the Merchant of Venice is borrowed from this story." I should perhaps have acquiesced in this notion, if I had not seen a note in the "Observations on Spenser's Faerie Queene, by Mr. T. Warton of Trinity College," where he seems to have discovered the real source from which Shakspeare drew his fable, which (he informs us) is founded upon an ancient ballad. The admirers of Shakspeare are obliged to him for this curious discovery: but as Mr. Warton has only given some extracts, they would undoubtedly be glad to see the whole. This ballad is most probably no where to be met with but in the Ashmolean Museum in this University, where it was deposited by that famous antiquary Anthony à Wood: I have therefore sent you a faithful transcript of it; and you must agree with me, that it would do you more credit, as a Connoisseur to draw this hidden treasure into light, than if you had discovered an Otho or a Niger.

#### A SONG.

Showing the cruelty of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a merchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe because he could not pay him at the time appointed.

In Venice town not long agoe,  
A cruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie,  
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,  
Which never thought to die,  
Nor never yet did any good  
To them in streets that lye.



His life was like a barrow hogge,  
That liveth many a day,  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,  
That lyeth in a hoord,  
Which never can do any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with this usurer,  
He cannot sleep in rest,  
For feare the theefe doth him pursue  
To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth think on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poore;  
His mouth is almost full of mucke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,  
For every weeke a penny,  
Yet bring a pledge that's double worth,  
If that you will have any.

And see (likewise) you keep your day,  
Or else you lose it all:  
This was the living of his wife,  
Her cow she doth it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time  
A merchant of great fame,  
Which being distressed, in his need  
Unto Gernutus came.

Desiring him to stand his friend,  
For twelve moneth and a day,  
To lend to him a hundred crownes,  
And he for it would pay.

Whatsoever he would demand of him  
And pledges he should have:  
No, (qd. the Jew with fleering lookes)  
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it  
For one yeere you shall pay;  
You may do me as good a turne,  
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast  
For to be talked long:  
You shall make me a bond (quoth he)  
That shall be large and strong.

And this shall be the forfeiture,  
Of your owne fleshe a pound,  
If you agree, make you the bond,  
And here's a hundred crownes.

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The second part of the Jew's crueltie; setting  
forth the mercifullnesse of the Judge towards  
the Merchant.

With right good will the merchant said,  
And so the bond was made,  
When twelve months and a day drew on  
That back it should be paid.

The merchants ships were all at sea,  
And money came not in;  
Which way to take, or what to doe,  
To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus straight he comes  
With cap and bended knee,  
And said to him of curtesie  
I pray you bear with me.

My day is come, and I have not  
The money for to pay:  
And little good the forfeiture  
Will doe you I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus said  
Command it to your minde:  
In things of bigger weight than this  
You shall me readie finde.

He goes his way; the day once past  
Gernutus doth not slacke  
To get a serjeant presentlie,  
And clapt him on the backe.

And layd him into prison strong,  
And sued his bond withall;  
And when the judgment day was come,  
For judgment he doth call.

The merchant's friends came thither fast,  
With many a weeping eye,  
For other means they could not find,  
But he that day must dye.

Some offered for his hundred crownes  
Five hundred for to pay;  
And some a thousand, two or three,  
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last, ten thousand crownes  
They offered him to save,  
Gernutus said, I will no gold,  
My forfeit I will have.

A pound of flesh is my demand,  
And that shall be my hyre,  
Then said the judge, yet my good friend  
Let me of you desire,

To take the fleshe from such a place  
As yet you let him live;  
Doe so, and lo a hundred crownes,  
To thee here will I give.

No, no, quoth he, no judgment here  
For this it shall be tryde,  
For I will have my pound of fleshe  
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie,  
His crueltie to see;  
For neither friend nor foe could help  
But he must spoiled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is  
With wheted blade in hand  
To spoyle the blood of innocent,  
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike  
In him the deadly blow:  
Stay (quoth the Judge) thy crueltie  
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have  
Which is of fleshe a pound:  
See that thou shed no drop of blood,  
Nor yet the man confound.



For if thou doe, like murderer,  
Thou here shalt hanged be :  
Likewise of fleshe see that thou cut  
No more than 'longs to thee.

For if thou take either more or lesse,  
To the value of a mite,  
Thou shalt be hanged presently  
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantic mad,  
And wotes not what to say :  
Quoth he at last, ten thousand crownes  
I will that he shall pay.

And so I grant to set him free :  
The Judge doth answer make,  
You shall not have a penny given,  
Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demand,  
But for to have his own :  
No, quoth the Judge, do as you list,  
Thy judgment shall be showne.

Either take your pound of fleshe (qd. he)  
Or cancell me your bond,  
O cruel Judge, then quoth the Jew,  
That doth against me stand !

And so with griped griev'd minde  
He biddeth them farewell :  
All the people prays'd the Lord  
That ever this heard tell

Good people that do hear this song,  
For truth I dare well say,  
That many a wretch as ill as he  
Doth live now at this day.

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
Of many a wealthie man,  
And for to trap the innocent,  
Deviseth what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver me,  
And every christian too,  
And send to them like sentence eke,  
That meaneth so to doo.

*Printed at London by E. P. for J. Wright, dwelling in  
Gilt-spur-street.*

It will be proper to subjoin what the ingenious Mr. Warton has observed upon this subject :—"It may be objected," says he, "that this ballad might have been written after, and copied from Shakspeare's play. But if that had been the case, it is most likely that the author would have preserved Shakspeare's name of Shylock for the Jew ; and nothing is more likely, than that Shakspeare, in copying from this ballad, should alter the name from Gernutus to one more Jewish. Another argument is, that our ballad has the air of a narrative written before Shakspeare's play ; I mean, that if it had been written after the play, it would have been much more full and circumstantial. At present, it has too much the nakedness of an original."

It would, indeed, be absurd to think, that this ballad was taken from Shakspeare's play, as they differ in the most essential circumstances. The sum borrowed is in the former a hundred

crowns, in the latter three thousand ducats : the time limited for payment in the one is only three months, in the other a year and a day : in the play the merchant's motive for borrowing (which is finely imagined by Shakspeare, and is conducive to the general plot,) is not on account of his own necessities, but for the service of his friend. To these we may add, that the close of the story is finely heightened by Shakspeare. A mere copyist, such as we may suppose a ballad-maker, would not have given himself the trouble to alter circumstances : at least he would not have changed them so much for the worse. But this matter seems to be placed out of all doubt by the first stanza of the ballad, which informs us, that the story was taken from some Italian novel. "This much therefore is certain (as Mr. Warton observes,) that Shakspeare either copied from that Italian novel, or from this ballad. Now we have no translation, I presume, of such a novel into English. If then it be granted, that Shakspeare generally took his Italian stories from their English translations, and that the arguments above, concerning the prior antiquity in this ballad, are true, it will follow, that Shakspeare copied from this ballad."

Upon the whole, it is very likely, that the Italian novel, upon which this ballad seems founded, took its rise (with an inversion of the circumstances) from the above-mentioned story in the "Life of Pope Sixtus V." the memory of which must have been then recent. I should be glad if any of your readers can give any further light into this affair, and if possible, acquaint the public from whence Shakspeare borrowed the other part of this fable concerning Portia and the caskets ; which, it is more than probable, is drawn from some other novel well known in his time.

I cannot conclude without remarking, with what art and judgment Shakspeare has wove together these different stories of the Jew and the caskets ; from both which he has formed one general fable, without having recourse to the stale artifice of eking out a barren subject with impertinent underplots.

I am, Sir,

T. Your humble Servant, &c.

No. 17.] THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

——— *Paulo plus artis Athenæ.*

HOR.

Scarce more with Athens Science chose to dwell,  
Or Grecian poets Grub-street bards excel.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

THOUGH many historians have described the city of London (in which we may include West-

minster) with great accuracy, yet they have not set it out in the full light, which at present it deserves: they have not distinguished it as a University. Paris is a University, Dublin is a University, even Moscow is a University; but London has not yet been honoured with that title. I will allow our metropolis to have been intended, originally, only as a city of trade; and I will further own, that scarce any sciences, except such as were purely mercantile, were cultivated in it, till within these last thirty years. But from that period of time, I may say a whole army, as it were, of arts and sciences have amicably marched in upon us, and have fixed themselves as auxiliaries to our capital.

The four greater faculties, I mean Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy, which are taught in other universities, are in their highest perfection here. The prosperity of the first may be seen by the crowded churches every Sunday, and the discipline of the second by the numberless young students, who constantly dine in their respective halls at the several inns of court. These two faculties have of late received considerable improvements, but particularly that of Theology; as is manifest from several new and astonishing opinions, which have been started among us. There have risen, within these few years, very numerous tribes of Methodists, Moravians, Middletonians, Muggletonians, Hutchinsonians, &c. In a word, our sects are multiplied to such an infinite degree, that (as Voltaire has before observed) "every man may now go to heaven his own way." Can the divinity-schools boast such sound doctrine as the Foundry in Moorfields? Or were ever Fellows of Colleges such adepts in matrimony, as the reverend Doctors of the Fleet, or the Primate of May-Fair?

The theory of Medicine may undoubtedly be taught at Oxford and Cambridge in a tolerable manner; but the art itself can only be learned, where it flourishes, at London. Do not our daily papers give us a longer list of medicines, than are contained in any of the dispensatories? And are we not constantly told of surprising antidotes, certain cures, and never-failing remedies for every complaint? And are not each of these specifics equally efficacious in one distemper as another, from the Grand Restorative Elixir of Life down to the Infallible Corn-Salve, as thousands have experienced? With what pleasure and admiration have I beheld the Machaon of our times, Dr. Richard Rock, dispensing from his one-horse chaise his Cathartic Antivenereal Electuary, his Itch-powder, and his Quintessence of Vipers! It may be asked, is he a Graduate? Is he a Regular Physician? No, he is superior to Regularity. He despises the formality of Academical Degrees. He styles himself M. L. He is a London Physician, or

as Moliere would express it, *C'est un Medicin de Londres.*

After Medicine let us consider Logic. How is that most useful art taught in the two Universities? Is it not clogged with such barbarous terms, as tend to puzzle and confound rather than enlighten or direct the understanding? Is it not taught in a dead, I had almost said, in a Popish tongue? Is it not overrun with dry distinctions and useless subtleties? Where then is it to be learned in all the purity of reason, and the dignity of language? Neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge, but at the Robin Hood Alehouse in Butcher row near Temple Bar.

From Logic let us proceed to Eloquence: and let us ingenuously confess, that neither of our Universities can boast an orator equal to the renowned Henley. Has he not all the qualifications required by Tully in a complete orator? Has he not been followed by the greatest men of the nation? Yet has this modest divine never derived any title to himself from his own rhetoric, except such a one as his extraordinary elocution naturally bestowed upon him. Might he not have called himself President of the Butchers? Dean of Marrow-bones and Cleavers? or Warden of Clare-Market? Certainly he might. Therefore, if it were for his sake only, in my humble opinion, London ought immediately to assume the title of a University; and the butchers of Clare-Market, who have so constantly attended Mr. Henley's Lectures, ought to be presented with honorary degrees.

I know not what pretensions the Universities may have had originally to adopt Music among the rest of their sciences; perhaps they have assumed a right of bestowing degrees in Music, from their being called the seats of the Muses; as it is well known, that Apollo was a fiddler, as well as a poet and a physician; and the Muses are said to have delighted in fiddling and piping. The young students, I am told, of either University are more ambitious to excel in this science than any other, and spend most of their time in the study of the gamut: but their knowledge in harmonics is seldom carried further than I love Sue, or Ally Croker. In this point London has undoubtedly a better title to be called a University. Did Oxford or Cambridge ever produce an opera, though they have the advantage of languages so very little known, as the Greek and even Hebrew, to compose in? Had ever any of their professors the least idea of a burletta? Or are any of their most sublime anthems half so ravishing as Foote's Minuet from the hand organ of the little Savoyard Dutchess? Are those classical instruments, the Doric lute, the syrinx, or the fistula, to be compared to the melody of the wooden spoons, the Jew's-harp, and salt-box, at Mr. Midnight's?



But there are no doctrines more forcibly inculcated among us than those of Ethics, or Moral Philosophy. What are the precepts of Plato, Epictetus, or Tully, in comparison to the moral lessons delivered by our periodical writers? And are not you, Mr. Town, a wiser man than Socrates? But the age is more particularly indebted, for its present universal purity of manners, to those excellent rules for the conduct of life contained in our modern novels. From these moral works might be compiled an entire new system of Ethics, far superior to the exploded notions of musty academies, and adapted to the practice of the present times. Cato, we are told, commended a young man whom he saw coming out of the public stews, because he imagined it might preserve him from the crime of adultery; and the Spartans used to make their slaves drunk in the presence of their youth, that they might be deterred from the like debaucheries. For the same reasons, we may suppose, that our taverns and bagnios are so much frequented by our young people; and in this light we may fairly consider them as so many Schools of Moral Philosophy.

If we are willing to turn our thoughts towards Experimental Philosophy, can the several Universities of the whole world produce such a variety of instruments, so judiciously collected, for astronomical, geographical, and all other scientific observations, as are to be seen in the two amazing repositories of Mr. Professor Deard in the Strand, and of Mr. Professor Russell at Charing-Cross? It were endless to enumerate particulars; but I cannot help taking notice of those elegant little portable telescopes, that are made use of in all public places; by which it is evident that even our fine ladies and gentlemen are become proficient in optics.

The Universities seem to pride themselves greatly on their choice collections of curious and invaluable trifles, which are there preserved, only because they were not thought worth preserving any where else. But is the Ashmolean Collection of rarities comparable to the Nicknackatory of Mr. Pinchbeck? Or are any of their museums stored with such precious curiosities, as are frequently seen in Mr. Langford's auction room? Strangers, who think it worth while to go as far as Oxford or Cambridge to see sights, may surely meet with as much satisfaction at London. Are the two little pigmies, striking a clock at Carfax in Oxford, with any degree of comparison with the two noble giants at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street; to say nothing of their enormous brethren at Guildhall? Are any of the college halls in either of the Universities, so magnificent as those belonging to our worshipful companies? Or can the Theatre at Oxford, or the Senate-house at Cambridge, vie with that stupendous piece of architecture the Mansion-House, set apart for our Chancellor

the Lord Mayor? It may be alleged, perhaps, that these are trifling examples of superiority, which the younger sister bears over her two elder: but at the same time, it cannot be denied, that she excels them both even in the minutiae of learning and antiquity.

We must confess, that, Hydraulics, or the motion of fluids, seem to be taught exactly in the same manner, and with the same degree of knowledge, in London as in Oxford or Cambridge. The glass tubes, and the syphons, are formed very much in the same shape and fashion. The great hydrostatical law, "That all fluids gravitate in *proprio loco*," is proved by the same kind of experiments. The several students, of whatever age or station, vie with each other in an unwearied application, and a constant attendance to this branch of mixed mathematics. The Professors, in each of the three Universities, are confessedly very great men; but I hope I may be forgiven, if I wish to see my friend Mr. Ryan, President of the King's Arms in Pall-Mall, unanimously declared Vice-Chancellor of the University of London.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

T.

G. K.

No. 18.] THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

— *Nihil est furacius illo:*

*Non fuit Antolyci tam piceata manus.* MART.

Could he have filch'd but half so sly as thee,  
Crook-finger'd Jack had 'scaped the triple tree.

AN information was the other day laid before a magistrate by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, against one of his brethren for a robbery. The prosecutor deposed upon oath, that the other had called upon him to see his collection of medals, and took an opportunity of stealing a leathern purse, formerly belonging to the celebrated Tom Hearne, in which were contained, (besides an antique piece of copper-money, place, date, name, figure, and value unknown) a pair of breeches of Oliver Cromwell, a *denarius* of Trajan worth fifty shillings, and a Queen Anne's farthing value five pounds. He was with much ado dissuaded from carrying on his suit; as the magistrate convinced him, that however highly he might rate his own treasures, a jury, who were no *Virtuosos*, would consider a farthing merely as a farthing, and look upon a copper coin of a Roman emperor as no better than a King George's halfpenny.

I cannot, indeed, without great concern, as a Connoisseur, reflect on the known dishonesty of my learned brethren. Their scandalous practices, wherever their darling passion is interest-



ed, are too notorious to be denied. The moment they conceive a love for rarities, and antiques, their strict notions of honour disappear: and Taste, the more it establishes their veneration for *Virtu*, the more certainly destroys their integrity: as rust enhances the value of an old coin, by eating up the figure and inscription.

Most people are masters of a kind of logic, by which they argue their consciences to sleep, and acquit themselves of doing what is wrong. The country squire of confirmed honesty in all other respects, thinks it very fair to over-reach you in the sale of a horse; and the man of pleasure, who would scorn to pick your pocket, or stop you on the road, regards it rather as gallantry than baseness, to intrigue with your wife or daughter. In the same manner the *Virtuoso* does not look on his thefts as real acts of felony; but while he owns that he would take any pains to steal an old rusty piece of brass, boasts that you may safely trust him with untold gold: though he would break open your cabinet for a shell or butterfly, he would not attempt to force your escritoire or your strong box: nor would he offer the least violence to your wife or daughter, though perhaps he would run away with the little finger of the *Venus de Medicis*. Upon these principles he proceeds, and lays hold of all opportunities to increase his collection of rarities: and as Mahomet established his religion by the sword, the Connoisseur enlarges his museum, and adds to his store of knowledge, by fraud and petty larceny.

If the libraries and cabinets of the curious were, like the daw in the fable, to be stripped of their borrowed ornaments, we should in many see nothing but bare shelves and empty drawers. I know a medalist, who at first set up with little more than a paltry series of English coins since the Reformation, which he had the good luck to pick up at their intrinsic value. By a pliant use of his fingers, he became soon possessed of most of the Traders; and by the same slight of hand, he, in a short time after, made himself master of a great part of the Cæsars. He was once taken up for coining; a forge, a crucible, and several dies being found in his cellar: but he was acquitted, as there was no law which made it high treason to counterfeit the image of a Tiberius or a Nero; and the coin which he imitated, was current only among *Virtuosos*.

I remember another, who piqued himself on his collection of scarce editions and original manuscripts, most of which he had purloined from the libraries of others. He was continually borrowing books of his acquaintance, with a resolution never to return them. He would send in a great hurry for a particular edition which he wanted to consult only for a moment; but when it was asked for again, he was not at home, or he had lent it to another, or he had lost it, or he could not find it, and sometimes he would

not scruple to swear, that he had himself delivered it into the owner's hands. He would frequently spoil a set by stealing a volume, and then purchase the rest for a trifle. After his death his library was sold by auction; and many of his friends were obliged to buy up their own books again at an exorbitant price.

A thorough-bred *Virtuoso* will surmount all scruples of conscience, or encounter any danger to serve his purpose. Most of them are chiefly attached to some particular branch of knowledge; but I remember one, who was passionately fond of every part of *Virtu*. At one time, when he could find no other way of carrying off a medal, he ran the risk of being choked by swallowing it; and at another, broke his leg in scaling a garden wall for a tulip root. But nothing gave him so much trouble and difficulty as the taking away pictures and ancient marbles; which being heavy and unwieldy, he often endangered his life to gratify his curiosity. He was once locked up all night in the Duke of Tuscany's gallery, where he took out an original painting of Raphael, and dexterously placed a copy of it in the frame. At Venice he turned Roman Catholic, and became a Jesuit, in order to get admittance into a convent, from whence he stole a fine head of Ignatius Loyola; and at Constantinople he had almost formed the resolution of qualifying himself for the Seraglio, that he might find means to carry off a picture of the Grand Signior's chief mistress.

The general dishonesty of Connoisseurs is indeed so well known, that the strictest precaution is taken to guard against it. Medals are secured under lock and key, pictures screwed to the walls, and books chained to the shelves; yet cabinets, galleries, and libraries are continually plundered. Many of the maimed statues at Rome perhaps owe their present ruinous condition to the depredations made on them by *Virtuosos*: the head of Henry the Fifth, in Westminster-Abbey was in all probability stolen by a Connoisseur; and I know one who has at different times pilfered a great part of Queen Catherine's bones, and hopes in a little while to be master of the whole skeleton. This gentleman has been detected in so many little thefts, that he has for several years past been refused admittance into the museums of the curious; and he is lately gone abroad with a design upon the ancient Greek manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum.

It may seem surprising, that these gentlemen should have been hitherto suffered to escape unpunished for their repeated thefts; and that a *Virtuoso*, who robs you of an unique of inestimable value, should even glory in the action, while a poor dog, who picks your pocket of sixpence, shall be hanged for it. What a shocking disgrace would be brought upon taste, should we ever see the dying speech, confession, and be-

haviour of a Connoisseur, related in the account of malefactors by the Ordinary of Newgate! Such an accident would doubtless bring the study of Virtù into still more contempt among the ignorant, when they found that it only brought a man to the gallows; as the country fellow, when he saw an attorney stand in the pillory, for forgery, shook his head and cried, "Ay, this comes of your writing and reading." It were perhaps worthy the consideration of the legislature to devise some punishment for these offenders which should bear some analogy with their crimes: and as common malefactors are delivered to the surgeons to be anatomized, I would propose, that a Connoisseur should be made into a mummy, and preserved in the hall of the Royal Society, for the terror and admiration of his brethren.

I shall conclude this paper with the relation of a circumstance, which fell within my own knowledge when I was abroad, and in which I declined a glorious opportunity of signalizing myself as a Connoisseur. While I was at Rome, a young physician of our party, who was eaten up with Virtù, made a serious proposal to us of breaking into one of the churches by night, and taking away a famous piece of painting over the altar. As I had not quite taste enough to come at once into his scheme, I could not help objecting to him, that it was a robbery. Poh, says he, it is a most exquisite picture.—Ay, but it is not only a robbery, but sacrilege.—Oh it is a most charming piece!—Zounds, doctor, but if we should be taken, we shall all be broke upon the wheel.—Then, said he, we shall die martyrs.

T.

No. 19.] THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

*Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato.*

HOR.

How very ill our different tastes agree,  
This will have beef, and that a fricassee.

I HAVE selected the following letters from a great number, which I have lately been favoured with from unknown correspondents: and as they both relate nearly to the same subject, I shall without further preface submit them to the public.

SIR,

When you was got into White's, I was in hopes that you would not have confined yourself merely to the gaming-table, but have given us an account of the entertainment at their ordinaries. A bill of fare from thence would have been full as diverting to your readers as the laws of the game, or a list of their bets. These gentlemen, we are told, are no less adepts in the

science of eating than of gaming; and as Hoyle has reduced the latter into a new and complete system, I could wish that their cook, (who to be sure is a Frenchman) would also oblige the world by a treatise on the art and mystery of sauces.

Indeed, Mr. Town, it surprises me, that you have so long neglected to make some reflections on the diet of this great city. Dr. Martin Lister, who was universally allowed to be a great Connoisseur, and published several learned treatises upon cockle shells, did not think it beneath him to comment on the works of Apicius Celsus, who had collected together many valuable receipts in cookery, as practised by the Romans. If you would preserve your papers from the indignity of covering breasts of veal, or wrapping up cutlets *a la Maintenon*, I would advise you to lard them now and then with the ragouts of Heliogabalus, or a parallel between our modern soups and the Lacedæmonian black broth. Your works might then be universally read, from the mistress in the parlour down to the cookmaid and scullion.

It is absolutely necessary for people of all tempers, complexions, persuasions, habits, and stations of life, however they may differ in other particulars, to concur in the grand article of eating. And as the humours of the body arise from the food we take in, the dispositions of the mind seem to bear an equal resemblance to our places of refreshment. You have already taken a review of our several coffee-houses; and I wish you would proceed to delineate the different characters, that are to be found in our taverns and chop-houses. A friend of mine always judges of a man of taste and fashion, by asking, who is his peruke-maker or his tailor? Upon the same principles, when I would form a just opinion of any man's temper and inclinations, I always inquire, where does he dine?

The difference between the taverns near St. James's, and those about the 'Change, consist not so much in the costliness as the substance of their viands. The round-bellied alderman, who breathes the foggy air of the city, requires a more solid diet than the light kickshaws of our meagre persons of quality. My lord, or Sir John, after having whiled away an hour or two in the parliament-house, drive to the Star and Garter to regale on macaroni, or piddle with an ortolan; while the merchant, who has plodded all the morning in the Alley, sits down to a turtle-feast at the Crown or the King's Arms, and crams himself with calipash and calipee. As the city taverns are appropriated to men of business, who drive bargains for thousands over their morning's gill, the taverns about the court are generally filled with an insipid race of mortals, who have nothing to do. Among these you may see most of our young men of fashion, and young officers of the guards, who meet at these



places to show the elegance of their taste by the expensiveness of their dinner : and many an ensign, with scarce any income but his commission, prides himself on keeping the best company, and often throws down more than a week's pay for his reckoning ; though at other times it obliges him, with several of his brethren upon half pay, to dine with Duke Humphry in St. James's park.

The taverns about the purlieus of Covent-Garden are dedicated to Venus, as well as Ceres and Liber ; and you may frequently see the jolly messmates of both sexes go in and come out in couples, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. These houses are equally indebted, for their support, to the cook, and that worthy personage, whom they have dignified with the title of Pimp. These gentlemen contrive to play into each other's hands. The first by his high soups and rich sauces prepares the way for the occupation of the other ; who having reduced the patient by a proper exercise of his art, returns him back again to go through the same regimen as before. We may therefore suppose, that the culinary arts are no less studied here than at White's or Pontac's. True geniuses in eating will continually strike out new improvements : but I dare say, neither Braund nor Lebeck ever made up a more extraordinary dish, than I once remember at the Castle. Some bloods being in company with a celebrated *fille de joie*, one of them pulled off her shoe, and in excess of gallantry filled it with Champagne, and drank it off to her health. In this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the rest, and then, to carry the compliment still farther, he ordered the shoe itself to be dressed and served up for supper. The cook set himself seriously to work upon it : he pulled the upper part (which was of damask) into fine shreds, and tossed it up in a ragout ; minched the sole ; cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in butter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company, you may be sure, testified their affection for the lady by eating very heartily of this exquisite *impromptu* : and as this transaction happened just after the French king had taken a cobbler's daughter for his mistress, Tom Pierce (who has the style as well as art of a French cook) in his bill politely called it, in honour of her name, *De soulier a la Murphy*.

Taverns, Mr. Town, seem contrived for the promoting of luxury ; while the humbler chop-houses are designed only to satisfy the ordinary cravings of nature. Yet at these you may meet with a variety of characters. At Dolly's and Horseman's you commonly see the hearty lovers of a beef-steak and gill ale ; and at Betty's, and the chop-houses about the inns of court, a pretty maid is as inviting as the provisions. In these common refectories you may always find the jummy attorney's clerk, the prim curate, the

walking physician, the captain upon half pay, the shabby valet de chambre upon board wages, and the foreign count or marquiss in dishabille, who has refused to dine with a duke or an ambassador. At a little eating-house in a dark alley behind the 'Change, I once saw a grave citizen, worth a plum, order a twopenny mess of broth with a boiled chop in it : and when it was brought him, he scooped the crumb out of a halfpenny roll, and soaked it in the porridge for his present meal ; then carefully placing the chop between the upper and under crust, he wrapped it up in a checked handkerchief, and carried it off for the morrow's repast.

I shall leave it to you, Sir, to make further reflections on this subject, and should be glad to dine with you at any tavern, dive with you into any cellar, take a beef-steak in Ivy-lane, a mutton chop behind St. Clement's, or (if you choose it) an extempore sausage or black-pudding over the farthing fries at Moorfields.

Your humble Servant,

Pye-Corner.

T. SAVOURY.

Mr. TOWN,

By Jove it is a shame, a burning shame, to see the honour of England, the glory of our nation, the greatest pillar of life, Roast Beef, utterly banished from our tables. This evil, like many others, has been growing upon us by degrees. It was begun by wickedly placing the beef upon a side-table, and screening it by a parcel of queue-tailed fellows in laced waistcoats. However, the odorous effluvia generally affected the smell of every true Briton in the room. The butler was fatigued with carving : the master of the house grew pale, and sickened at the sight of those juicy collops of fat and lean, that come swimming in gravy, and smoking most deliciously under our nostrils. Other methods, therefore, were to be pursued. The beef was still served up, but it was brought up cold. It was put upon a table in the darkest part of the room, and immured between four walls formed artificially by the servants with the hats of the company. When the jellies and slip-slops were coming in, the beef was carried off in as secret a manner, as if it had gone through the ceremonies of concoction. But still, Sir, under all these disadvantages, we had a chance of getting a slice as it passed by. Now, alas ! it is not suffered to come up stairs. I dare say it is generally banished from the steward's table ; nor do I suppose that the powdered footmen will touch it, for fear of daubing their ruffles. So that the dish that was served up to the royal tables, the dish that was the breakfast of Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, the dish that received the dignity of knighthood from King James the First, is now become the food only of scullions and stable-boys. In what words can I vent my resentment upon this occasion, especially when I



reflect, that innovations seldom come alone ! Toasted cheese is already buried in rammekins : plum-porridge has been long banished : I tremble for plum-pudding. May we not live to see a leg of pork detested as carrion ! and a shoulder of mutton avoided as if it were horse-flesh ! Our only hopes are in the Clergy and the Beef-steak Club. The former still preserve, and probably will preserve the rectitude of their appetites ; and will do justice to beef wherever they find it. The latter, who are composed of the most ingenious artists in the kingdom, meet every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre, and never suffer any dish except beef-steaks to appear. These, indeed, are most glorious examples ; but what, alas ! are the weak endeavours of a few to oppose the daily inroads of fricassees and soup maigres ! This, Mr. Town, is a national concern, as it may prove more destructive to beef than the distemper among the horned cattle : and should the modish aversion against rumps and sirloins continue, it will be absolutely necessary to enforce the love of beef by an act of parliament.

Yours,

GOLIAH ENGLISH.

No. 20.] THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

*Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt  
Prata movere animum. — VIRG.*

No rural charms her joyless mind can move,  
The verdant meadow or the lofty grove.

THE ladies of the present age are strangely altered from the unpolished females, who flourished in the days of romance. What modern Parthenissa would not prefer a tall young fellow to the most beautiful dwarf in the universe, or a coach and six to a white palfrey ! The fair damsels of old were chiefly to be found in woods and forests ; but our present heroines are distinguished by an utter aversion to the country, and would as soon be confined by a giant in an enchanted castle, as immured with old maiden aunts in the family mansion-house. Nothing is more dreadful to our ladies of quality than the approach of summer ; for what woman of spirit would choose to leave the town to wander in solitudes and deserts ; or what pleasure can the long days give to our fine ladies, when the pretty creatures are conscious, that they look best by candle-light ? The general complaint against the country is want of amusement, or want of company : but these common inconveniences are trifles in comparison to the sufferings of the poor lady who wrote the following letter, which was communicated to me with leave to make it public.

Dear Lady Charlotte,

I have been plagued, pestered, teased to death, and hurried out of my wits, ever since I have been in this odious country. O my dear, how I long to be in town again ! Pope and the poets may talk what they will of their purling streams, shady groves, and flowery meads : but I had rather live all my days among the cheese-mongers' shops in Thames-street, than pass such another spring in this filthy country. Would you believe it ? I have scarce touched a card since I have been here : and then there has been such ado with us about election matters, that I am ready to die with the vapours ; such a rout with their hissing and hallooing, my head is ready to split into a thousand pieces ! If my Sir John must be in parliament, why cannot he do as your lord does, and be content with a borough, where he might come in without all this trouble, and take his seat in the house, though he has never been within a hundred miles of the place.

Our house, my dear, has been a perfect inn, ever since we came down ; and I have been obliged to trudge about as much as a fat landlady. Our doors are open to every dirty fellow in the county that is worth forty shillings a-year ; all my best floors are spoiled by the hobnails of farmers stumping about them ; every room is a pig-stye, and the Chinese paper in the drawing-room stinks so abominably of punch and tobacco, that it would strike you down to come into it. If you knew what I have suffered, you would think I had the constitution of a washer-woman to go through it. We never sit down to table without a dozen or more of boisterous two-legged creatures as rude as bears ; and I have nothing to do but to heap up their plates, and drink to each of their healths. What is worse than all, one of the beasts got tipsy, and nothing would serve him but he must kiss me, which I was forced to submit to, for fear of losing his vote and interest. Would you think it, dear Charlotte ?—do not laugh at me—I stood god-mother in person to a huge lubberly boy at a country farmer's, and they almost poisoned me with their hodge-podge they called caudle, made of sour ale and brown sugar. All this and more I have been obliged to comply with, that the country fellows might not say, my lady is proud and above them.

Besides, there is not a woman creature within twenty miles of the place, that is fit company for my house-keeper ; and yet I must be intimate with them all. Lady B—— indeed is very near us ; but though we are very well acquainted in town, we must not be seen to speak to each other here, because her lord is in the opposition. Poor Thomas got a sad drubbing at her house, when I innocently sent him, at my first coming into the country, with a how d'ye to her ladyship. The greatest female acquaintances I have

here, are Mrs. Mayoress, a tailor's wife, and Mrs. Alderman Gascoigne, who sells pins and needles on one side of the shop, while her husband works at his pestle and mortar on the other. These ordinary wretches are constant attendants on my tea-table: I am obliged to take them and their brats out an airing in my coach every evening; and am afterwards often doomed to sit down to whist and swabbers, or one-and-thirty bone-ace for farthings. Mrs. Mayoress is a very violent party woman; and she has two pug-dogs; one of which she calls Sir John, and the other Colonel, in compliment, you must know, to my husband and his brother candidate.

We had a ball the other day; and I opened it with Sir Humphrey Chace, who danced in his boots, and hobbled along for all the world like the dancing-bears, which I have seen in the streets of London. A terrible mistake happened about precedence, which, I fear, will lose Sir John a good many votes. An attorney's wife was very angry that her daughter, a little pert chit just come from the boarding-school, was not called out to dance before Miss Norton, the brewer's daughter, when every body knew (she said) that her girl was a gentlewoman bred and born.

I wish, my dear, you were to see my dressing-room; you would think it was a ribbon-shop. Lettice and I have been busy all this week in making up knots and favours; and yesterday no milliner's prentice could work harder than I did, in tying them on to the sweaty hats of country bumpkins. And is it not very hard upon me? I must not even dress as I please; but am obliged to wear blue, though you know it does not suit my complexion, and makes me look as horrid as the witches in Macbeth.

But what is worse than all, Sir John tells me, the election expenses have run so high, that he must shorten my allowance of pin-money. He talks of turning off half his servants; nay, he has even hinted to me, that I shall not come to town all the winter. Barbarous creature!—But if he dare serve me so, he shall positively lose his election next time; I will raise such a spirit of opposition in all the wives and daughters of the county against him.

I am your affectionate friend, &c.

This lady's case is, indeed, very much to be pitied: but as Sir John has had the good luck to gain his point after a strong opposition, he will, doubtless, be sensible of the great share his lady had in his success. For my own part, when I consider the vast influence which the fair sex must naturally have over my fellow-countrymen, I cannot help looking on their interesting themselves in these matters as a very serious affair. What success must a fine lady meet with on her canvas! No gentleman to be sure could be so rude,

or so cruel, as to refuse such a pretty beggar any thing she could ask; and an honest country farmer, who could withstand any other arguments, might be coaxed and wheedled, or bribed with a smile, into voting against his conscience. Many instances have been found, during the late elections, of husbands who have been forced to poll as their wives would have them; and I know a young fellow that was brought over to give a vote against his inclination by his sweetheart, who refused to receive his addresses, if he did not change his party.

It may not, perhaps, be too bold an assertion, that half the members in the present parliament owe their seats to the direct or indirect influence of the other sex. It would, therefore, be highly proper for the legislature to provide against this evil for the future; and I hope, before the next general election, to see among the votes the following resolution:

*Resolved,*

That it is a high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the Commons of Great Britain, for any peeress, or any other lady to concern themselves in the elections of members to serve for the Commons in Parliament. T.

No. 21.] THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

— *Studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis*  
*Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.* PERSIUS.

A tale in sounding phrase I strive to tell,  
With pompous trifles that my page may swell;  
That wordy trappings the thin sense may cloak  
And add imaginary weight to smoke.

TQUASSOUW, the son of Kquvssomo, was Konquer, or Chief Captain over the Sixteen Nations of Caffraria. He was descended from N'oh and Hing'oh, who dropt from the moon; and his power extended over all the Kraals of the Hot-tentots.

This prince was remarkable for his prowess and activity; his speed was like the torrent, that rushes down the precipice; and he would overtake the wild ass in her flight: his arrows brought down the eagle from the clouds; the lion fell before him, and his lance drank the blood of the rhinoceros. He fathomed the waters of the deep, and buffeted the billows in the tempest: he drew the rock-fish from their lurking holes, and rifled the beds of coral. Trained from his infancy in the exercise of war, to wield the hassagaye with dexterity, and break the wild bulls to battle, he was a stranger to the short dalliance of love; and beheld with indifference the thick-lipped damsels of Gongeman, and the flat-nosed beauties of Hauteniqua.

As Tquassouw was one day giving instructions for spreading toils for the elk, and digging pit-



falls for the elephant, he received information, that a tiger prowling for prey was committing ravages on the Kraals of the Chamtouers. He snatched up his bow of olive-wood, and bounded, like the roebuck on the mountains, to their assistance. He arrived just at the instant when the enraged animal was about to fasten on a virgin, and aiming a poisoned arrow at his heart, laid him dead at her feet. The virgin threw herself on the ground, and covered her head with dust, to thank her deliverer; but when she rose, the prince was dazzled with her charms. He was struck with the glossy hue of her complexion, which shone like the jetty down on the black hogs of Hessaqua: he was ravished with the prest gristle of her nose: and his eyes dwelt with admiration on the flaccid beauties of her breasts, which descended to her naval.

Knonmquaiha (for that was the virgin's name) was daughter to the Kouquequa or Leader of the Kraal, who bred her up with all the delicacy of her sex. She was fed with the entrails of goats, she sucked the eggs of the ostrich, and her drink was the milk of ewes. After gazing for some time upon her charms, the prince, in great transport, embraced the soles of her feet: then ripping the beast he had just killed, took out the caul, and hung it about her neck, in token of his affection. He afterwards stripped the tiger of his skin, and sending it to the Kouquequa her father, demanded the damsel in marriage.

The eve of the full moon was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials of Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha. When the day arrived, the magnificence in which the bridegroom was arrayed, amazed all Caffraria. Over his shoulder was cast a Kroese, or mantle of wild cat-skins; he cut sandals for his feet from the raw hide of an elephant; he had hunted down a leopard, and of the spotted fur formed a superb cap for his head; he girded his loins with the intestines, and the bladder of the beast he blew up and fastened to his hair.

Nor was Knonmquaiha less employed in adorning her person. She made a varnish of the fat of goats with mixed soot, with which she anointed her whole body, as she stood beneath the rays of the sun: her locks were clotted with melted grease, and powdered with the yellow dust of buchu: her face, which shone like the polished ebony, was beautifully varied with spots of red earth, and appeared like the sable curtain of the night bespangled with stars; she sprinkled her limbs with wood ashes, and perfumed them with the dung of the stinkingsem. Her arms and legs were entwined with the shining entrails of a heifer: from her neck there hung a pouch composed of the stomach of a kid: the wings of an ostrich overshadowed the fleshy promontories behind; and before, she wore an apron formed of the shaggy ears of a lion.

The chiefs of the several Kraals, who were summoned to assist at their nuptials, formed a circle on the ground, sitting upon their heels, and bowing their heads between their knees in token of reverence. In the centre the illustrious prince with his sable bride, reposed upon soft cushions of cow-dung. Then the Surri or chief priest approached them, and in a deep voice chanted the nuptial rites to the melodious grumbling of the gom-gom; and at the same time, according to the manner of Caffraria, bedewed them plentifully with the urinary benediction. The bride and bridegroom rubbed in the precious stream with ecstasy; while the briny drops trickled from their bodies like the oozy surge from the rocks of Chirigiqua.

The Hottentots had seen the increase and wane of two moons since the happy union of Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha, when the Kraals were surprised with the appearance of a most extraordinary personage that came from the savage people who rose from the sea, and had lately fixed themselves on the borders of Caffraria. His body was enwrapped with strange coverings, which concealed every part from sight, except his face and hands. Upon his skin the sun darted his scorching rays in vain, and the colour of it was pale and wan as the watery beams of the moon. His hair, which he could put on and take off at pleasure, was white as the blossoms of the almond-tree, and bushy as the fleece of the ram. His lips and cheeks resembled the red ochre, and his nose was sharpened like the beak of an eagle. His language, which was rough and inarticulate, was as the language of beasts; nor could Tquassouw discover his meaning, till a Hottentot (who at the first coming of these people had been taken prisoner, and afterwards made his escape) interpreted between them. This interpreter informed the prince, that the stranger was sent from his fellow-countrymen to treat about the enlargement of their territories, and that he was called, among them, Mynheer Van Snickersnee.

Tquassouw, who was remarkable for his humanity, treated the savage with extraordinary benevolence. He spread a mantle of sheepskins, anointed with fat, for his bed; and for his food he boiled in their own blood the tripes of the fattest herds that grazed in the rich pastures of the Heykoms. The stranger in return instructed the prince in the manners of the savages, and often amused him with sending fire from a hollow engine, which rent the air with thunder. Nor was he less studious to please the gentle Knonmquaiha. He bound bracelets of polished metal about her arms, and encircled her neck with beads of glass: he filled the cocoa-shell with a delicious liquor, and gave it her to drink, which exhilarated her heart, and made her eyes sparkle with joy: he also taught her to kindle fire through a tube of clay with the dried leaves



of Dasha, and to send forth rolls of odorous smoke from her mouth. After having sojourned in the Kraals for the space of half a moon, the stranger was dismissed with magnificent presents of the teeth of elephants; and a grant was made to his countrymen of the fertile meadows of Kochequa, and the forests of Stinkwood bounded by the Palamite river.

Tquassouw and Knomquaiha continued to live together in the most cordial affection; and the Surris every night invoked the great Gounja Tiequoa, who illuminates the moon, that he would give an heir to the race of N'oh and Hing'n'oh. The princess at length manifested the happy tokens of pregnancy: while her waist increased daily in circumference, and swelled like the gourd. When the time of her delivery approached, she was committed to the care of the wise women, who placed her on a couch of the reeking entrails of a cow newly slain, and to facilitate the birth, gave her a portion of the milk of wild asses, and fomented her loins with the warm dung of elephants. When the throes of child-birth came on, a terrible hurricane howled along the coast, the air bellowed with thunder, and the face of the moon was obscured as with a veil. The Kraal echoed with shrieks and lamentations, and the wise women cried out, that the princess was delivered of a monster.

The offspring of her womb was *white*.—They took the child and washed him with the juice of aloes: they exposed his limbs to the sun, anointed them with the fat, and rubbed them with the excrement of black bulls:—but his skin still retained its detested hue, and the child was still *white*. The venerable Surris were assembled to deliberate on the cause of this prodigy; and they unanimously pronounced, that it was owing to the evil machinations of the daemon Cham-ouna, who had practised on the virtue of the princess under the appearance of Mynheer Van Snickersnee.

The incestuous parent and her unnatural offspring were judged unworthy to live. They bowed a branch of an olive tree in the forest of lions, on which the white monster was suspended by the heels; and ravenous beasts feasted on the issue of Knomquaiha. The princess herself was sentenced to the severe punishment allotted to the heinous crime of adultery. The Kouqueguas, who scarce twelve moons before had met to celebrate her nuptials, were now summoned to assist at her unhappy death. They were collected in a circle, each of them wielding a huge club of cripple-wood. The beauteous criminal stood weeping in the midst of them, prepared to receive the first blow from the hand of her injured husband. Tquassouw in vain essayed to perform the sad office: thrice he uplifted his ponderous mace of iron, and thrice dropt it ineffectual on the ground. At length

from his reluctant arm descended the fell stroke, which lighted on that nose, whose flatness and expansion had first captivated his heart. The Kouqueguas then rushing in with their clubs, redoubled their blows on her body, till the pounded Knomquaiha lay as a heap of mud, which the retiring flood leaves on the strand.

Her battered limbs, now without form and distinction, were inclosed in the paunch of a rhinoceros, which was fastened to the point of a bearded arrow, and shot into the ocean. Tquassouw remained inconsolable for her loss: he frequently climbed the lofty cliffs of Chirigrique, and cast his eyes on the watery expanse. One night, as he stood howling with the wolves to the moon, he descried the paunch that contained the precious relics of Knomquaiha, dancing on a wave and floating towards him. Thrice he cried out with a lamentable voice, Bo, Bo, Bo; then springing from the cliff, he darted like the eagle sousing on his prey. The paunch burst asunder beneath his weight; the green wave was discoloured with the gore, and Tquassouw was enveloped in the mass. He was heard of no more; and it was believed by the people who remained ignorant of this catastrophe, that he was snatched up into the moon.

The fate of this unhappy pair is recorded among the nations of the Hottentots to this day; and their marriage rites have ever since concluded with a wish, 'That the husband may be happier than Tquassouw, and the wife more chaste than Knomquaiha.' W.

No. 22.] THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1754.

*Scilicet expectes, ut tradet mater honestos  
Atque alios mores, quam quos habet?—*

JUV.

The same their breeding, and so like each other,  
Miss is the very model of her mother.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I REMEMBER, in a match between two persons of different religions, it was stipulated in the marriage articles, that the boys should be bred up in the persuasion of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. The consequence of this was, that one part of the family was taught to look upon the other with a most pious contempt; and in the end it produced a separation. The sons followed the example of their father, and in order to avoid the least appearance of superstition or bigotry, turned out freethinkers: the lady of the house retired with her daughters to France, and to preserve them from a communication with heretics, confined them in a nunnery.

The like method seems to be observed in the

general education of children, who as soon as they leave the nursery, are resigned over to the care and direction of their respective parents, according to their sex: whence it often happens, that families are as much distinguished by their peculiar manners, as by a certain cast of features or complexion. My young squire is put upon a little horse before he can well walk, and becomes (as his father was before him) the pupil and companion of the groom and the gamekeeper; and if miss's mamma should chance to be the daughter of a poor man of quality, though the wife of a substantial tradesman, the little lady is early instructed to value herself on her blood, and to despise her father's dirty connexions with business.

To this method of education it is owing, that the same vices and follies are delivered down from one generation to another. The modish excesses of these times are in their nature the same with those which were formerly in vogue, though they differ somewhat in their shape and appearance. The present race of bucks, bloods, and freethinkers, are but the spawn of the Mohocks and the Hell-Fire Club: and if our modern fine ladies have had their masquerades, their Vauxhalls, their Sunday tea-drinking at Ranelagh, and their morning chocolate in the Hay-market, they have only improved upon the Ring, the Spring Gardens, the New Exchange assignments, and the morning puppet-show, which employed the attention of their grandmothers. And as it is not apparent that our people of fashion are more wicked, so neither are they wiser than their predecessors.

When I contemplate the manner in which the younger part of the polite world is brought up, I am apt to carry my reflections further than what merely concerns their own persons. Let our young men of fashion expose their ignorance abroad, rather than improve at our universities at home;—let them trifle away their time in insipid amusements, and run loose about the town in one continued round of extravagance and debauchery; let our young ladies be taught nothing but gallantry and whist, and be seen only at routs and assemblies;—if the consequence extend not beyond themselves. But as these are to be the fathers and mothers, the guardians and tutors, on whom the morals of our next race must depend; it becomes a public concern, lest the reign of vice and ignorance should be supported, as it were, by hereditary succession, and propagated to distant generations.

The modern method of education is, indeed, so little calculated to promote virtue and learning, that it is almost impossible the children should be wiser or better than their parents. The country squire seldom fails of seeing his son as dull and awkward a looby as himself; while the debauched or foppish man of quality breeds

up a rake or an empty coxcomb, who brings new diseases into the family, and fresh mortgages on the estate. If you would therefore favour us, Mr. Town, with a few remarks on this subject, you would do service to posterity: for the present, give me leave to illustrate what I have said, by the example of a very fashionable family.

Lady Belle Modely was one of the finest women in the last reign, as the Colonel, her husband, was one of the smartest fellows. After they had astonished the world singly with the *éclat* of their actions, they came together; as her ladyship was proud of fixing a man, who was thought to have intrigued with half the women of fashion; while the Colonel fell a sacrifice to her beauty, only because she was admired by every body else. They lived together for some time in great splendour; but as matrimony was a constraint upon their freedom, they at length parted by a private agreement. Lady Belle keeps the best company, is at the head of every party of pleasure, never misses a masquerade, and has card-tables constantly at her own house on Sundays. The Colonel is one of the oldest members of the club at White's, runs horses at Newmarket, has an actress in keeping, and is protected from the impertinence of duns, by having purchased a seat in parliament at almost as great an expense as would have satisfied the demands of his creditors.

They have two children: the one has been educated by the direction of his father, the other has been bred up under the eye of her mamma. The boy was, indeed, put to a grammar-school for a while; but Latin and Greek, or indeed any language except French, are of no service to a gentleman; and as the lad had discovered early marks of spirit (such as kicking down wheelbarrows, and setting old women on their heads,) the Colonel swore Jack should be a soldier, and accordingly begged a pair of colours for him before he was fifteen. The Colonel, who had served only in the peaceful campaigns of Covent-Garden, took great pains to instil into Jack all that prowess so remarkable in the modern heroes of the army. He enumerated his victories over bullies, his encounters with sharpers, his midnight skirmishes with constables, his storming of bagnios, his imprisonment in round-houses, and his honourable wounds in the service of prostitutes. The Captain could not fail of improving under so excellent a tutor, and soon became as eminent as his father. He is a blood of the first rate; Sherlock has instructed him in the use of the broad-sword, and Broughton has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at assemblies, a sharper at the gaming-table, and a bully at the bagnios. He has not yet killed his man in the *honourable* way; but he has gallantly crippled several watchmen, and most courageously run a waiter through the body. His



scanty pay will not allow him to keep a mistress; but it is said, that he is privately married to a woman of the town.

Such is the consequence of the son's education, and by this our people of distinction may learn how much better it is to let a lad see the world, as the phrase is, than to lash him through a grammar-school, like a parish-boy, and confine him with dull pedants in a college cloister. Lady Belle has not been less careful of her daughter, Miss Harriot. Those who undertake the business of educating polite females, have laid it down as a rule to consider women merely as dolls; and therefore never attempt the cultivation of their principles, but employ their whole attention on adorning their persons. The romantic notions of honour and virtue are only fit for poor awkward creatures who are to marry a shopkeeper or a parson; but they are of no use to a fine girl, who is designed to make a figure. Accordingly Miss Harriot was committed to the care of Madame Governante, who never suffered her to speak a word of English, and a French dancing-master, who taught her to hold up her head, and come into the room like a little lady. As she grew up, her mamma instructed her in the nicest points of ceremony and good breeding: she explained to her the laws and regulations of dress, directed her in the choice of her brocades, told her what fashions best became her, and what colours best suited her complexion. These excellent rules were constantly enforced by examples drawn from her ladyship's own practice: above all, she unravelled the various arts of gallantry and intrigue, recounted the stratagems she had herself employed in gaining new conquests, taught her when to advance and when to retreat, and how far she might venture to indulge herself in certain freedoms without endangering her reputation.

Miss Harriot soon became the public admiration of all the pretty fellows, and was allowed to be a lady of the most elegant accomplishments. She was reckoned to play a better game at whist than Mrs. Sharply, and to bet with more spirit at brag than the bold Lady Atall. She was carried about to Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, and every other place of diversion, by the mother; where she was exposed as at a public mart for beauty, and put up to the best bidder. But as Miss had some fortune in her own disposal, she had not the patience to wait the formal delays of marriage articles, jointures, settlements, and pin-money; and just before the late act took place, eloped with a gentleman, who had long been very intimate with her mamma, and recommended himself to Miss Harriot by a stature of six-foot and a shoulder-knot.

I am, Sir,

O.

Your humble Servant, &c.

No. 23.] THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1764.

*Qui modo scurra  
Aut si quid hac re tritius videbatur,  
Idem infecto est infector rure.*

CATULL.

The Fool of Pantomime, who ne'er spake word,  
Or worse than Fool, the Senator, or Lord,  
In the dull country his dull trade pursuing,  
The blockhead underdoes his underdoing.

I HAVE lately received several letters from my cousin Village, concerning the entertainments of the country. He tells me, that they have concerts every evening in that part of the month in which the almanack promises it will be moonlight. In one little town in particular, all the polite company of the place assemble every Sunday evening (after church) at the Three Compasses, which is kept by the clerk, to regale themselves with cakes and fine home-brewed in an arbour at the end of his cabbage garden; to which they have given the genteel denomination of Little Ranelagh. I shall this day present my reader with his last letter; and only take notice of the grand difference between the summer amusements in town and country. In London, while we are almost smothered in smoke and dust, gardens are open every evening to refresh us with the pure air of the country; while those, who have the finest walks and most beautiful prospects eternally before them, shut themselves up in theatres and ball-rooms, 'lock fair daylight out, and make themselves an artificial London.'

DEAR COUSIN,

Whenever the town goes, those who live by the town naturally follow. The facetious and entertaining gentry, who, during the winter, amused the world within the bills of mortality, are now dispersed into different parts of the country. We have had most of them here already. The Colossus, the Dwarf, the Female Samson, made some stay with us. We went for a week together to see Mr. Powell eat red-hot tobacco-pipes, and swallow fire and brimstone. The Hermaphrodite was obliged to leave the town on a scandalous report, that a lady used frequently to visit him in private. Mr. Church for some time charmed us with concertos and sonatas on the Jew's-harp; and at our last ball we footed it to our usual melody of the tabor and pipe, accompanied with the cymbal and wooden spoons.

I will not tire you with a particular detail of all our entertainments, but confine myself at present to those of the stage. About the middle of last month there came among us one of those gentlemen, who are famous for the cure of every distemper, and especially those pronounced in-



curable by the faculty. The vulgar call him a mountebank;—but when I considered his impassioned speeches, and the extempore stage from which he uttered them, I was apt to compare him to Thespis and his cart. Again, when I beheld the Doctor dealing out his drugs, and at the same time saw his Merry-Andrew play over his tricks, it put me in mind of a tragi-comedy; where the pathetic and the ludicrous are so intimately connected, and the whole piece is so merry and so sad, that the audience is at a loss whether they shall laugh or cry.

After the Doctor had been here some time, there came down two or three emissaries from a strolling company, in order (according to the players' phrase) to take the town; but the Mayor being a strict Presbyterian, absolutely refused to license their exhibitions. The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a lease last summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; and were therefore much alarmed at this disappointment: but when they were in the utmost despair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayoress, who prevailed on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their synagogue-theatre with the Merchant of Venice: and finding the Doctor's Zany a droll fellow, they decored him into their service; and he has since performed the part of the Mock Doctor with universal applause. Upon his revolt, the Doctor himself found it absolutely necessary to enter the company; and having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great success the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*.

The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those paltry strollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or cow-house: for (as their bills declare) they are a company of comedians from the Theatres Royal; and I assure you, they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a crowd of weavers and hardware-men have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. —, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction. It is true, indeed, that our principal actors have most of them had their education in Covent-Garden, or Drury-Lane; but they have been employed in the business of the drama in a degree but just above a scene-shifter. A heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her rising merit) scarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out *Andromache* or *Belvidera*: the attendants on a monarch strut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and message-bearers rise into heroes. The humour of our best comedian consists in shrugs and gri-

maces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin: in short, he practises on Congreve and Vanbrugh all those distortions that gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drubs which he was condemned to undergo in pantomimes. I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continually pressing together of the thumb and fore-finger; which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff; but I could easily account for the cause of this singular gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr. Clippit, the candle-snuffer.

You would laugh to see how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played *Cato*; and their Marcia was such an old woman, that when Juba came on with his—'Hail! charming maid!'—the fellow could not help laughing. Another night, I was surprised to hear an eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to 'hug her thus, and thus for ever;' though he always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance; but I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told, that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arm's length. The entertainment was *Letha*; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied its place by gabbling in his native Welch.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. *Othello* raves about a checked handkerchief; the Ghost in *Hamlet* stalks in a postilion's leathern jacket for a coat of mail; and, in a new pantomime of their own, Cupid enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar to serve as the bell in *Venice Preserved*; and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basins of blood to besmear the daggers in *Macbeth*. *Macbeth* himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and, as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint at the sight of Banquo's Ghost.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audience. It seems there had been a great contest between two of these mimic heroes, who was the fittest to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round-shouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other; but his antagonist car-

ried the part, because he started best in the Tent-Scene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once; and bawling out together, 'Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,' they both went through the whole speech without stopping.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

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No. 24.] THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1754.

Ille dabit populo, patribusque, equitque legendum. MART.

Books that the knowledge of the world can show,
Such as might please a lady, or a beau.

WHEN I consider the absurd taste for literature, that once prevailed among our persons of distinction, I cannot but applaud the reformation, which has been since brought about in this article by the polite world. A Duke of Newcastle made himself remarkable by a Treatise on Horsemanship; a Rochester supplied the place of Ovid in the closets of men of pleasure; and even the ladies of former ages sacrificed to love in novels and romances. I will not mention a Shaftsbury, as our present age has produced a Bolingbroke. We of this generation are wiser than to suffer our youth of quality to lose their precious time in studying the Belles Lettres, while our only care is to introduce them into the *beau monde*. A modern poet, instead of laying down the theory of horsemanship, is perfect in the practice, and commences jockey himself; and our rakes of fashion are content with acting the scenes which Rochester described. Our ladies are, indeed, very well qualified to publish a recital of amours; and one in particular has already entertained the world with memoirs of her own intrigues, cuckoldoms, and elopements.

I am very glad to find the present age so entirely free from pedantry. Some part of the polite world read, indeed, but they are so wise as to read only for amusement; or at least only to improve themselves in the more modern and fashionable sciences. A Treatise on Whist has more admirers than a System of Logic, and a new Atalantis would be more universally read than a Practice of piety. A fine gentleman or lady would no more choose the mind of a pedant, than the person of a cook-maid, or a porter. I cannot, therefore, but approve of the plan laid down by the writer of the following letter, and would recommend it to all persons of fashion to subscribe to his proposals.

SIR,

I have long observed with infinite regret the little care that is taken to supply persons of distinction with proper books for their instruction

and amusement. It is no wonder, that they should be so averse to study, when learning is rendered so disagreeable. Common creatures, indeed, as soon as they can spell, may be made to read a dull chapter in the Testament, after which the Whole Duty of Man, or some other useless good book, may be put into their hands; but these can never instruct a man of the world to say fine things to a lady, or to swear with a good grace. Among a few dirty pedants the knowledge of Greek and Latin may be cultivated; but among fine gentlemen these are justly discarded for French and Italian. Why should persons of quality trouble themselves about Mathematics and Philosophy, or throw away their time in scratching circles and triangles on a slate, and then rubbing them out again? All the Algebra requisite for them to know, is the combination of figures on the dice; nor could Euclid be of any use to them, except he had represented the most graceful attitudes in fencing, or drawn out the lines of a minuet.

In order to remedy these inconveniences, and that the erudition of persons of fashion may be as different from the vulgar knowledge of the rest of mankind as their dress, I have formed a project for regulating their studies. An old crabbed philosopher once told a monarch, that there was no royal way of learning the mathematics:—First then, as to the musty volumes which contain Greek, Latin, and the Sciences, (since there is no genteel method of coming at the knowledge of them) I would banish them entirely from the polite world, and have them chained down in university libraries, the only places where they can be useful or entertaining. Having thus cleared the shelves of this learned lumber, we shall have room to fill them more elegantly. To this end, I have collected all such books as are proper to be perused by people of quality; and shall shortly make my scheme public by opening a handsome room under the title of the Polite Circulating Library. Many of my books are entirely new and original: all the modern novels, and most of the periodical papers fall so directly in with my plan, that they will be sure to find a place in my library; and if Mr. Town shows himself an encourager of my scheme, I shall expect to see peers and peeresses take up the pen, and shine in the Connoisseur.

I intend in the beginning of the winter to publish my proposals at large, and in the mean time beg you to submit the following Specimen of my Books to the public.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, ETC.

REVELATION, a Romance.

The Complete Cook, by Solomon Gundy.

The Gentleman's Religion. By a Free-Thinker.

Dissertation on Parties. Or an Essay on Break-

ing of Eggs. Addressed to the Big and Little Indians.

A Defence of Alexander the Coppersmith against St. Paul. By the late Lord Bolingbroke.

The Practice of Bagnios: or the Modern Method of Sweating.

The Ladies' Dispensatory: containing the most approved Recipes for Tooth-Powders, Lip-Salves, Beautifying Lotions, Almond Pastes, Ointments for Freckles, Pomatums, and Hysteric Waters; according to the present Practice.

A Description of the World; with the Latitudes of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Theatres, the Opera-House, &c. calculated for the Meridian of St. James's.

A Map of the Roads leading to Tyburn. By James Maclean, Esq. late Surveyor of the High-Ways.

Essay on Delicacy. By an Ensign of the Guards.

The Art of Dissembling. From the French.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. From an Original published at Berlin.

The Spirit of Laws. With Notes on the Game-Act, the Jew-Bill, and the Bill for preventing Marriages.

Jargon *versus* Common Sense. By a Benchor of Lincoln's Inn.

Universal Arithmetic. Containing Calculations for laying the Odds at Horse-Racing, Cocking, Card-playing, &c.

Optics, or the Use of Opera-Glasses: with the Importance and Benefit of Near-Sightedness considered. To which is added, a Dissertation on the portable Pocket Looking-Glass.

The Modern Gymnasium. By Broughton.

Geometry made easy, and adapted to the meanest Capacity. By Nath. Hart, Dancing-Master to Grown Gentlemen.

De Oratore, or the Art of speaking on all Subjects. By Andrew Mac Broad, F. R. H. S. Fellow of the Robin Hood Society.

A Dissertation on the Miracle of the Five Loaves. By the Baker, President of the same Society.

Garrick upon Death; with an account of the several Distortions of the Face, and Writhings of the Body; and particular Directions concerning Sighs, Groans, Ohs, Ahs, &c. &c. For the use of Young Actors.

The Court Register; Containing an exact List of all Public Days, Routs, Assemblies, &c. where and when kept.

The Englishman in Paris.

The Englishman returned from Paris.

The Whole Duty of Woman, disposed under the Articles of Visiting, Cards, Masquerades, Plays, Dress, &c.

A Dissertation on the waters of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, Scarborough, and Bath: showing their wonderful Efficacy in removing the

Vapours;—with Directions how to assist their Operations by using the Exercise of Country-Dancing.

The Traveller's Guide, or Young Nobleman's Vade Mecum. Containing an exact List of the most eminent Peruke Makers, Tailors, and Dancing-Masters, &c. Being the Sum of a Gentleman's Experience during his tour through France and Italy.

Honour, or the Fashionable Combat.—Hounslow Heath, or the Dernier Resort.—The Suicide, or the *Coup de Grace*.—Tragedies.

The Virgin Unmasked.—Miss in her Teens.—The Debauchees.—She would, if she could.—The Careless Husband.—The Wanton Wife.—The Innocent Adultery.—Comedies; as they are now acting with universal applause.

The True Patriot, a Farce.

Handeli, Geminiani, Degiardin, Chabrani. Pasquali Pasqualini, Passerini, Baumgarteni, Guadagni. Frasi, Gaili, item aliorum harmoniosissimorum Signororum et Signorarum Opera.

Yours, &c.

T.

JACOB ELZEVIJ.

No. 25.] THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

— *Vivimus ambitiosè*
Paupertate. ———— Juv.

A laced, embroider'd, powder'd, beggar-crowd;
Haughty, yet even poorer than they're proud.

A LITTLE Frenchman, commonly known in town by the name of Count, and whose figure has been long stuck up in the windows of print-shops, was always remarkable for the meanness, and at the same time the foppery of his appearance. His shoes, though perhaps capped at the toe, had red heels to them; and his stockings, though often full of holes, were constantly rolled up over his knees. By good luck he was once master of half a guinea; and having a great longing for a feather to his hat, and a very pressing necessity for a pair of breeches, he debated with himself about the disposal of his money. However, his vanity got the better of his necessity; and the next time the Count appeared in the Mall, by the ornaments of his head you would have imagined him a beau, and by the nether part of his dress you would have taken him for a heathen philosopher.

The conduct of this Frenchman, however ridiculous, is copied by a multitude of people in this town. To the same little pride of desiring to appear finer than they can afford, are owing the many rusty suits of black, the ties that seem taken from the basket of a shoeboy, and the smart waistcoats edged with a narrow cord,

which serves as an apology for lace. I know a man of this cast, who has but one coat; but by now and then turning the cuffs, and changing the cape, it passes for two. He uses the same artifice with his peruke, which is naturally a kind of flowing bob; but by the occasional addition of two tails, it sometimes appears as a major. Of this sort of men are composed the numerous fraternity of the shabby-genteel, who are the chief support of the clothiers in Monmouth-Street, and the barbers in Middle-Row.

Women are naturally so fond of ornament, that it is no wonder we should meet with so many second-hand gentry in that sex. Hence arise the red-armed belles that appear in the park every Sunday: hence it is, that sacks and petenlairs may be seen at Moorfields and White-chapel; and that those who are ambitious to shine in diamonds, glitter in paste and Scotch pebbles. When I see the wives and daughters of tradesmen and mechanics make such attempts at finery, I cannot help pitying their poor fathers and husbands; and at the same time am apt to consider their dress as a robbery on the shop. Thus, when I observe the tawdry gentility of a tallow chandler's daughter, I look upon her as hung round with long sixes, short eights, and rushlights; and when I contemplate the awkward pride of dress in a butcher's wife, I suppose her carrying about her sirloins of beef, fillets of veal, and shoulders of mutton. I was vastly diverted with a discovery I made a few days since. Going upon some business to a tradesman's house, I surprised in a very extraordinary dishabille two females, whom I had been frequently used to see strangely dizenod out in the Mall. These fine ladies, it seems, were no other than my honest friend's daughters; and one, who always dresses the family dinner, was genteelly employed in winding up the jack, while the other was up to the elbows in soap-suds.

A desire of grandeur and magnificence is often absurd in those who can support it; but when it takes hold of those who can scarce furnish themselves with necessaries, their poverty, instead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule. Many families among those who are called middling people, are not content without living elegantly as well as comfortably, and often involve themselves in very comical distresses. When they aim at appearing grand in the eye of the world, they grow proportionably mean and sordid in private. I went the other day to dine with an old friend: and as he used to keep a remarkable good table, I was surprised that I could scarce make a meal with him. After dinner he rung the bell, and ordered the chariot to be got ready at six; and then turning to me with an air of superiority, asked if he should set me down. Here the riddle was out; and I found that his equipage had eat up his table, and

that he was obliged to starve his family to feed his horses.

I am acquainted at another house, where the master keeps an account against himself. This account is exactly stated in a large ledger book. What he saves from his ordinary expenses he places under the title of Debtor, and what he runs out is ranged under Creditor. I had lately an opportunity of turning over this curious account, and could not help smiling at many of the articles. Among the rest, I remember the following, with which I shall present the reader.

DEBTOR.

Dined abroad all this week—My wife ill—Saw no company—Saved seven dinners, etc.
Kept Lent, and saved in table charges the expense of four weeks.
Bated from the baker's bill half a crown.
Saved in apparel, by my family continuing to wear mourning three months longer than was requisite for the death of an aunt.
Received £1: 10s. of the undertaker, in lieu of a hatband and gloves.

CREDITOR.

Went to the play with my wife and daughters—Sat in the boxes, instead of the gallery, as usual.—*Mem.* To go no more to plays this year.
Invited Sir Charles Courtly and Major Standard to dinner.—Treated with claret, and two courses, in order to appear handsome.
Mem. To be denied to every body before dinner-time for these next three weeks.
Sunday—my wife had a rout—Lost at whist thirty guineas—Card-money received, fifty shillings.—*N. B.* My wife must be ill again.
Gave at church to a brief for a terrible fire, sixpence—Charity begins at home.

I should be sorry to have this method of balancing accounts become general. True economy does not merely consist in not exceeding our income, but in such a judicious management of it, as renders our whole appearance equal and consistent. We should laugh at a nobleman, who, to support the expense of running horses, should abridge his set to a pair: and, that his jockies might come in first for the plate, be content to have his family dragged to his country-seat, like servant maids, in the caravan. There are many well meaning people, who have the pride of living in a polite part of the town, though they are distressed even to pay the taxes; and nothing is more common than to see one particular room in a house furnished like a palace, while the rest have scarcely the necessary accommodations of an inn. Such a conduct appears to me equally ridiculous with that of the Frenchman, who

(according to the jest) for the sake of wearing ruffles, is contented to go without a shirt.

This endeavour to appear grander than our circumstances will allow, is no where so contemptible as among those men of pleasure about town, who have not fortunes in any proportion to their spirit. Men of quality have wisely contrived, that their sins should be expensive; for which reason those, who with equal taste have less money, are obliged to be economists in their sins, and are put to many little shifts to appear tolerably prodigal and debauched. They get a knowledge of the names and faces of the most noted women upon town, and pretend an intimate acquaintance with them; though they know none of that order of ladies above the draggled prostitutes who walk the Strand. They talk very familiarly of the King's Arms, and are in raptures with Mrs. Allan's claret, though they always dine snugly at a chop-house, and spend their evening at an alehouse or cyder cellar. The most ridiculous character I know of this sort is a young fellow, the son of a rich tobaccoist in the city, who (because it is the fashion) has taken a girl into keeping. He knows the world better than to set her up a chariot, or let her have money at her own disposal. He regulates her expenses with the nicest economy, employs every morning in setting down what is laid out upon her, and very seriously takes an account of rolls and butter, two-pence—for ribband, one shilling and four-pence—pins, a halfpenny, etc. etc. Thus does he reconcile his extravagance and frugality to each other; and is as penurious and exact as a usurer, that he may be as genteel and wicked as a lord. O.

No. 26.] THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754.

*Hic dies verè mihi festus atrox
Eximet curas.* —

HOR.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday. OLD BALLAD.

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance lately laid before me an estimate of the consumption of bread and cheese, cakes, ales, etc. in all the little towns near London every Sunday. It is incredible how many thousand buns are devoured in that one day at Chelsea and Paddington, and how much beer is swallowed at Islington and Mile End. Upon the whole I was vastly entertained with a review of this estimate; and could not help approving the observation of Tom Brown, 'that the sabbath is a very fine institution, since the very breaking it is the support of half the villages about our metropolis.'

Our common people are very observant of that part of the commandment, which enjoins them to do no manner of work on that day: and which they also seem to understand as a license to devote it to pleasure. They take this opportunity of thrusting their heads into the pillory at Georgia, being sworn at Highgate, and rolling down Flamstead-hill, in the Park at Greenwich. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of London and Westminster, than a rainy Sunday: and how many honest people would be balked of a ride once a week, if the legislature were to limit the hired one-horse chaises working on that day to a certain number, as well as the hackney coaches?

The substantial tradesman is wheeled down to his snug box; which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that over-runs the front, and is placed as near to the road side as possible, where the pleasure of seeing carriages pass under his window, amply compensates for his being almost smothered with dust. The few smart 'prentices, who are able to sit on a horse, may be seen spurring their broken-winged hacks up the hills: and the good-natured husband, together with his mate, is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot passenger, who (to complete the Sunday picture) trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other, and waddles at his side sweltering beneath the unusual weight of a hoop petticoat.

It is not to be supposed that the country has in itself any peculiar attractive charms to those who think themselves out of the world, if they are not within the sound of Bow Bell. To most of our cockneys it serves only as an excuse for eating and drinking; and they get out of town merely because they have nothing to do at home. A brick-kiln smells as sweet to them as a farm-yard; they would pass by a barn or a haystack without notice; but they rejoice at the sight of every hedge ale-house that promises good home-brewed. As the rest of a cit's life is regular and uniform, his Sunday diversions have as little variety; and if he were to take a journal of them, we might suppose that it would run much in the following manner.

SUNDAY—Overslept myself—Did not rise till nine—Was a full hour in pulling on my new double-channell'd pumps—Could get no breakfast, my wife being busy in dressing herself for church.

At ten—Family at church—Self walked to Mother Red Cap's—Smoked half a pipe, and drank a pint of the Alderman's. N. B. The beer was not so good as the Adam and Eve at Pancras.

Dined at one—Pudding not boiled enough,

suet musty—Wife was to drive me in a one-horse chair to see Mother Wells at Enfield Wash, but it looked likely to rain—took a nap, and posted seven pages from my day-book till five. *Mem.* Colonel Promise has lost his election, and is turned out of his place.—To arrest him to-morrow.

At six—Mrs. Deputy to drink tea with my wife—I hate their slip-slops—Called on my neighbour the Common-council man, and took a walk with him to Islington.

From seven to eight—Smoked a pipe at the Castle, eat a heart cake, and drank two pints of cyder. *N. B.* To drink cyder often, because neighbour tells me it is good for the stone and gravel.

At nine—Got to town again, very much fatigued with the journey—Pulled off my claret coloured coat, and blue satin waistcoat—Went to club, smoked three pipes, came home at twelve, and slept very soundly, till the 'prentice called me to go and take out a writ against Colonel Promise.

As to persons of quality, like Lady Loverule in the farce, they cannot see why one day should be more holy than another; therefore Sunday wears the same face with them as the rest of the week. Accordingly, for some part of this summer, Ranelagh was opened on Sunday evening; and I cannot help wondering, that the custom did not continue. It must have been very convenient to pass away the time there, till the hour of meeting at the card-table; and it was certainly more decent to fix assignations there, than at church.

Going to church may, indeed, be reckoned among our Sunday amusements, as it is made a mere matter of diversion among many well-meaning people, who are induced to appear in a place of worship from the same motives that they frequent other public places. To some it answers all the purposes of a rout or assembly, to see and be seen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, courtesies, and loud conversation, one might conclude, that they imagined themselves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of showing their taste for dress. Not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the music rather than the prayers; and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, though they are lulled to sleep by the harangue from the pulpit. A well-disposed Christian will go a mile from his own house to the Temple Church, not because a Sherlock is to preach, but to hear a solo from Stanley.

But though going to church may be deemed a kind of amusement, yet upon modern principles it appears such a very odd one, that I am at a loss to account for the reasons which induced

our ancestors to give in to that method of passing their Sunday. At least it is so wholly incompatible with the polite system of life, that a person of fashion (as affairs are now managed) finds it absolutely impossible to comply with this practice. Then, again, the service always begins at such unfashionable hours, that in a morning a man must huddle on his clothes, like a boy to run to school, and in an afternoon must inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all these objections, and that some ritual may be established in this kingdom, agreeable to our inclinations and consistent with our practice, the following scheme has been lately sent me, in order to submit it to the serious consideration of the public.

Imprimis, It is humbly proposed, that Christianity be entirely abolished by act of parliament, and that no other religion be imposed on us in its stead; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at last be quite delivered from the influence of superstition and bigotry.

Secondly, That in order to prevent our ever relapsing into pious errors, and that the common people may not lose their holiday, every Sunday be set apart to commemorate our victory over all religion: that the churches be turned into free-thinking meeting houses, and discourses read in them to confute the doctrine of a future state, the immortality of the soul, and other absurd notions, which some people now regard as objects of belief.

Thirdly, That a ritual be compiled exactly opposite to our present Liturgy; and that, instead of reading portions of Scripture, the first and second lessons shall consist of a section of the Posthumous Works of Lord Bolingbroke, or a few pages from the writings of Spinoza, Chubb, Mandeville, Hobbes, Collins, Tindal, &c. from which writers the preachers shall also take their text.

Fourthly, That the usual feasts and fasts, viz. Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, Trinity Sunday, &c. be still preserved; but that on those days discourses be delivered suitable to the occasion, containing a refutation of the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Trinity, &c.

Fifthly, That instead of the vile melody of a clerk bawling out two staves of Sternhold and Hopkins, or a cathedral choir singing anthems from the Psalter, some of the most fashionable cantatas, opera airs, songs, or catches, be performed by the best voices for the entertainment of the company.

Lastly, That the whole service be conducted with such taste and elegance, as may render these free-thinking meeting-houses as agreeable as the theatres; and that they may be even more judiciously calculated for the propagation of atheism and infidelity, than the Robin Hood Society, or the Oratory in Clare-Market. T.

No. 27.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1754.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralip-ton.

Words full of sound, but quite devoid of sense.

It is a heavy tax upon authors, that they should always be expected to write sense. Some few, indeed, who are rich in sentiment, pay this tax very cheerfully; but the generality endeavour, one way or another, to elude it. For this purpose some have moulded their pieces into the form of wings, axes, eggs, and altars, while others have laced down the side of a copy of verses with the letters of their mistress's name, and called it an acrostic: not to mention the curious inventions of rebusses and anagrams. For the same reasons, the modern song-writers for our public gardens, who are our principal love-poets at present, entertain us with sonnets and madrigals in Crambo. Authors who promise wit, pay us off with puns and quibbles; and with our writers of comedy, long swords, short jerkins, and tables with carpets over them, pass for incident and humour.

But no artifice of this sort has been so often and so successfully practised, as the immoderate use of uncouth terms and expressions. Words that mean nothing, provided they sound big, and fill the ear, are the best succedaneum for sense. Nothing so effectually answers Mr. Bayes's endeavour to *elevate and surprize*; and the reader, though he sees nothing but straws floating on the surface, candidly supposes that there are pearls and diamonds at the bottom. Several dull authors, by availing themselves of this secret, have passed for very deep writers; and arrant nonsense has as often lain snugly beneath hard words, as a shallow pate beneath the solemn appearance of a full bottomed periwig.

Those who are employed in what they call abstract speculations, most commonly have recourse to this method. Their dissertations are naturally expected to illustrate and explain; but this is sometimes a task above their abilities; and when they have led the reader into a maze, from which they cannot deliver him, they very wisely bewilder him the more. This is the case with those profound writers, who have treated concerning the essence of matter, who talk very gravely of *cuppeity, tableity, tallow-candleity*, and twenty other things with as much sound and little signification. Of these we may very well say with the poet,

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
POPE.

No mode of expression throws such an impenetrable mist over a work, as an unnecessary profusion of technical terms. This will appear very plainly to those, who will turn over a few

pages of any modern collection of voyages. Descriptions of a storm make some of the finest and most striking passages in the best poets; and it is for these in particular, that Longinus admires the *Odyssey*. The real circumstances of a storm are in themselves, without the aid of poetical ornaments, very affecting; yet whoever reads an account of them in any of our writers of voyages, will be so puzzled and perplexed with starboard, larboard, the main-mast and mizen-mast, and a multitude of sea-terms, that he will not be the least moved at the distress of the ship's crew. The absurdity of this did not escape Swift, who has ridiculed it by a mock description of the same kind in his *Gulliver*. Those who treat of military subjects, are equally ridiculous: they overwhelm you with counter-scarps, palisades, bastions, etc., and so fortify their no-meaning with hard words, that it is absolutely impossible to beat them out of their intrenchments. Such writers, who abound in technical terms, always put me in mind of Ignoramus in the play, who courts his mistress out of the law-dictionary, runs over a long catalogue of the messuages, lands, tenements, barns, out-houses, etc. of which he will put her in possession, if she will join issue with him, and manifest his passion in the same manner that he would draw up a lease.

This affectation is never more offensive, than when it gets into the pulpit. The greater part of almost every audience that sits under our preachers, are ignorant and illiterate, and should therefore have every thing delivered to them in as plain, simple, and intelligent a manner as possible. Hard words, if they have any meaning, can only serve to make them stare; and they can never be edified by what they do not understand. Young clergymen, just come from the University, are proud of showing the world, that they have been reading the *Fathers*, and are fond of entering on the most abstruse points of divinity. But they would employ their time more to their own credit, as well as to the improvement of their hearers, if they would rather endeavour to explain and enforce the precepts of the *Apostles and Evangelists*, than retail the confused hypotheses of crabbed metaphysicians.

As to essays, and all other pieces that come under the denomination of familiar writings, one would imagine that they must necessarily be written in the easy language of nature and common sense. No writer can flatter himself, that his productions will be an agreeable part of the equipage of the tea-table, who writes almost too abstrusely for the study, and involves his thoughts in hard words and affected latinisms. Yet this has been reckoned by many the standard style for these loose detached pieces. Addison was proud that he could boast of having drawn learning out of schools and colleges into clubs

and coffee-houses, as Socrates was said to draw morality from the clouds to dwell among men : but these people (as Lord Bolingbroke pretends to say of the same Socrates) mount the clouds themselves. This newfangled manner of delivering our sentiments is called writing sound sense : and if I find this mode seems likely to prevail, I shall certainly think it expedient to give into it, and very suddenly oblige the world with a Connoisseur so *sensible*, that it will be impossible to understand it.

But hard words and uncouth ways of expressing ourselves never appear with so ill a grace, as in our common conversation.—In writing we expect some degree of exactness and precision : but if even there they seem harsh and disagreeable, when they obstruct the freedom of our familiar chat, they either make us laugh, or put us out of patience. It was imagined by the ancients, that things were called by one name among mortals, and by another among the gods : In like manner some gentlemen, who would be accounted fine spoken persons, disdain to mention the most trivial matters in the same terms with the rest of the world ; and scarce inquire how you do, or bid you good morrow, in any phrase that is intelligible. It always puts me in pain to find a lady give into this practice ; if she makes no blunder, it sits very ungracefully upon her ; but it is ten to one that the rough uncouth syllables that form these words, are too harsh and big for the pretty creature's mouth ; and then she maims them and breaks them to her use so whimsically, that one can scarce tell whether she is talking French or English. I shall make no more reflections on this subject at present, but conclude my paper with a short story.

A merry fellow, who was formerly of the university, going through Cambridge on a journey, took it into his head to call on his old tutor. As it is no great wonder that pedantry should be found in a college, the tutor used to laird his conversation with numberless hard words and forced derivations from the Latin. His pupil, who had a mind to banter the old gentleman on his darling foible, when he visited him, entered his chambers with a huge dictionary under his arm. The first compliments were scarce over, before the tutor bolted out a word big enough for the mouth of Garagantua. Here the pupil begged that he would stop a little ; and after turning over his dictionary desired him to proceed. The learned gentleman went on, and the pupil seemed to listen with great attention, till another word came out as hard as the former, at which he again interrupted him, and again had recourse to his dictionary.—This appears to me the only way of conversing with persons of so pompous an elocution ; unless we convert the orators themselves into lexicons to interpret their own phrases, by troubling them to reduce

the meaning of their fine speeches into plain English.

No. 28.] THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1754.

Sequitur atris ignibus absens,
Omnibus umtra locis adero, dabis improbe penas.
VIRG.

Thou to thy crime shall feel the vengeance due :
With hell's black fires for ever I'll pursue ;
In every place my injured shade shall rise,
And conscience still present me to thy eyes.

TOM DARE-DEVIL, who was so much superior to the rest of our *Bucks* that he gained the appellation of *Stag*, finished a course of continual debaucheries, and was carried off last week by a phrenetic fever. I happened to be present at his last moments ; and the remembrance of him still dwells so strongly on my mind, that I see him, I hear him, in all the agonies of despair, starting, trembling, and uttering the most horrid execrations. His conscience at the approach of death had conjured up before him 'ten thousand devils with their red-hot spits,' who assumed the shapes of all those whom he injured, and 'came hissing on him,' to retaliate their wrongs. 'Save me, save me,' he would cry, 'from that bleeding form—He was my friend—but I run him through the heart in a quarrel about a whore—Take away that old fellow—He would have carried us to the round-house—I knocked him down with his own staff—but I did not think the poor dog would have died by it.' When the nurse offered him a draught to take, 'Why,' said he, 'will you ply me with Champagne?'—'tis a damnable liquor, and I'll drink no more of it.' In one of his lucid intervals he grasped my hand vehemently, and bursting into tears, 'Would to God,' said he, 'I had died twenty years ago.' At length his unwilling soul parted from the body ; and the last words we heard from him were a faint ejaculation to his Maker, whom he had blasphemed all his life. His shocking exit made me reflect on that fine passage in the Scriptures, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.'

The behaviour of this unhappy wretch afforded a dreadful instance of the truth of that maxim, *There is no hell like a troubled conscience*. 'There needs, indeed, no ghost to tell us this.' But it were to be wished, that the conscience of every living reprobate could work on his imagination in the same manner, and raise up such horrid apparitions to torment him. Where is the wretch so hardened, who would not be dismayed at these terrors ? Or who could persevere in a course of wickedness, when every fresh offence

would create a new fury to haunt him for his crimes? . . .

Let us, for instance, take a view of the most glaring circumstances in the life of that arch-infiel, Tom Dare-Devil; and let us at the same time conceive (if possible) what pangs he must have felt, had every flagitious act been attended with the same phantoms that distracted him on his death-bed. First then, let us contemplate him as a parricide; for so he may be called, who by repeated disobedience broke the heart of a most affectionate father. Could filial ingratitude receive a sharper punishment, than in the midst of his debaucheries to have his father continually before his eyes, expostulating him on his unnatural behaviour? 'O my son,' might he have heard him say, 'was it for this that thy mother, who died in giving thee life, begged me with her last breath to be kind to the boy? Was it for this that the country rung with joy for my being blessed with an heir?—O my child, whom can I now call my heir? That estate which I was so solicitous to improve for thy sake, is dissipated among jockeys, gamblers, pimps, and prostitutes.—If you should ever have a son, may his ingratitude never make you think on me.'

Tom, indeed, took care never to have any vexation from children: he had too great a spirit to bear the shackles of matrimony, and lived in a state of celibacy among bagnios. Sometimes he made inroads on private life, and disturbed the peace of families by debauching the wives and daughters of his acquaintance. Among other gallant exploits, he decoyed up to town the daughter of a country gentleman, where he ruined her, and then left her to linger under an infamous disease. At length the fruits of his amour appeared in a child, which soon perished with its unhappy parent in a public hospital. By the same magic of the fancy let us raise up this poor girl with the infant in her arms, while he is wantoning among his doxies, and lording it like a bashaw over the vassals of his lust. What remorse must this villain have felt, could he have imagined her to have addressed him in the following terms!—'Behold in the loathsome carcase of this babe the image of thyself; foul, rotten, and corrupt.—How could I suffer so contemptible a creature to draw me from the comfortable protection of my parents?—It was just, indeed, that I should fall a victim to my folly: but was this diseased infant quickened only to proclaim my dishonour and thy infamy?—Why hadst thou yet the power left to propagate misery even to the innocent!'

Tom had often signalized himself as a duellist: his conscience, as we have already mentioned, upbraided him at his dying moments with the murder of a particular friend. He had once ill luck at cards; and being irritated with his losses, and suspecting foul play on the part

of his antagonist, he took him by the nose, which consequently produced a challenge. He is hastening to the field of battle,—but he fancies himself followed by the manes of his friend, whom, on the same unhallowed ground, he had lately sacrificed to that idol Honour. He hears him call—'Turn, madman, turn, and look on me.—You may remember with what reluctance I met you—You forced me to the combat—and I was even pleased that the victory was yours. You deprived me of life in an idle quarrel about a creature, whom at your return from the murder of your friend, you detected in the arms of another.—It was honour that induced you to wound the bosom of one you loved:—The same honour now calls you to give a fellow, whom you despise, an opportunity to retaliate the injury done to me.—What folly is it to put your life into the hands of a scoundrel, who, you suspect, has already robbed you of your fortune?—But go on, and let your death rid the world of a monster, who is desperate enough to put his own life on the hazard, and wicked enough to attempt that of another.'—It happened, however, that Tom had no occasion for such a monitor, as the person whom he went to meet proved as great a coward as he was a cheat; and our hero, after waiting a full hour in his pumps, and parrying with the air, had no other revenge for the loss of his money, than the satisfaction of posting him for a scoundrel.

Though the hero of our story was cut off in the prime of his life, yet he may be said, like Nestor, to have outlived three generations. All the young fellows of spirit were proud to be enrolled in the list of his companions; but as their constitutions were more puny than his, three sets of them had dropt into the grave, and left him at the head of the fourth. He would often boast of the many promising geniuses who had fallen in the vain attempt to keep pace with him in the various scenes of debauchery. In this light we may consider him as an accessory to so many wanton murders. By the operation of his conscience, at every tavern door he might have met with an acquaintance to bar his passage; and in the midst of his jollity, like Macbeth, he might have dashed down his glass, and imagined that he saw a departed friend filling the vacant chair.

From the nature of the facts which have already been recorded of Tom Dare-Devil, the reader will easily conclude that he must have been an Atheist. No creature, who believed in a Supreme Being, could have acted so vilely towards his fellow-creatures. Tom was a president of an abominable club, who met together every Sunday night to utter the most horrid blasphemies. The members of this most scandalous society must have heard of the manner of their great tutor's death:—Let us imagine, therefore, that they could figure to them-

selves his ghost appearing to them, warning them of their errors, and exhorting them to repent. They might conceive him setting forth, in the most pathetic manner, the consequences of their folly, and declaring to them, how convinced he now was of the certainty of those doctrines, which they daily ridiculed. Such an apparition would, indeed, have an effect upon common sinners; but in all probability a thorough-paced infidel would not be reclaimed, even 'though one rose from the dead.'

What I have here supposed might have been the case of one particular reprobate, is in the power of every person to put in practice for himself. Nothing is a surer instance of the goodness of the Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed on every reasonable creature. This internal sense, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the sinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An ancient is commended for wishing, 'that he had a window in his breast, that every one might see into it:' but it is certainly of more consequence to keep ourselves free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinions of others. We should therefore consider conscience as a mirror, in which every one may see himself reflected, and in which every action is represented in its proper colours. O.

No. 29.] THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1754.

Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur.—— Hor.

From self each scribbler adoration draws,
And gathers incense from his own applause.

THAT there is a vanity inherent in every author must be confessed, whatever pains they may take to conceal it from the rest of mankind. For my own part, I readily acknowledge, that I am always wonderfully delighted with my own productions. I snatch up the favourite sheets wet from the press, and devour every syllable; not the least particle escapes my notice: and I dwell with admiration on the beauties of an expressive and or emphatical *the*. If every reader was to pay the same attention to my works, or peruse them with half the satisfaction, Mr. Town might be fairly pronounced the greatest author of the age. But I am afraid I shall scarce find another who will so heartily join in the good opinion I have conceived of myself; and many a choice sentiment, many a culled expression, which I have repeated to myself over and over again with ecstasy, has by others, perhaps, been as hastily hurried over, as any common article in a newspaper.

An author, who is ever big with the idea of his own importance, will gather matter for self-

flattery from the most trivial circumstances. On the mornings of publication, I have sometimes made it my business to go round the coffee-houses, in order to receive whatever incense of praise I could collect from the approbation of my readers. My heart, you may imagine, has bounded with joy, when I have heard the room echo with calling for the *Connoisseur*: but how has it sunk again, when I have found the same tokens of esteem shown to a brother writer! I could have hugged any honest fellow, that has chuckled over my performances, and pointed out my good things; but I have been no less chagrined, when I have seen a coxcomb coolly take up my paper, squint over the first page, and throw it down again with all the indifference imaginable: though, indeed, I have never failed within myself to pronounce of such a person, that he is dull, ignorant, and illiterate. I once happened to be seated in the next box to two noted critics, who were looking over the file of my papers, and seemed particularly pleased with several parts of them. I immediately conceived a very high opinion of their taste and judgment: I remarked with singular satisfaction the effect which my wit and humour had on their countenances; and as they turned over the pages, I imagined I could point out the very passages which provoked them frequently to smile, and sometimes to burst into a loud laugh. As soon as they were gone, I seized the file; when, lo! to my great mortification, I found they had been reading, not my own admirable works, but the lucubrations of a brother essayist.

My vanity has often prompted me to wish, that I could accompany my papers, wheresoever they are circulated. I flatter myself I should then be introduced to the politest men of quality, and admitted into the closets of our finest ladies. This consideration would doubtless make me vain of myself; but my pride would be soon checked by reflecting further, that were I obliged to follow my papers afterwards through all their travels and mutations, I should certainly undergo the shame of seeing many of them prostituted to the vilest purposes. If in one place I might be pleased to find them the entertainment of the tea-table, in another I should be no less vexed to see them degraded to the base office of sticking up candles. Such is the fatality attending these loose sheets, that though at their first publication they may be thought as precious as the Sybil's leaves, the next moment they may be thrown aside as no better than a last year's almanack.

Ever since my first appearance in a sheet and half, I have felt great uneasiness on account of the rude treatment which my works have been subject to in their present form. I turned off my printer for a very heinous affront offered to my delicacy, having detected some foul proofs of my first numbers lodged in a very unseemly

place; and I almost came to an open rupture with my publisher, because his wife had converted a supernumerary half-sheet into a thread-paper. A lady whose sense and beauty I had always admired, forfeited my esteem at once, by cutting out a pattern for a cap from one of my papers; and a young fellow, who had spoken very handsomely of one of my essays, instantly lost the good opinion I had conceived of him, by defiling the blank margin with a filthy list of foul shirts and dirty stockings. The repeated abuses of illiterate bakers, pastry-cooks, and chandlers, I know I am condemned to suffer in common with other mortal writers. It was ever their privilege to prey indiscriminately on all authors good or bad; and as politicians, wits, free-thinkers, and divines, may have their dust mingled in the same piece of ground, so may their works be jumbled together in the lining of the same trunk or band box.

One instance may indeed be brought, in which I am used to hail as a lucky omen the damages that my papers appear to have sustained in their outward form and complexion. With what raptures have I traced the progress of my fame, while I have contemplated my numbers in the public coffee-houses strung upon a file, and swelled gradually into a little volume! By the appearance which they make, when thus collected, I have often judged of the reception they have singly met with from their readers: I have considered every speck of dirt as a mark of reputation, and have assumed to myself applause from the spilling of coffee, or the print of a greasy thumb. In a word, I look upon each paper, when torn, and sullied by frequent handling, as an old soldier battered in the service, and covered with honourable scars.

I was led into this train of thought by an accident which happened to me the other evening, as I was walking in some fields near the town. As I went along, my curiosity tempted me to examine the materials of which several paper kites were made up; from whence I had sufficient room to moralize on the ill fate of authors. On one I discovered several pages of a sermon expanded over the surface; on another the wings fluttered with love songs; and a satire on the ministry furnished another with his ballast for the tail. I at length happened to cast my eye on one taller than the rest, and beheld several of my own darling productions pasted over it. My indignation was presently raised, that I should become the plaything of children; and I was even ashamed, that the great name of Town, which stared me full in the front, should be exposed, like the compositions of Dr. Rock on the wall, to every idle gazer. However, by a curious turn of thought, I converted what at first seemed a disgrace into a compliment to my vanity. As the kite rose into the air, I drew a flattering parallel between the height of its flight,

and the soaring of my own reputation: I imagined myself lifted up on the wings of Fame, and like Horace's swan towering above mortality; I fancied myself borne like a blazing star among the clouds, to the admiration of the gazing multitude.

— *Via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

And up he rises like a vapour;
Supported high on wings of paper,
He singing flies and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings. SWIFT.

While I was indulging this fantastic contemplation of my own excellence, I never considered by how slight a thread my chimerical importance was supported. The twine broke: and the kite, together with my airy dreams of immortality, dropt to the ground. T.

No. 30.] THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1754.

*Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
Dant sonitus; erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malle.* VIRG.

Thumps following thumps, and blows succeeding blows,
Swell the black eye, and crush the bleeding nose:
Beneath the pond'rous fist the jaw bone cracks,
And the cheeks ring with their redoubled thwacks.

At a time when Peace spreads her downy wings over contending nations, and when armies (like the harmless militia) are drawn into the field only to be reviewed, all Europe must undoubtedly be alarmed to hear of the bloody battle, which has been lately fought in England. It is a justice due to posterity to preserve a faithful account of this memorable event: I shall therefore set it down, as I find it recorded in those authentic registers of heroic actions the newspapers, without deviating a tittle from the expressive terms, in which this extraordinary combat is related.

'Harlston in Norfolk, July 30. Yesterday in the afternoon Slack and Pettit met and fought. At the first set-to Pettit seized Slack by the throat, and held him up against the rails, and grain'd him so much as to make him extremely black; this continued for half a minute, before Slack could break Pettit's hold; after which for near ten minutes Pettit kept fighting and driving hard at Slack, when at length Slack closed with his antagonist, and gave him a very severe fall, after that a second and third; but between these falls Pettit threw Slack twice off the stage, and indeed Pettit so much dreaded Slack's

falls that he ran directly at his hams and tumbled him down, and by that means gave Slack an opportunity of making the falls very easy. When they had been fighting eighteen minutes, the odds ran against Slack a guinea to a shilling; whereas on first setting out, it was three or four to one on his head; but after this time Slack shortened Pettit so as to disable him from running and throwing him down in the manner he had done before, but obliged him to stand to close fighting. Slack then closed one of his eyes, and beat him very much about the face. At twenty minutes Pettit grew weaker, Slack stronger; this was occasioned by Slack's strait way of fighting. At twenty-two minutes the best judges allowed Slack to have the advantage over Pettit very considerably, as he was then recovering his wind, which was owing to game; when they had boxed twenty-four minutes, Pettit threw Slack again over the rails. This indeed Slack suffered him to do, as by that means he fixed a blow under Pettit's ribs, that hurt him much. Whilst Slack was again getting upon the stage, (it was not half a minute before he was remounted) Pettit had so much the fear of his antagonist before his eyes, that he walked off without so much as civilly taking leave of the spectators, or saying any thing to any person. This the cockers call *roguing* of it; for it is generally thought that Pettit ran away full strong. The whole time of their fighting was twenty-five minutes; and this morning the battle was given to Slack, who drew the first ten guineas out of the box. Thus ended this dreadful combat.'

Every man, who has the honour of the British fist at heart, must look with admiration on the bottom, the wind, the game, of this invincible champion Slack. How must they applaud his address in fighting strait: and with what detestation must they look upon his dastardly antagonist, who could so shamefully rogue it! Captain Godfrey, the sublime historian of these hardy heroes, would have exclaimed on this occasion:—'Hail, mighty Slack, thou pride of the butchers; Let the shambles echo with thy praise, and let marrow-bones and cleavers proclaim thy glorious triumph. What was that half-bred bruiser Milo, who is celebrated by the ancients for knocking down an ox, to cut out the hide into thongs for his cestus? Every petty slaughter-man of Clare-market can perform greater feats: but thou with resistless arm hast not only knocked down oxen but made the sturdy race of barbers, cobblers, and watermen fall before thee.'

I cannot but lament the cruelty of that law, which has shut up our amphitheatres: and I look upon the professors of the noble art of boxing, as a kind of disbanded army, for whom we have made no provision. The mechanics, who at the call of glory left their mean occupations,

are now obliged to have recourse to them again; and coachmen and barbers resume the whip and the razor, instead of giving black eyes and cross-butts. I know a veteran that has often won the whole house, who is reduced, like Bellisarius, to spread his palm in begging for a half-penny. Some have been forced to exercise their art in knocking down passengers in dark alleys and corners; while others have learned to open their fists and ply their fingers in picking pockets. Buckhorse, whose knuckles had been used to indent many a bruise, now clenches them only to grasp a link; and Broughton employs the muscles of his bravvy arm in squeezing a lemon or drawing a cork. His amphitheatre itself is converted into a Methodist meeting-house: and perhaps (as laymen there are admitted into the pulpit) those very fists, which so lately dealt such hearty bangs upon the stage, are now with equal vehemence thumping the cushion.

The dexterous use of the fist is a truly British exercise: and the sturdy English have been as much renowned for their boxing as their beef; both which are by no means suited to the watery stomachs and weak sinews of their enemies the French. To this nutriment and this art is owing that long established maxim, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen. A Frenchman who piddles on a fricassee of frogs, can no more encounter with an Englishman, who feeds upon beef, than the frog in the fable could swell her little belly to the size of an ox; and from hence we may conclude, on the principles of philosophy, that the elastic spring which darts from the knuckles of an Englishman, falls into the heels of a Frenchman. One of my correspondents has already remonstrated against the degeneracy of the present times in our shameful neglect of that support of our national strength, old English roast beef. Indeed, we can never hope, that any of our modern heroes would attempt to fix a blow under the ribs, when they are afraid of plunging a knife into a sirloin: and I will venture to prophesy, that when the times come, that sirloins are no more brought upon the table, we shall not be able to produce one Englishman who can knock down an ox.

Our present race of spindle-shanked beaux had rather close with an orange wench at the play-house than engage in a bye-battle at Tottenham-Court. It is therefore no wonder that they should object to this manly practice, for which they are so ill fitted. How can we imagine, that they could stand against the buffets of a bruiser, when they might almost be patted down with the fan of a lady? An attempt was once made by Broughton to bring this study in vogue, by establishing a school for boxing, in which he was himself to be the lecturer. He invited the young gentlemen of the army, and all other men of spirit, to engage under his di-

rections; and promised to arm their feeble wrists with mufflers, so that nothing might be apprehended by the softest head or tenderest skin. A few, indeed, were hardy enough to try a fall with him; but most of our young fellows gave up the gauntlet for scented gloves; and loathing the mutton fists of vulgar carmen and porters, they rather chose to hang their hands in a sling, to make them white and delicate as a lady's. I cannot but regret, that this design was not generally encouraged, as it might perhaps have abolished almost the only use that is at present made of the sword; and men of honour, instead of tilting at each other, might have had satisfaction in a tight set-to behind Montague-house.

The amusement of boxing, I must confess, is more immediately calculated for the vulgar who can have no relish for the more refined pleasures of whist and the hazard table. Men of fashion have found out a more genteel employment for their hands, in shuffling a pack of cards and shaking the dice: and, indeed, it will appear, upon a strict review, that most of our fashionable diversions are nothing else but different branches of gaming. What lady would be able to boast a rout at her house, consisting of three or four hundred persons, if they were not to be drawn together by the charms of playing a rubber? and the prohibition of our jubilee masquerades is hardly to be regretted, as they wanted the most essential part of their entertainments, the E O table. To this polite spirit of gaming, which has diffused itself through all the fashionable world, is owing the vast encouragement that is given to the turf; and horse-races are esteemed only as they afford occasion for making a bet. The same spirit likewise draws the knowing ones together in a cock-pit; and cocks are rescued from the dunghill, and armed with gaffles, to furnish a new species of gaming. For this reason, among others, I cannot but regret the loss of our elegant amusements in Oxford Road and Tottenham Court. A great part of the spectators used to be deeply interested in what was doing on the stage, and were as earnest to make an advantage of the issue of the battle, as the champions themselves to draw the largest sum from the box. The amphitheatre was at once a school for boxing and gaming. Many thousands have depended upon a match; the odds have often risen at a black eye; a large bet has been occasioned by a cross-buttock; and while the house has resounded with the lusty bangs of the combatants, it has at the same time echoed with the cries of five to one, six to one, ten to one.

The loss of this branch of gaming is a public calamity: and I doubt not but the gentlemen at White's and all others whom it concerns, will use their utmost endeavours to restore it. The many plates given all over the kingdom have undoubtedly improved our breed of horses; and

if the diversion of boxing was to meet with equal encouragement, we should certainly have a more stout and hardy race of bruisers. It might perhaps become a fashion for gentlemen, who were fond of the sport, to keep champions in training, put them in sweats, diet them and breed up the human species with the same care as they do cocks and horses. In course of time this branch of gaming, like all others, would doubtless be reduced to a science; and Broughton, in imitation of that great genius Hoyle, might oblige the public with a Treatise on the Fist, and calculations for laying the odds at any match of boxing. T.

No. 31.] THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1754,

Neu, pueri, neu tanta animis assuescite bella. VIRG.

No more ye bloods, encounter with each other,
But each fine gentleman embrace his brother.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

You must have observed a paragraph in the newspapers dated from Dublin, which informs us, 'the spirit of duelling is now become so common, that scarce a day passes without one or more being fought in or near that metropolis.' I am very much alarmed lest this madness should cross the seas: to say the truth, I almost begin to think it necessary, that the frequent importation of Irishmen into this kingdom should, for some time, be prohibited; and an embargo laid on those ships, that are freighted with contraband duellists. It is your duty, Mr. Town, at least to do all in your power to prevent the influence, which the conduct of these heroic gentlemen, who cannot suffer their swords to sleep quietly in their scabbards, may have on our young fellows: I must therefore beg of you to put together a few thoughts on this occasion, and though the subject has been often treated before, I cannot but imagine that there is sufficient room left for you to expatiate on it. It is usual among the bishops, when they find any particular vice prevail, to send orders to the clergy of their respective dioceses to preach against it. In like manner it is your duty, as Censor General, to attack the reigning follies: and it is surely as easy for you to throw them into a new light, as it is for the clergy to preach different sermons on the same text.

You will undoubtedly agree with me, that gaming is one of the principal causes of duels, and that many a young fellow has owed his death to cards and dice. As the gaming-houses are often filled with rogues in lace, and sharpers in embroidery, an honest but rash adventurer often loses his temper with his money, and be-

gins to suspect that the cards are packed, or the dice loaded: and then very wisely risks his life, because he finds it impossible to recover his cash. Upon this account I am never witness to deep play, but it raises very serious reflections in me. When I have seen a young nobleman offer a large stake, I have considered him as setting his life upon a card, or (like King Richard) 'laying it upon a cast, and standing the hazard of the die.' I have even imagined, that I heard bullets rattle in the dice-box, and that I saw challenges written upon every card on the table.

The ladies also are frequently the cause of duels; though it must be owned, in justice to the better part of the sex, that where one is fought on account of a modest woman, ten are occasioned by prostitutes. The stout knight-errants, who entertain a passion for the faithless Dulcineas of Drury-lane and Covent-Garden, find frequent opportunities of manifesting their prowess. They not only encounter with bullies and bravoës, but sometimes meet with other innamoratos as fond and as mad as themselves. I am personally acquainted with two gentlemen of this turn, who held out pistols at each other, across a bed at one of these ladies' lodgings, and tossed up which should fire first. The pistol, however, luckily missed fire, and gave them time to think better of it; so they very amicably shook hands, laid down their pistols, and went to bed to the lady together. These females are not content, it seems, with the conquests commonly made by the fair, but often pass a more cruel sentence on their captives. Their lovers not only suffer those metaphorical deaths, which all their tribe must endure, but are often really killed in serious truth and sober sadness. They are not only shot through the heart by an accidental glance of the eyes, but often have a brace of balls lodged in their heads: and are not only 'stabbed through the liver (as Mercutio has it) by the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft,' but they may, perhaps, be engaged in a duel with a rival in which they are run through the body.

A foreign Count was once challenged by one of these hot-headed gentlemen; and I shall conclude my letter by recommending his method to our modern duellists. The place of battle appointed was the Count's house; and when the furious challenger came in, breathing nothing but revenge, he was surprised to find the Count sitting very composedly with a candle and a barrel at his side. 'This, Sir,' said the Count, 'is a barrel of gunpowder; and if you please, we will take our chance, who shall set fire to it, you or I.' The gentleman, amazed at so extraordinary a proposal, made no answer; upon which the Count lighted a match, and waving it over the mouth of the barrel, cried out, 'Get out of the room, Sir, or I will set fire to the powder this instant.' This abated our chal-

lenger's wrath so considerably, that the Count was rid of him in a moment, and he was glad to leave the room without any satisfaction.—I shall expect something from you on this subject, and am,

Sir, your humble Servant,
EPHRAIM MAKEPEACE.

I shall not refuse, in compliance with the request of my correspondent, to give my animadversions on this subject; but as I am not inclined to measure swords on this occasion with any of my predecessors or contemporaries, I shall take a different course, and appear in the cause as an advocate for duelling. The vices and follies of the fashionable world are so connected with each other, that they almost form a regular system; and the practice of them all is absolutely necessary to complete the character of a fine gentleman. A fine gentleman (in the modern sense of the word) is one that whores, games, and wears a sword. Running after loose women is, indeed, in some measure common to this exalted part of mankind with the vulgar; but to live in bagnios, to be kept in repair by Rock or Ward by the quarter, to be in a continual course of pill and electuary, and to make a business of fornication, is the peculiar privilege of a fine gentleman. Gaming is also an essential requisite to this character, and is indeed capable of itself to create a person a gentleman, who has no other pretensions to that title. The greatest scoundrels, provided they were gamblers, have always been permitted to associate with people of fashion; and, perhaps, they hold their title to the best company by the same tenure that the knaves keep their rank among the honours in a pack of cards. But the grand distinguishing mark of a fine gentleman is the wearing a sword. Gentility displays itself in a well fancied sword knot, and honour lies sheathed in the scabbard. All who bear arms have a claim to this character; even our common soldiers (like the knights of old) are dubbed gentlemen on the shoulder; with this only difference, that, instead of the sword, the ceremony is performed by a brown musket.

Upon these and many other weighty considerations, I have resolved not to disturb the tranquillity of the polite world, by railing at their darling vices. A Censor may endeavour to new cock a hat, to raise the stays, or write down the short petticoat, at his pleasure. Persons of quality will vary fashions of themselves, but will always adhere steadily to their vices. I have besides received several letters from surgeons and younger brothers, desiring me to promote as far as lies in my power the modern way of life, and especially the practice of duelling. The former open their case in the most pathetic terms, and assure me if it was not for duels, and the amorous rencounters of fine gentlemen

with the other sex, their profession would scarce support them. As to the young gentlemen, they inveigh bitterly against the unequal distribution of property by the laws of England, and offer me very considerable bribes, if I will espouse the cause of duels and debauchery; without which they scarce have any tolerable chance of coming in for the family estate.

Swift somewhere observes, that these differences very rarely happen among men of sense, and he does not see any great harm, if two worthless fellows send each other out of the world. I shall therefore humbly propose, the more effectually to keep up this spirit, that duels may be included in the Licence-Act among our other public diversions, with a restraining clause, taking away all power from the justices to prohibit these entertainments. I would also propose, for the better accommodation of the public, that scaffolds be erected behind Montague-house, or in any other convenient place, as there are now at Tyburn; and that whenever any two gentlemen quarrel, they shall insert their challenges in the daily papers, after the following manner, in imitation of the late champions at Broughton's Amphitheatre.

I, John Mac-Duel, having been affronted by Richard Flash, hereby challenge him to meet me behind Montague-house on the day of
to go through all the exercise of the small sword; to advance, retire, parry, and thrust in carte, tierce, and seagoon, and to take my life, or lose his own.

JOHN MAC-DUEL.

I, Richard Flash, who have spitted many such dastardly fellows on my sword like larks, promise to meet John Mac-Duel, and doubt not, by running him through the body, to give him gentleman-like satisfaction.

RICHARD FLASH.

By this scheme the public would have an opportunity of being present at these fashionable amusements, and might revive that lost species of gaming (so much lamented in our last paper) by laying bets on the issue of the combat.

It should also be provided, that if either or both are killed, the body or bodies be delivered to the surgeons to be anatomized, and placed in their hall; unless the younger brother or next heir shall give them an equivalent.

It should also be provided by the above-mentioned act, that no person be qualified to fight a duel, who is not worth £500 per ann. For as it is unsportsman-like to admit dunghill cocks into the pit, so it would render this inestimable privilege less valuable, if every mean wretch had a right of being run through the body, who could do the public no service by his death.

T.

No. 32.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1754.

Emunctæ naris————

HOR.

A plain blunt fellow, who, like scented beaux,
With vile pulvilio ne'er begrim'd his nose.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I KNOW not whether you yourself are addicted to a filthy practice, which is frequent among all ranks of people, though detestable even among the lowest. The practice I mean is that of snuff-taking: which I cannot help regarding as a national plague, that, like another epidemic distemper, has taken hold of our noses. You authors may perhaps claim it as a privilege, since snuff is supposed by you to whet the invention, and every one is not possessed of Bayes's admirable receipt, the 'spirit of brains:'—but give me leave to tell you, that snuff should no more be administered in public, than Major's medicinal composition at four-pence a pinch, or any other dose of physic. I know not why people should be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance by smearing their noses with a dirty powder, any more than in using an eye-water, or rubbing their teeth with a dentrifice.

If a stranger to this nasty custom was to observe almost every one 'drawing out his pouncet box, and ever and anon giving it to his nose,' he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a nation of Hottentots; and that every one was obliged to cram his nostrils with a quantity of scented dirt to fence them from the disagreeable effluvia of the rest of the company. Indeed, it might not be absurd in such a stranger to imagine, that the person he conversed with took snuff, for the same reason that another might press his nostrils together between his finger and thumb, to exclude an ill smell.

It is customary among those polite people, the Dutch, to carry with them every where their short dingy pipes, and smoke and spit about a room even in the presence of ladies. This piece of good breeding, however ridiculous it may seem, is surely not more offensive to good manners than the practice of snuff-taking. A very Dutchman would think it odd, that a people who pretend to politeness, should be continually snuffing up a parcel of tobacco dust; nor can I help laughing, when I see a man every minute stealing out a dirty muckender, then sneaking it in again, as much ashamed of his pocket companion as he would be to carry a dishclout about him.

It is, indeed, impossible to go into any large company without being disturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the playhouse continually echo with this music of the nose, and in every corner you may hear them in con-

cert snuffling, sneezing, hawking, and grunting, like a drove of hogs. The most pathetic speech in a tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noses in the front and side boxes; and I have known a whole congregation suddenly raised from their knees in the middle of a prayer by the violent coughing of an old lady, who has been almost choked by a pinch of snuff in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated actor has spoiled his voice by this absurd treatment of his nose, which has made his articulation as dull and drowsy as the hum of a tagpipe; and the parson of our parish is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to snort behind his white handkerchief.

Is it not a wonder, Mr. Town, that snuff, which is certainly an enemy to dress, should yet gain admittance among those who have no other merit than their clothes? I am not to be told, that your men of fashion take snuff only to display a white hand, perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond ring: and I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled themselves with the use of snuff, had they not been seduced by the charms of a fashionable box. The man of taste takes his *Strasburg veritable tabac* from a

right Paris paper box; and the pretty fellow uses an enamelled box lined in the inside with polished metal, that by often opening it, he may have the opportunity of stealing a glance at his own sweet person, reflected in the lid of it.

Though I abhor snuff-taking myself, and would as soon be smothered in a cloud raised by smoking tobacco, as I would willingly suffer the least atom of it to tickle my nose, yet I am exposed to many disgusting inconveniences from the use of it by others. Sometimes I am choked by drawing in with my breath some of the finest particles together with the air; and I am frequently set a sneezing by the odorous effluvia arising from the boxes that surround me. But it is not only my sense of smelling that is offended: you will stare when I tell you, that I am forced to taste, and even to eat and drink this abominable snuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what escapes from her fingers swimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulness of the milk or dross of the sugar. I never dine at a particular friend's house, but I am sure to have as much rappce as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table-beer out of the same mug with him, for fear of coughing from his snuff, if not the liquor going the wrong way. Such eternal snuff-takers as my friend, should, I think, at meal times, have a screen flapping down over the nose and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have seen at the masquerade: or at least they should be separated from the rest of the company, and placed by themselves at the side-table, like the children.

This practice of snuff-taking, however inexcusable in the men, is still more abominable in the other sex. Neatness and cleanliness ought to be always cultivated among the women; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who so industriously bedaubes herself with snuff? I have with pain observed the snow-white surface of a handkerchief or apron sullied with the scatterings from the snuff-box; and whenever I see a lady thus besmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I consider her as no cleaner than the kitchen wench scouring her brasses, and begrimed with brick-dust and fuller's earth. Housewifely accomplishments are at present seldom required in a well-bred woman, or else I should little expect to find a wife in the least notable, who keeps up such a constant correspondence between her fingers and nose; nor, indeed, would any one think her hands at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

It should be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, Mr. Town, that snuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is sure to take a tinge from it: they should therefore be as cautious of acquiring a sallow hue from this bane of a fair skin, as of being tanned or freckled by exposing their delicate faces to the scorching rays of the sun. Besides, as the nose has been always reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they should be as careful to preserve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not suffer it to be undermined or bloated by so pernicious an application as snuff-taking. For my own part, I should as soon admire a celebrated toast with no nose at all, as to see it prostituted to so vile a purpose. They should also consider, that the nose is situated very near the lips; and what relish can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the same time he is obliged to come into close contact with the dirt and rubbish of the former? Rather than snuff-taking should prevail among the ladies, I could wish it were the fashion for them to wear rings in their noses, like the savage nations; nay, I would even carry it still farther, and oblige those pretty females, who could be still slaves to snuff, to have their nostrils bored through as well as their ears, and instead of jewels, to bear rolls of pigtail bobbing over their upper lips.

We cannot otherwise account for this fashion among the women, so unnatural to their sex, than that they want employment for their hands. It was formerly no disgrace for a young lady to be seen in the best company busied with her work; but a girl, now-a-days, would as soon be surprised in twirling a spinning-wheel, as in handling a thread paper. The fan or the snuff-box are now the only implements they dare to use in public; yet surely it would be much more becoming to have the fore-finger pricked and scarified with the point of a needle,

than to see it embrowned with squeezing together a filthy pinch of snuff.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

T.

No. 33.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1754.

*At tu sub urbe possides famen mundam,
Et turre ab altâ prospicis meras laurus;
Pictamque portas otiosus ad Villam.
Ovis, ova, pullos, poma, caseum, mustum
Rus hoc vocari debet, an domus longe?*

MART.

A little country box you boast,
So neat, 'tis cover'd all with dust;
And nought about it to be seen,
Except a nettle-bed, that's green:
Your Villa! rural but the name in,
So desert, it would breed a famine.
Hither, on Sundays, you repair,
While heaps of viands load the chair,
With poultry bought from Leadenhall,
And cabbage from the huckster's stall.
'Tis not the country, you must own;
'Tis only London out of town.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I REMEMBER to have seen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to undertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city, as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to find the people talk the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He, who had spent all his life within the sight of Pont-Neuf, looked upon every one who lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprised, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the *Terra Incognita*.

Most of our late novels are, with some little variation of circumstances, borrowed from the French: but if we should endeavour to adapt the novel I have been speaking of to a citizen of London, the humour of the whole piece would evaporate, and the fiction become unnatural and improbable. A London tradesman is as well acquainted with Turnham-Green or Kentish-Town, as Fleet-street or Cheap-side, and talks as familiarly of Richmond or Hampton-Court, as of the 'Change or the Custom-house. In your late paper, on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country: but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant

rural mansions, which at once show the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

In these dusty retreats, where the want of London smoke is supplied by the smoke of Virginia tobacco, our chief citizens are accustomed to pass the end and the beginning of every week. Their boxes (as they are modestly called) are generally built in a row, to resemble as much as possible the streets in London. Those edifices which stand single, and at a distance from the road, have always a summer-house at the end of a small garden; which being erected upon a wall adjoining to the highway, commands a view of every carriage, and gives the owner an opportunity of displaying his best wig to every one that passes by. A little artificial fountain, spouting water sometimes to the amazing height of four feet, and in which frogs supply the want of fishes, is one of the most exquisite ornaments in these gardens. There are besides (if the spot of ground allows sufficient space for them) very curious statues of Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine, which serve to remind their wives and daughters of what they have seen at the play-house.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted up for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. The hedge on the other side the road cuts off all prospect whatsoever, except from the garrets, from whence indeed you have a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out on my visit betimes in the morning, accompanied by my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide, and carried over with him the London Evening Post, his mistress's hoop, and a dozen of pipes, which they are afraid to trust in the chair. When I came to the end of my walk, I found my friend sitting at the door, in a black velvet cap, smoking his morning pipe. He welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left and the Golden Wheatsheaf on my right he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a dishabille.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion-House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls; on the other was the Death of the Stag, by the happy pencil of

Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured: close by the parlour-door, there hung a pair of stag's horns, over which there was laid across a red roccelo and an amber-headed cane. When I had declared all this to be mighty pretty, I was shown into the parlour, and was presently asked, who that was over the chimney-piece. I pronounced it to be a very striking likeness of my friend, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed periwig, a laced cravat, with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a black livery-gown, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter, with the superscription—To Mr. ———, Common-Councilman of Farringdon Ward Without. My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who, I was informed, was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff, and knighted in the reign of King James the First. Madam herself filled up a pannel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to see what he was pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots, ranged on each side, with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden, he made me take notice of a little square building surrounded with filleroy, which, he told me, an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it; but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occasion.

After dinner, when my friend had finished his pipe, he proposed taking a walk, that we might enjoy a little of the country: so I was obliged to trudge along the foot-path by the road-side, while my friend went puffing and blowing, with his hat in his hand, and his wig half off his head. At last, I told him it was time for me to return home, when he insisted on going with me as far as the half-way house to drink a decanter of stingo before we parted. We here fell into company with a brother livery-man of the same ward, and I left them both together in a high dispute about Canning; but not before my friend had made me promise to repeat my visit to his country house the next Sunday.

As the riches of a country are visible in the number of its inhabitants and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say, that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous; and if the taste for building increases with our opulence, for the next century,

we shall be able to boast of finer country seats belonging to our shopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune; there can, therefore, be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chinese bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler or a Roman pastry-cook? or could any of their shoemakers or tailors boast a villa with its tin cascades, paper statues, and Gothic roof-houses! Upon the above principles, we may expect that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's Apiarium at Brentford, a poulterer's Theriotrophium at Chiswick, and an Ornithon in a fishmonger's garden at Putney.

As a patriot and an Englishman, I cannot but wish that each successive century should increase the opulence of Great Britain: but I should be sorry that this abundance of wealth should induce our good citizens to turn their thoughts too much upon the country. At present, we are deprived of our most eminent tradesmen two days out of six. It is true, the shopkeeper and the travelling part of his family, consisting generally of himself, his wife, and his two eldest daughters, are seldom sufficiently equipped to take leave of London, till about three o'clock on Saturday in the afternoon; but the whole morning of that day is consumed in papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy punch, sorting clean shifts, and night-caps for the children, pinning baskets, and cording trunks; as again is the whole afternoon of the Monday following, in unpinning, uncorning, locking up foul linen, and replacing empty bottles in the cellar. I am afraid, therefore, if the villas of our future tradesmen should become so very elegant, that the shopkeepers will scarce ever be visible behind their counters above once in a month.

Yours, &c.

G. K.

No. 34.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1754.

— *Reprehendere coner,*
— *Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egil.* Hor.

Whene'er he bellows, who but smiles at Quin,
And laughs when Garrick skips like Harlequin?

The French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the audience, by the expression of *jeu de theatre*, which we may translate "the juggle of the theatre." When these little arts are exercised merely to assist nature, and set her off to the best advantage,

none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonery, though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their masks.

As the playhouses are now opened, I cannot better introduce the remarks which I may sometimes take occasion to make on the theatrical world, than by throwing together a few reflections on this "juggle of the theatre;" which, at present, I shall consider chiefly as it relates to the actors. And I hope to merit the thanks of those gentlemen who, while they are solicitous to acquire new beauties, should at the same time endeavour to unlearn their faults and imperfections.

We are indebted to the present times for a judicious reformation of the stage in point of acting; and (by the bye) I could wish, that the same good consequences had been produced with respect to our poets. If a perfect tragedy may be considered as the most difficult production of human wit, the same thing must hold in proportion with respect to an exact representation of it: for if it is necessary for the writer to work up his imagination to such a pitch as to fancy himself in the circumstances of the character he draws, what less must the actor do, who must look as the person represented would look, speak as he would speak, and be in every point the very man? The generation of players that immediately preceded the present, prided themselves on what they called fine speaking: the emotions of the soul were disregarded for a distinct delivery; and with them, as Mr. Johnson has observed of some tragic writers,

Declamation roar'd, while passion slept.

And, indeed, to this uninteresting taste for acting we may partly attribute that enervate way of writing so much in vogue among the Frenchified play-wrights of those times; since nothing could be so well suited to the mouths of those actors, as golden lines, round periods, florid descriptions, and a dispassionate amplification of sentiment.

The false majesty, with which our mimic heroes of the stage had been used to express themselves, was for a long time as distinguished a mark of tragedy, as the plumed hat and full-bottomed periwig; and we may remember, for example, when every line in *Othello* (a character remarkable for variety or passions) was drawn out in the same pompous manner. But as I mean to promote the art, rather than reprove the artists, I shall dwell on this no longer: for methinks I hear a veteran performer cal-

ling out to me in the voice of honest Jack Falstaff, "No more of that, if thou lovest me, Hal."

It is sufficient to remark that, as the dignity of the buskin would be degraded by talking in a strain too low and familiar, the manner of elocution in a tragedy should not, on the other hand, be more remote from our natural way of expressing ourselves, than blank verse (which is the only proper measure for tragedy) is from prose. Our present set of actors have, in general, discarded the dead insipid pomp applauded in their predecessors, and have wisely endeavoured to join with the poet in exciting pity and terror. But as many writers have mistaken rant for passion, and fustian for sublime, so our players have perhaps too much given in to unnatural startings, roarings, and whinings. For this reason our late writers (to accommodate their pieces to the present taste) having placed their chief pathos in exclamations and broken sentences, have endeavoured to alarm us with Ahs and Ohs, and pierce our souls with interjections. Upon the whole, it must be acknowledged, that the stage is considerably improved in the art of speaking. Every passion is now distinguished by its proper tone of voice; I shall therefore only add, that when I hear a player laboriously placing an unnatural stress upon particular words, and panting with emphasis, I cannot help comparing him to the pavier, who at every thump of his rammer cries *hem*.

I have observed, that the tragedians of the last age studied fine speaking: in consequence of which, all their action consisted in little more than strutting with one leg before the other, and waving one or both arms in a continual see-saw. Our present actors have perhaps run into a contrary extreme: their gestures sometimes resemble those afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance; their whole frame appears to be convulsed: and I have seen a player in the last act so miserably distressed, that a deaf spectator would be apt to imagine he was complaining of the cholick or the tooth-ach. This has also given rise to that unnatural custom of throwing the body into various strange attitudes. There is not a passion necessary to be expressed, but has produced dispositions of the limbs not to be found in any of the paintings or sculptures of the best masters. A graceful gesture and easy deportment is, indeed, worthy the care of every performer: but when I observe him writhing his body into more unnatural contortions than a tumbler at Sadler's Wells, I cannot help being disgusted to see him "imitate humanity so abominably." Our pantomime authors have already begun to reduce our comedies into grotesque scenes; and if this taste for attitude should continue to be popular, I would recommend it to those ingenious gentlemen, to adapt our best tragedies to the same use, and entertain us with the like jealousy

of Othello in dumb show, or the tricks of Harlequin Hamlet.

Before I dismiss this article, it may be expected that I should say something concerning the behaviour proper for our ladies. We must allow them on all occasions to roll the eye, stretch up the neck, heave the chest, and with a thousand little tricks set off their person, if not their part, to the most advantage. The pomp of the old stage has not yet been altogether reformed, either with respect to our heroines or our heroes. A weeping princess (though, perhaps, she is hurried on the stage with grief and despair) cannot decently make the entrance without being led in between two mourning damsels in black; and a heroine must always be accompanied by one or more pages, to smooth her train when ruffled by passion. The hero now seldom sweats beneath the weight of a nodding plume of swan feathers, or has his face half hid with an enormous bush of white horse-hair: I could also wish (if possible) that the manager was saved the unnecessary expense of three yards of velvet for the trains of his Amazons; and that the chambermaids (as well as the militia of the theatres) were dismissed, and the pages, together with the dirty lords in waiting, blotted out of the mute *Dramatis Personæ*.

The mention of these particulars naturally reminds me, how far the juggle of the theatre is concerned in the affair of dress. Many will agree with me, that almost the only distress of the last act in the *Fair Penitent* arises from the pitiful appearance of Calista in weeds, with every thing hung in black baize about her; and the players are afraid we should lose sight of Hamlet's pretended madness, if the black stocking, discovering a white one underneath, was not rolled half way down the leg. A propriety in dress is absolutely necessary to keep up the general deception; and a performer properly habited, who by his whole deportment enters deeply into the circumstances of the character he represents, makes us for a while fancy every thing before us real; but when by some ill-judged piece of art, he departs from the simplicity of imitation, and "oversteps the modesty of nature," he calls us back to the theatre, and excites passions very different from those he aims at.

I cannot better illustrate what has been said on this last subject, than by giving instances of two artifices of this kind; one of which is employed (as I conceive) to raise pity, and the other terror.

When the Romeo of Drury-Lane comes to die at Juliet's monument, we are surprised to see him enter in a suit of black. This, I suppose, is intended as a stroke of the pathetic; but, not to dwell on the poverty of the artifice, it is in this place a manifest violation of the poet's

meaning. Romeo is supposed to come post from Mantua—"Get me post horses, I will hence to-night"—so that if our Roscius must be so very exact in dressing the character, he should appear at the tomb in a riding frock and boots. But a mourning coat will excite pity, "and let the devil wear black," (says our Hamlet-Romeo,) "for I'll have a suit of sables."—The same player, after having acted that noble scene in the second act of *Macbeth*, in so fine a manner, that one would almost imagine both the poet and the player must have been murderers to represent one so well, goes out to execute the supposed murder. After a short space he returns as from the fact; but though the expression in his face is still remarkably excellent, one cannot but smile to observe, that he has been employing himself behind the scenes in putting his wig awry, and untying one of the ties to it. This doubtless is designed to raise terror; but to every discerning spectator it must appear most absurdly ridiculous: for who can forbear laughing, when he finds that the player would have us imagine, that the same deed, which has thrown all that horror and confusion into his countenance, had also untwisted one of the tails of his periwig?

No. 35.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1754.

Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum! Hon.

The fool sucks wisdom, as he porter sups,
And cobblers grow fine speakers in their cups.

As I am willing to do every thing in my power to celebrate so illustrious a body as the Robin Hood Society, I have taken the first opportunity of laying the following letter before the public.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

That part of your last paper, in which you considered the art of speaking as far as it regards theatrical performances, gives me reason to hope, that you will not overlook the merits of the Robin Hood Society, where that art is practised in its greatest perfection. You will do well to recommend it to the gentlemen of the theatre to attend those weekly meetings for their improvement as soon as possible; and I dare say you will join with me in giving the same advice to the younger part of our clergy and our lawyers, as well as our members of parliament. The stage, the pulpit, the bar, and the senate-house cannot furnish us with such glorious examples of the power of oratory, as are to be met with in this society; where the most important questions in every branch of knowledge are discussed, and where the disputants are all of them

equally versed in religion, law, politics, and the drama.

The institution of this school of eloquence far exceeds any thing that the ancients could boast. Every sect, that was known among the Grecians and Romans, has its votaries here also. I have seen a tailor a Stoic, a shoemaker a Platonist, and a cook an Epicurean. They affect to entertain a profound veneration for Socrates, often preferring him to any of the apostles: though instead of declaring with this wise philosopher, that they know nothing, the members of the Robin Hood Society profess to know every thing.

For my own part, I confess myself so charmed with their proceedings, that I constantly attend them: and when I see all their members assembled with each his pewter mug before him, I cannot help preferring this social meeting to any ancient symposium whatever: and when I further observe them first take a swig, and then speak with such amazing force of argument, I am apt to conclude that truth, instead of being hid in a well, as was said by an old philosopher, must lie at the bottom of a tankard of porter.

There is no grace or excellence in oratory, but is displayed in the Robin Hood Society to the greatest advantage. Demosthenes being asked what was the first quality in an orator, replied—action; what the second—action; what the third—action. Upon this principle one of the members, for whom I have a vast respect, is the greatest orator that ever lived. He never troubles himself about the order or substance of what he delivers, but waves his hand, tosses his head, abounds in several new and beautiful gestures, and from the beginning of his speech to the end of it, takes no care but to set it off with action. Tully tells us, that it is the business of an orator “to prove, delight, and convince.” Proof and conviction our Society is always sure to give us; for else how could it ever come to pass, that so many young men should have learned from these disquisitions, that there is no God, that the soul is mortal, that religion is a jest, and many other truths, which they would otherwise never have discovered. The nature of their questions is also for the most part so entertaining, that the disputes about them cannot fail of giving delight: and there is a peculiarity in the oratory of the place, which greatly conduces to that end. The speakers do not always think themselves obliged to drive in the dull direct road to the point, but indulge themselves in a larger scope, that allows room for novelty and entertainment. When the question has been concerning the veracity of the Bible, I have known a gentleman get up, and beginning with William the Conqueror, give the audience an abstract of as many reigns as his five minutes would allow him to despatch. I lately remember the question to have been, “Whether a bridge

from Black Friars to Southwark would be of public benefit,” when a facetious gentleman employed himself in demonstrating the great utility of the bridge of the nose, and the bridge of a fiddle. In a word, our orators are at once serious and comical; and they make gravity and mirth almost constantly attend each other, like their own Robin Hood and Little John. The solidity, and, at the same time, the smartness of their speeches, are equally remarkable. They pun with a grave face, and make quibbles and conundrums with the air of a philosopher. The writings of different authors have been compared to wines; but the orations delivered here can be resembled to nothing so properly as the liquors of the Society; for while they are at once so weighty and so sharp, they seem to be an equal mixture of porter and lemonade.

It would be endless to enumerate the advantages resulting from this society. The wonderful improvement it has already made in our mechanics is very evident. It calls off our tradesmen from the practice of honesty in their common dealings, and sets them upon inquiries concerning right and wrong, and the moral fitness of things. The Spectator has told us of the rhetoric of a toyman; but you, Mr. Town, might acquaint posterity of the eloquence of bakers, barbers, carpenters, and blacksmiths: you may every day hear discourses on religion from the shopboard, and researches into philosophy from behind the counter. When you took notice of the want of learning in our people of quality, you ought in justice to have acknowledged the amazing erudition of our tradesmen. The plebeians of Rome were mere brutes to our common people; and I am of opinion, that the public room under that in which this weekly meeting is held, instead of being furnished with the busts of our English poets, should be adorned with the heads of the learned shoemakers, tallow-chandlers, bakers, &c. that constitute this excellent society.

We may venture to say, that the Royal Society and the Robin Hood are the two greatest ornaments of this nation; and, as the former now and then gives us an account of their transactions, it were to be wished, that the fellows of the latter would also from time to time oblige us with a history of their proceedings. We should then see by what means so many proselytes have been made from bigotry and superstition; by what degrees a young disputant from a raw Christian ripens into a Deist, from a Deist into a Freethinker, and from a Freethinker (by a very short step) into an Atheist. We should also know the effect that the disputations at this weekly meeting have upon our lives and conversations: and from thence judge how much a design of this nature deserves public encouragement. I have here flung together a short account of some of the former

members, and upon a review of it cannot but lament, that it seems to be the peculiar fate of great orators, such as Demosthenes and Tully for example, to come to an unhappy end.

Mat Prig, a merchant's clerk, was converted from Christianity, by the arguments which were brought against Revelation.

Aaron Ben Saddai was converted from the Jewish faith, by the arguments brought against Moses and the Patriarchs.

Will Positive was a strong Fatalist, and at the same time a vehement advocate for man's free-will. At last he gave a proof of his free agency by shooting himself through the head.

Jack Wildfire was convinced of the innocence of fornication, used to declaim against the absurd institution of matrimony, and at twenty-six died a bachelor in the Lock Hospital.

Solomon Square stood up for the religion of nature, and the immutable rule of right and wrong, in preference to the laws of the community. However, he was unfortunately detected in an attempt to carry off a silver tankard from the bar of the house, and was sent to propagate morality in foreign parts.

Bob Booty was a strict Hobbian, and maintained, that men were in a natural state of war with each other. He at last died a martyr to these principles, and now hangs on a gibbet on Hounslow heath.

John Dismal, after having argued one night against the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul, went home and was found the next morning hanging in his garters.

Thomas Broadcloth, Citizen and Mercer, was very much admired for his speeches upon trade. After he had been in business for two years, he became bankrupt, and was indicted for felony in secreting his effects.

Richard Goosequill, attorney at law, was remarkable for his patriotism and the love of his country. He was convicted of bribery and corruption in a late election, in which he was employed as an agent.

Jeremy Crispin, Cordwainer, used constantly to attend the club for edification, though he was forced from time to time to pawn his own and his wife's clothes to raise the weekly sixpence for his admittance. In the space of three years he had been a Papist, a Quaker, an Anabaptist, a Jew, an Arian, a Socinian, a Mahometan, a Methodist, a Deist, and an Atheist. His wife and four children have been sent to the work-house. He is at present confined in Bedlam, and calls himself the President of the Robin Hood Society.

O.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant, &c.

No. 36.] THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1754.

*Non sic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtis,
Nec folia Hyberno jam tremefacta Notis.*

PROPERTY.

Our dress, still varying, nor to forms confined,
Shifts like the sands, the sport of ev'ry wind.

I HAVE somewhere seen a print, representing a man and woman of every nation of the world, drest according to the mode of their respective countries. I could not help reflecting at the time that the fashions, which prevail in England for the space of a century, would enable any of our painters to fill a picture with as great a variety of habits; and that an Englishman or Englishwoman, in one part of the piece, would be no more like an Englishman or Englishwoman in the other, than a Frenchman resembles a Chinese. Very extraordinary revolutions have already happened in the habits of this kingdom; and as dress is subject to unaccountable changes, posterity may perhaps see without surprise our ladies strut about in breeches, while our men waddle in hoop petticoats.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was the fashion for the ladies to conceal and wrap up as much of their bodies as they could: Their necks were encompassed with a broad ruff, which likewise spread itself over their bosoms: and their sleeves were continued down and fastened close to their wrists, while only their feet were allowed just to peep from beneath the modest fardingale; so that nothing was exposed to the impertinent eye of man but their faces. Our modern ladies have run into the contrary extreme, and appear like so many Rope-dancers: they have discarded as much of their clothes as with any tolerable decency can be thrown off, and may be said (like the Indian) to be all face: the neck and bosom are laid bare, and disentangled from the invidious veil of a handkerchief; the stays are sunk half way down their waist, and the petticoat has risen in the same proportion from the ankle. Nor is the lover only captivated by the naked charms, which meet his sight before; but our ladies, like the Parthians, have also learned the art of wounding from behind, and attract our attention no less by laying their shoulders open to the view; which (as a young physician of my acquaintance once observed) makes them look, as if they were prepared to receive a blister. A naked lady is no longer the admiration only of a masquerade: every public assembly will furnish us with Iphigenias undrest for the sacrifice; and if the next summer should happen to be a hot one, our ladies will perhaps improve on the thin vesture of the Spartan virgins, and appear abroad in nothing but a gause shade and lawn petticoat. If the men should take the hint from the other sex, and begin to strip in their turn, I tremble to think what may be the consequence;

for, if they go on in proportion with the women, we may soon expect to see our fine gentleman, like the Highlanders, without breeches.

It would be endless to trace the strange revolutions, that have happened in every part of the female dress, within these few years. The hoop has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter churn to the circumference of three hogsheds: at one time it was sloped from the waist in a pyramidal form; at another it was bent upwards like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed up on each side, came in contact with the ears. At present it is nearly of an oval form, and scarce measures from end to end above twice the length of the wearer. The hoop has, indeed, lost much of its credit in the female world, and has suffered much from the innovation of short sacks and negligees; which, it must be confessed, are equally becoming of the lady of pleasure and the lady of quality: for as the men will agree, that next to no clothes at all nothing is more ravishing than an easy dishabille, our ladies for that reason perhaps come into public places, as if they were just got out of bed, or as if they were ready to go into it. This, while it is the fashion, must be agreeable: but I must own, that I could sooner approve of their encircling themselves in so many ells of whalebone, than to see them affect to appear with their clothes huddled on so loosely and indecently. This manner of dressing, or rather not dressing, was brought from Paris; but I would have my fair readers consider, that as this loose method of dress is calculated to hide any defects in the body, it is very impolitic to suffer all that symmetry and elegant turn of shape they are mistresses of, to be smothered under it; since these habits can be of no more service to their persons, than paint (that other Paris commodity) can add to the natural red and white of their complexion, though perhaps it may heighten the sallow visages of the French.

But of all the branches of female dress, no one has undergone more alterations than that of the head. The long lappets, the horse-shoe-cap, the Brussels head, and the prudish mob pinned under the chin, have all of them had their day. The present mode has rooted out all these superfluous excrescences, and in the room of a slip of cambric or lace, has planted a whimsical sprig of spangles or artificial flowerets. We may remember when, for a while, the hair was tortured into ringlets behind; at present, it is braided into a queue (like those formerly worn by the men, and still retaining the original name of *Ramilles*), which, if it were not reverted upwards, would make us imagine, that our fine ladies were afflicted with the *plica polonica*.

If the caps have passed through many meta-

morphoses, no less a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milkmaid's chip hat, were rescued for a time from old women and servant girls, to adorn heads of the first fashion. Nor was the method of cocking hats less fluctuating, till they were at length settled to the present mode; by which it is ordered, that every hat, whether of straw or silk, whether of the chambermaid or mistress, must have their flaps turned up perpendicularly both before and behind. If the end of a lady's dress was not rather ornamental than useful, we should think it a little odd, that hats, which seem naturally intended to screen their faces from the heat or severity of the weather, should be moulded into a shape that prevents their answering either of these purposes: but we must, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the present hats worn by the women are more bold and impudent than the broad brimmed staring Kevanhullers worn a few years ago by the men. These hats are also decorated with two waving pendants of ribbon, hanging down from the brim on the left side. I am not so much offended at the flaming air which these streamers carry with them, as I am afraid lest it should spoil the charming eyes of my pretty countrywomen, which are constantly provoked to cast a glance at them; and I have myself often observed an obliging ogle or ravishing leer intercepted by these mediums; so that, when a lady has intended to charm her lover, she has shocked him with a hideous squint.

The ladies have long been severely rallied on their too great attention to finery: but, to own the truth, dress seems at present to be as much the study of the male part of the world as the female. We have gentlemen, who "will lie a whole night (as *Benedick* says) carving the fashion of a new doublet." They have their toilettes, too, as well as the ladies, set out with washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and will spend the whole morning in scenting their linen, dressing their hair, and arching their eyebrows. Their heads (as well as the ladies) have undergone various mutations, and have worn as many different kinds of wigs, as the block at their barber's. About fifty years ago, they buried their heads in a bush of hair; "and the beaux (as *Swift* says) lay hid beneath the penthouse of a full bottomed periwig." But as they then showed nothing but the nose, mouth, and eyes, the fine gentlemen of our time not only oblige us with their full faces, but have drawn back the side curls quite to the tip of the ear.

As France appears to be the wardrobe of the world, I shall conclude my paper with a piece of secret history, which gives us some insight into the origin of deriving all our fashions from thence.—The celebrated Lord Foppington,

among his other amours, had once an intrigue with a milliner of Covent Garden, who, after some time, brought a lovely girl into the world, and called her after his Lordship's surname, Fashion. The milliner brought up the child in her own house to the age of fifteen, at which time she grew very pressing with Lord Poppington to make some provision for his daughter. My lord, who was never much pleased with this consequence of his amours, that he might be rid of the girl for ever, put her into the hands of a friend, who was going abroad, to place her in a nunnery: but the girl, who had very little of the vestal in her disposition, contrived to escape from her conductor, and flew to Paris. There her beauty and sprightliness soon procured her many friends; and she opened a genteel shop in her mother's business. She soon made herself remarkable for contriving the most elegant head-dresses, and cutting out ruffles with the most ravishing slope: her fancy was, besides, so inexhaustible, that she almost every day produced a great variety of new and beautiful patterns. She had many adorers, and at last married his Most Christian Majesty's tailor. This alliance brought the dress of all Paris under their jurisdiction; and the young lady, out of a natural love to her native country, proposed the extending their care to the fine gentlemen and ladies of London. In pursuance of this, Monsieur, her husband, two or three times in the year, transmits a suit of clothes entirely *a la Paris*, as a pattern to Messieurs Regnier and Lynch, of Leicester Fields and Pall Mall, while his wife sends over a little wooden Mademoiselle to her relations in Tavistock Street. T.

No. 37.] THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1754.

—Eja! sudabis satis.

Si cum illo incæptas homine: ea eloquentia est! TER.

By my troth, you will sweat for it, if you once begin with this man: he has such amazing eloquence!

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me, that after having considered the art of speaking in the theatre, as also celebrated the practice of it in the Robin Hood Society, my remarks will not be complete, except I take notice of the extraordinary eloquence of the Clare Market Orator. He desires me to remember, that this universal genius has, from time to time, declared from his rostrum, with a thundering elocution, 'that there is but one orator in the world, and He is the man—that Sir Robert Walpole, and all the great men in the kingdom, have been his scholars—and that bishops have come to his oratory to learn to preach.'

I have, indeed, observed with a good deal of

concern, that the orator has of late discontinued to oblige the public with his Sunday evening lectures as usual. Instead of seeing his Oratory Chapel shut up, I was in hopes that every parish-church in the kingdom would be opened on the same principles. How much more salutary were his tenets, setting forth the sufficiency of reason, than the cold doctrine of our clergy preaching up the necessity of faith? how superior was his form of prayer to our whole liturgy, and how much better adapted to particular occasions?—'A prayer for a sinking bridge!—prayer for the White Rose!—prayer for Jackson's Journal!—prayer for the heads on Temple Bar!'—In these pious addresses he would first invoke the Supreme Being in the most solemn manner; then suddenly slide into the familiar, and pray—'that we might not hear the croaking of Dutch nightingales in the king's chambers;'—or on another occasion, 'that our clergy might not study Shakspeare more than the gospel, and that they might be rather employed on the evangelists, than As you like it, or Much ado about nothing.'

I cannot but likewise lament the loss of the entertainment which his advertisements used to give us every Saturday in the newspapers. The terms in which they were commonly expressed were clear and elegant, and furnished the reader with an admirable idea of the Doctor's manner from the pulpit. For instance, when he told you his text was from Isaiah, and quoted these words—'Strt? 10 Jun! No Hnvr! Down with the Rmp!'—we might form a tolerable judgment of the great reverence he paid the Bible; and when he called his assembly, 'The Oratory—P. Charles's Chapel,' we might guess at his loyalty and patriotism. These were the advantages which we derived from his Chapel; and, if the Oratory remains shut, I shall begin to fear, that things will continue in their present shocking state; and that the scheme lately proposed in one of my papers, for abolishing christianity, will not take effect; at which I am more particularly concerned, as it will hinder the advancement of this great man. For, if such a revolution should happen in the church, the orator's principles would be found so entirely fundamental, that he would probably then hold some honourable station equal to our present Archbishop of Canterbury.

The public, for these reasons, will doubtless join with me in a petition, that this illustrious divine would again resume his station in the pulpit. At least I could wish, that some able theologist, who has been long practised in deciding on the most abstruse points of religion in the Robin Hood Society, may be deputed, in the absence of the orator, to officiate as his curate. I would also recommend it to the members of the above-mentioned Society, to attend these lectures regularly; from whence they may

gather stronger arguments for their disputations, than from reading Collins, Chubb, Tindale, Bolingbroke, or any other orthodox Free-thinker whatever. Upon the whole, I cannot conclude without observing, that such is the ingratitude of the age, that the singular merits of our orator are not sufficiently regarded. He is, indeed, deservedly caressed by the butchers of Clare Market; but had our orator been born at Athens or Rome, he would certainly have been deified as the god of butchers, have been worshipped like Osiris under the figure of a calf, or have had a statue erected to him in the Forum or Market place, among the shambles.

Thus much I thought myself bound to say in praise of the orator and oratory, as he has some time ago done me the honour of a letter, which I am very glad of this opportunity to communicate to my readers. The private epistles of Tully are very unequal to his orations: but the following letter is in the very style and spirit of our orator's animated discourses from the pulpit. I shall therefore present it to the public exactly as I received it, without presuming to alter or suppress the least syllable.

TO MR. BALDWIN AND TO MR. TOWN.

1754, July 26.

THE liberty of the press, as you practise it, and your author, Mr. Town (i. e. Mr. Nobody, for he dares not publish his name and abode, nor confront one he abuses) is the greatest of grievances; it is the liberty of lying and slandering, and destroying reputations to make your paper sell; reputation is dearer than life, and your scribbler's blood shall answer your scandal:— You have published the Scoundrel's Dictionary, put his name and your own into it; he and you have often bespattered the orator and oratory in Clare Market—the oratory is not in Clare Market, which is in a different parish; so that you and he lye;* and butchers are [seldom blotted out] never there;— You both lye, too, in saying that it is calculated (intended) for atheism and infidelity.—Its religion is—the “obligation of man to resemble the attributes of God to his power, by the practice of universal right reason; believing christianity of Christ called reason the wisdom of God.—This is the reverse of atheism and infidelity—and blasphemy.”——

The writer of the following, who signs him-

* This reminds me of a similar defence made by Ward the doggerel-writer, whose genius for poetry was exactly of a piece with that of our orator for prose compositions. Jacob, in his account of Ward, happened to say, that “of late years he had kept a public-house in the city.” This Mr. Ward highly resented: and in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared it to be a Lye, protesting “that his public-house was not in the city, but in Moor-Fields.”

self a Member of the Robin Hood Society, threatens me, that in case I do not print his letter immediately, the question, “whether Mr. Town be a greater fool or a scoundrel,” shall be debated at their next meeting.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I would have you to know, that the person as sent you the account of our Club did not do right. He represents us all as a pack of tradesmen and mechanics, and would have you think as how there are no gentlemen among us. But that is not the case: I am a gentleman, and we have a great many topping people besides. Though Mr. President is but a baker, and we have a shoemaker, and some other handicraftsmen, that come to talk: yet I can assure you they know as much of religion and the good of their country (and other such matters) as any of we gentlemen. But, as I said, we have a good many topping folks beside myself: for there is not a night but we have several young lawyers, and counsellors, and doctors, and surgeons, and captains, and poets, and players, and a great many Irishmen and Scotchmen (very fine speakers) who follow no business; besides several foreigners, who are all of them great men in their own country. And we have one squire, who lives at t'other end of the town, and always comes in his chariot.

And so, as I said, we have a good many tip-top people, as can talk as well as any of your play-folks or parsons: and as for my part every body knows that I am a lord's gentleman, and never was the man that wore a livery in my life. I have been of the Club more or less, off and on, for these six years, and never let a question pass me, Mr. President knows it: and though I say it that should not say it, I can talk (and so can any of our Club) as well as the best of you poets can write. And so as I said, I expect you will put it in your paper, that we have a great many gentlemen in our club besides myself.

Your humble servant,

T.

JAMES WAIT.

No. 38.] THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1754.

—*Equos ut qui mercantur.*—

HOR.

To have and hold for better and for worse,
We buy a wife, just as we buy a horse.

At a certain coffee-house, near the Temple, the bar is kept by a pretty coquet; a piece of furniture almost as necessary for a coffee-room in that situation as the newspapers. This lady, you may be sure, has many admirers, who are now and then glad of an opportunity to relieve them-

selves from the severe study of the law by a soft conversation with this fair one, and repeating on the occasion all the tender things they can remember from plays, or whatever else Orgeate or Capillaire can inspire. Among the many pretenders to her favour there is one faithful swain, who has long entertained a serious passion for her. This tender hearted gentleman, who is grown so lean with living upon love, that one would imagine "the blasts of January would blow him through and through," comes every evening, and sits whole hours by the bar, gazing at his mistress, and taking in large draughts of love and hyson tea. Never was swain in such cruel circumstances. He is forced to bear with patience all the haughty insolence of the goddess of bread and butter; who, as she knows him in her power, keeps him at a distance, though she behaves with the pertest familiarity to the other coxcombs, who are continually buzzing about her. At eleven he sneaks off pale and discontented; but cannot forbear coming again the next evening, though he knows how vilely he shall be used by his mistress, and that he is laughed at even by the waiters.

If all true lovers were obliged, like this unhappy gentleman, to carry on his courtships in public, we should be witness to many scenes equally ridiculous. Their awkward desire of pleasing influences every trivial gesture; and when once love has got possession of a man's heart, it shows itself down to the tips of his fingers. The conversation of a languishing innamorato is made up chiefly of dumb signs, such as sighs, ogles, or glances; but if he offers to break his passion to his mistress, there is such a stammering, faltering, and half-wording the matter, that the language of love, so much talked of by poets, is in truth no language at all. Whoever should break in upon a gentleman and lady, while so critical a conversation is going forward, would not forbear laughing at such an extraordinary *tele-a-tete*, and would perhaps cry out with Ranger, that 'nothing looks so silly as a pair of your true lovers.'

Since true and sincere love is sure to make its votaries thus ridiculous, we cannot sufficiently commend our present people of quality, who have made such laudable attempts to deliver themselves and posterity from its bondage. In a fashionable wedding the man or woman are neither of them considered as reasonable creatures, who come together in order to 'comfort, love, cherish, honour, or obey,' according to their respective duties, but are regarded merely as instruments of joining one estate to another. Acre marries acre; and to increase and multiply their fortunes, is in genteel matches the chief consideration of man and wife. The courtship is carried on by the council of each party; and they pay their addresses by billet-doux upon

parchment. The great convenience of expelling love from matrimony is very evident: Married persons of quality are never troubled with each other's company abroad, or fatigued with dull matrimonial discourses at home: my lord keeps his girl, my lady has her gallant; and they both enjoy all the fashionable privileges of wedlock without the inconveniences. This would never be the case, if there was the least spark of love subsisting between them; but they must be reduced to the same situation with those wretches, who (as they have nothing to settle on each other but themselves) are obliged to make up the deficiencies of fortune by affection. But while these miserable, fond, doating, unfashionable couples are obliged to content themselves with love and a cottage, people of quality enjoy the comforts of indifference and a coach and six.

The late Marriage Act is excellently adapted to promote this prudential proceeding with respect to wedlock. It will in time inevitably abolish the old system of founding matrimony on affection; and marrying for love will be given up for the sake of marrying according to act of Parliament. There is now no danger of a handsome worthy young fellow of small fortune running away with an heiress; for it is not sufficient to insinuate himself into the lady's favour by a voluble tongue and a good person, unless he can also subdue the considerate parents or guardians by the merits of his rent-roll. As this act promotes the method of disposing of children by way of bargain and sale, it consequently puts an end to that ridiculous courtship, arising from simple love. In order therefore to confirm (as far as possible) the happy consequences of this act, I have been long endeavouring to hit on some expedient, by which all the circumstances preparatory to wedlock may be carried on in a proper manner. A Smithfield bargain being so common in metaphor, I had once some thoughts of proposing to realize it, and had almost completed a plan, by which all the young persons (like servant girls at a statute fair in the country) were to be brought to market, and disposed of in one part of Smithfield, while the sheep and horses were on sale in another.

In the midst of these serious considerations, I received a scheme of this nature from my good friend Mr. Keith, whose chapel the late marriage act has rendered useless on its original principles. This reverend gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put to sale, proposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messieurs Henson and Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction; Mr. Keith intends setting up a repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as

the doctor himself expresses it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman, who has a colt's tooth remaining, may match himself with a tight young filly.

The doctor makes no doubt but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on its first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the fleet. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the parliament, that as he has been so great a sufferer by the marriage act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in May-Fair may still continue the grand mart for marriages. Of the first day of sale proper notice will be given in the public papers; and in the meantime I am desired to communicate the following specimen to my readers.

CATALOGUE of Males and Females, to be disposed of in Marriage to the best Bidder, at Mr. Keith's Repository in May-Fair.

A Lady of quality, very high blood; related by the mother's side to a peer of France; her dam came from one of the oldest families in Wales, and her great-great-grand-sire was brought over with William the Conqueror. Fit to go in a coach and six, and proper for any rich tradesman, who is desirous to mend the breed. Her lowest price to prevent trouble is £500 per ann. pin-money, and a proportionable jointure.

A Young Lady of £100,000 fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

A homely thing that can read, write, cast accounts and make an excellent pudding.—This lot to be bid for by none but shop-keepers or country parsons.

Three Maiden Ladies—Aged—to be bid for by none but stout young fellows of six foot, sound wind and limb, and without blemish.

Four Widows, young and rich—to be bid for by none but things of mettle and high blood.

The Daughter of a country Squire—the father of this Lady came to town to sell a yoke of oxen at Smithfield, and a load of hay in the Hay-Market. Whoever buys them shall have the lady into the bargain.

A Methodist Lady, relict of a Knight deceased within this twelvemonth—would be a good bargain to any handsome young gentleman, who would comfort her in the spirit.

A very pretty Young Woman, but a good deal in debt—would be glad to marry a Member of Parliament, or a Jew.

A handsome Housekeeper, just come out of the country—would do for any private gentleman. She has been used to go in a one-horse-chair, and is fit for a citizen's service on a Sunday.

A tall Irishman, warranted sound, lately in the possession of a lady dowager. The reason of his being sold is, that the owner (who is married) has no further use for him.

A Blood of the first rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove very tractable.

A Hackney Writer, troubled with the farcy, broken-winded, and very poor—would be glad to be released from his present master, a bookseller, and bear the less grievous yoke of matrimony. Whoever will take him into feeding shall have his Pegasus into the bargain.

A Young Ward, now in training at Eton School.—The guardian is willing to part with him to any lady for a round sum of money.—If not sold, he will be sent into the country, and matched with his guardian's daughter.

Five Templars—all Irish—No one to bid for these lots of less than £10,000 fortune.

Wanted—four dozen of young fellows, and one dozen of young women willing to marry to advantage—to go to Nova Scotia. W.

No. 39.] THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1754.

—Sepulchri

Mitte supervacuos honores.

HOR.

These but the trappings and the signs of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

As I was passing the other night through a narrow little lane in the skirts of the city, I was stopped by a grand procession of a hearse and three mourning coaches drawn by six horses, accompanied with a great number of flambeaus and attendants in black. I naturally concluded, that all this parade was employed to pay the last honours to some eminent person, whose consequence in life required, that his ashes should receive all the respect which his friends and relations could pay them: but I could not help smiling, when upon inquiry I was told, that the corpse (on whom all this expense had been lavished) was no other than Tom Taster the cheesemonger, who had lain in state all the week at his house in Thames-street, and was going to be deposited with his ancestors in White-Chapel burying-ground.—This illustrious personage was the son of a butcher in White-Chapel, and died, indeed, but in indifferent circumstances; his widow, however, for the honour of her family, was resolved at all events to bury him handsomely.

I have already taken notice of that ridiculous affectation among the middling sort of people, which induces them to make a figure beyond their circumstances: nor is this vanity less absurd, which extends to the dust, and by which

the dead are made accessory in robbing the living. I have frequently known a greater sum expended at the funeral of a tradesman, than would have kept his whole family for a twelvemonth; and it has more than once happened, that the next heir has been flung into gaol for not being able to pay the undertaker's bill.

This absurd notion of being handsomely buried has given rise to the most contradictory customs, that could possibly be contrived for the advantage of death hunters. As funerals are at present conducted, all distinction is lost among us; and there is no more difference between the duke and the dancing-master in the manner of their burial, than is to be found between their dust in the grave. It is easy to account for the introduction of the hearse and mourning-coach in our funeral ceremonies; though their propriety is entirely destroyed by the promiscuous use of them. Our ancient and noble families may be supposed to have particular family-vaults near their mansion-houses in the country, and in which their progenitors have been deposited for ages. It is therefore very natural, that persons of distinction, who had been used to be conveyed to their country-seats by a set of horses, should be also transported to their graves by the same number; and be attended with the same magnificence at their deaths, which they had been accustomed to in their lives. The spirit of affecting the manners of the great, has made others vie with people of quality in the pomp of their burials. A tradesman, who has trudged on foot all his life, shall be carried after death, scarce a hundred yards from his house, with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whose ambition never soared beyond the occasional one horse chair, must be dragged to his long home by six horses. Such an ill-timed ostentation of grandeur appears to me no less ridiculous than the vanity of the highway-man, who sold his body to the surgeons, that he might hire a mourning-coach, and go to the gallows like a gentleman.

There is another custom, which was doubtless first introduced by the great, but has been since adopted by others, who have not the least title to it. The herald's office was originally instituted for the distinction and preservation of gentility; and nobody is allowed to bear a coat of arms, but what belongs to the family, and who is entitled to that honourable badge. From this consideration we may account for the practice of hanging the hearse round with escutcheons, on which the arms of the deceased were blazoned, and which served to denote whose ashes it conveyed. For the same purpose an achievement was afterwards fixed over the door of the late habitation of the deceased. This ensign of death may fairly be indulged, where the persons are ennobled by their birth or station, and where it serves to remind the passer-by of any great or

good actions performed by the deceased, or to inspire the living with an emulation of their virtues. But why, forsooth, cannot an obscure or insignificant creature go out of the world, without advertising it by the achievement? For my part, I generally consider it as a bill on an empty house, which serves the widow to acquaint us, that the former tenant is gone, and that another occupier is wanted in his room. Many families have, indeed, been very much perplexed in making out their right to this mark of gentility, and great profit has arisen to the herald's office by the purchase of arms for this purpose. Many a worthy tradesman of plebeian extraction has been made a gentleman after his decease by the courtesy of his undertaker; and I once knew a keeper of a tavern, who not being able to give an account of his wife's genealogy, put up his sign, the King's Arms, for an achievement at her death.

It was the custom, in the time of the plague, to fix a mark on those houses, in which any one had died. This probably may have given rise to the general fashion of hanging up an achievement. However this be, it is now designed as a polite token, that a death has happened in the family; and might reasonably be understood as a warning to keep people from intruding on their grief. No such thing is, indeed, intended by it; I am therefore of opinion, that it ought every where to be taken down after the first week. Whatever outward signs of mourning may be preserved, no regard is ever paid to them within: the same visitings, the same cardplayings, are carried on as before, and so little respect is shown to the achievement, that if it happens (as it often does) to intersect one of the windows in the grand apartment, it is occasionally removed, whenever the lady dowager has a rout or drum-major.

This naturally leads me to consider how much 'the customary suits of solemn black,' and the other 'trappings and signs of woe,' are become a mere farce and matter of form only. When a person of distinction goes out of the world, not only the relations, but the whole household must be clothed in sable. The kitchen-wench scours her dishes in crape, and the helper in the stables rubs down his horses in black leather breeches. Every thing must put on a dismal appearance: even the coach must be covered and lined with black. This last particular, it is reasonable to imagine, is intended (like a death's head on the toilet) to put the owner constantly in mind, that the pomp of the world and all pursuits are but vain and perishable. Yet what is more common than for these vehicles to wait at the doors of the theatres, the opera-house, and other public places of diversion? Those who are carried in them, are as little affected by their dismal appearance, as the horses that draw them; and I once saw with great surprise a

harlequin, a scaramouch, a shepherdess, and a black satin devil, get into a mourning-coach to go to a jubilee masquerade.

If I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning-ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady, who wore on the same finger a ring set round with death's heads and cross marrow-bones for the loss of a father, and another prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover. But what I most of all admire is the ingenious contrivance, by which persons spread the tidings of the death of their relations to the most distant parts, by means of black-edged paper and black sealing wax. If it were possible to inspect the several letters that bear about them these external tokens of grief, I believe we should hardly ever find the contents of the same gloomy complexion. A merry tale, or an amorous *billet-doux*, would be much oftener found to be conveyed under these dismal passports, than doleful lamentations or reflections on mortality: and indeed these mock signs of woe are so little attended to, that a person opens one of these letters with no more concern, than is felt by the postman who brings it.

We cannot suppose, that black edged paper was ever intended to be defiled by vulgar hands, but was contrived, like gilt paper, for the use of the polite world only. But, alas! we must always be aping the manners of our betters. My agent sends me letters about business upon gilt paper; and a stationer near the 'Change tells me, that he not only sells a great quantity of mourning paper to the citizens, but that he has lately blacked the edges of the shop-books for several tradesmen. My readers must have seen an elegant kind of paper, imported from France for the use of our fine ladies and gentlemen. An acquaintance of mine has contrived a new sort of mourning paper on the same plan: and as the margin of the other is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers' knots, little Cupids, and amorous posies in red ink, he intends that the margin of his paper shall be dismally stamped in black ink with the figures of tomb-stones, hour-glasses, bones, skulls, and other emblems of death, to be used by persons of quality, when in mourning.

T.

No. 40.] THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1754.

Periculose plenum opus aleæ.

HOR.

Cursed be the wretch, enslaved to such a vice,
Who ventures life and soul upon the dice.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

Your frequent ridicule of the several branches of

gaming has given me great pleasure: I could only wish that you had completed the design by drawing at large the portrait of a gamester. This, since you omitted it, I have ventured to undertake; and while your papers on this subject serve as a counter-treatise to that of Hoyle on Whist, Hazard, &c. my rough draught of the professors of those arts may tend to illustrate the work, and stand as properly in the frontispiece as the Knave of Clubs at the door of a cardmaker.

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper, two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

Who will as tenderly be led by the nose,

As asses are.

SHAKESPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he could object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoils of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellences. You will, perhaps, be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellences of a sharper; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master

of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero : but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring, that moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty, we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five and twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the Queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts are only to instruct and assist him in the most dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience; and his liberal deportment and affected openness is only to recommend and conceal the blackest villany.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to increase his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up his thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He has constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, coadjutor to that famous *empoisonneur*, Madam Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poison. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago, at White's. I am uncertain, whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what state of mind must that man be whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuousness of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the Stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one

moral principle? How unhappy must he be even in that situation, from which he hopes to reap most benefit;—I mean, amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in a humour for play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice, to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely, his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry Green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false die cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards perpetually be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before sun-rise.

These two portraits of a sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to show different likenesses in the same man, puts me in mind of an old print, which I remember, at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottom wig, a hat and feather, embroidered clothes, diamond buttons, and the full court-dress of those days: but, by pulling a string, the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,
M. N.

NO. 41.] THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1754.

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer.*—————

HOR.

Gownsmen with jockeys hold an equal place,
Learn'd in the turf, and students of the race.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE following letter, occasioned by the late races

at Newmarket, and written by a fellow-commoner of King's College, Cambridge, to a friend in London, fell into my hands by accident. The writer, if we may judge by his style and manner, is really, according to the modern phrase, a genius. As I look upon his epistle to be a very curious original, I cannot help demanding for it a place in your paper, as well as for the remarks which I have taken the liberty to subjoin to it.

TO JOHN WILDFIRE, Esq. to be left at Mrs. DOUGLAS's, Covent-Garden, London.

Dear Jack!

October 10, 1754.

I was in hopes I should have met you at Newmarket Races; but to say the truth, if your luck had turned out so bad as mine, you did better to stay away. Dick Riot, Tom Lowngait, and I, went together to Newmarket the first day of the meeting. I was mounted on my little bay mare, that cost me thirty guineas in the North. I never crossed a better tit in my life; and if her eyes stand, as I dare say they will, she will turn out as tight a little thing as any in England. Then she is as fleet as the wind. Why, I raced with Dick and Tom all the way from Cambridge to Newmarket: Dick rode his roan gelding, and Tom his chesnut mare (which, you know, have both speed), but I beat them hollow. I cannot help telling you, that I was dressed in my blue riding-frock with plate buttons, with a leather belt round my waist, my jemmy turn-down boots made by Tull, my brown scratch bob, and my hat with the narrow silver-lace cocked in the true sporting taste: so that altogether I don't believe there was a more *knowing* figure upon the course. I was very flush too, Jack; for Michaelmas-day happening damn'd luckily just about the time of the races, I had received fifty guineas for my quarterage. As soon as I came upon the course, I met with some jolly bucks from London. I never saw them before; however, we were soon acquainted, and I took up the odds; but I was damnably let in, for I lost thirty pieces slap the first day. The day or two after I had no remarkable luck one way or the other; but at last I laid all the cash I had left upon Lord March's Smart, who lost, you know; but between you and me, I have a great notion Tom Marshal rode booty. However, I had a mind to push my luck as far as I could; so I sold my poor little mare for twelve pieces, went to the coffee-house, and left them all behind me at the gaming table; and I should not have been able to have got back to Cambridge that night, if Bob Whip of Trinity had not taken me up into his phaeton. We have had a round of dinners at our rooms since; and I have been drunk every day to drive away care. However, I hope to recruit again soon: Frank Classic of Pembroke has promised to make me out a long catalogue of Greek books; so I will write directly to old Square-toes, send him the

list, tell him I have taken them up, and draw on him for money to pay the bookseller's bill. Then I shall be rich again, Jack; and perhaps you may see me at the Shakspeare by the middle of next week; till when,

I am,

Dear Jack, yours,

T. FLAREIT.

I have often lamented the narrow plan of our University Education, and always observe with pleasure any attempts to enlarge and improve it. In this light, I cannot help looking on Newmarket as a judicious supplement to the University of Cambridge, and would recommend it to the young students to repair duly thither twice a year. By these means, they may connect the knowledge of polite life with study, and come from college as deeply versed in the genteel mysteries of Gaming, as in Greek, Latin, and the Mathematics. Attending these solemnities must, indeed, be of great service to every rank of students. Those who are intended for the church, have an opportunity of tempering the severity of their character, by a happy mixture of the jockey and clergyman. I have known several who, by uniting these opposite qualifications, and meeting with a patron of their own disposition, have rode themselves into a living in a good sporting country; and I doubt not, if the excursions of gowmsmen to Newmarket meet with the encouragement they deserve, but we shall shortly see the Beacon Course crowded with ordained sportsmen in short cassocks. As to the fellow-commoners, I do not see how they can pass their time more profitably. The sole intention of their residence at the University is, with most of them, to while away a couple of years, which they cannot conveniently dispose of otherwise. Their rank exempts them from the common drudgery of lectures and exercises; and the Golden Tuft that adorns their velvet caps, is at once a badge of honour and an apology for ignorance. But as some of these gentlemen, though they never will be scholars, may turn out excellent jockeys, it is but justice to let them carry some kind of knowledge away with them; and as they can never shine as adepts in Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, or critics on Homer and Virgil, we should suffer them to make a figure as arbiters of the course, and followers of Aaron and Driver.

I am the more earnest on this occasion, because I look upon Races as a diversion peculiarly adapted to a University, and founded upon classical principles. Every author, who has mentioned the Ancient Games, includes the Race, and describes it with great dignity. This game was always celebrated with great pomp, and all the people of fashion of those days were present at it. In the twenty-third Iliad in particular, there is not only a dispute at the

Race, but a bet proposed in as express terms as at Newmarket. The wager offered, indeed, is a goblet, which is not entirely in the manner of our modern sportsmen, who rather choose to melt down their plate into the current specie, and bring their sideboards to the course in their purses. I am aware also, that the races celebrated by the ancients, were chariot races; but, even in these, our young students of the university have great emulation to excel: there are among them many very good coachmen, who often make excursions in those noble vehicles, with great propriety called Phaetons, and drive with us much fury along the road, as the charioteers in the ancient games flew towards the goal. In a word, if we have not such noble odes on this occasion as were produced of old, it is not for want of a Theron, but a Pindar.

The advices which I have at several times received, of the influence of the races at Newmarket on the university, give me great pleasure. It has not only improved the behaviour of the students, but enlarged their plan of study. They are now very deeply read in Bracken's Farriery and the Complete Jockey, know exactly how many stone they weigh, and are pretty competent judges of the odds. I went, some time ago, to visit a fellow-commoner, and when I arrived at his chambers, found the door open, but my friend was not at home. The room was adorned with Seymour's prints of horses, neatly framed and glazed; a hat and whip hung on one hook, a pair of boots on another, and on the table lay a formidable quarto, with the Sportman's Calendar, by Reginald Heber, Esq. I had the curiosity to examine the book; and, as the college is remarkable for the study of philosophy, I expected to see Newton's Principia, or, perhaps, Sanderson's Algebra; but, on opening it, this huge volume proved to be a pompous edition of Gibson's Treatise on the Diseases of Horses.

These, indeed, are noble studies, will preserve our youth from pedantry, and make them men of the world. Men of genius, who are pleased with the theory of any art, will not be contented till they arrive at the practice. I am told, that the young gentlemen often try the speed of the Cambridge nags on the Beacon Course, and that several hacks are at present in training. I have often wondered, that the gentlemen who form the club at Newmarket, never reflected on their neighbourhood to Cambridge, nor established (in honour of it) a University Plate, to be run for by Cambridge hacks, rode by young gentlemen of the university. A hint of this kind will certainly be sufficient to have this laudable design put in practice the very next meeting. And I cannot help reflecting, on this occasion, what an unspeakable satisfaction it must be to those persons of quality, who are constantly at Newmarket, to see their sons cherish the same

noble principles with themselves, and act in imitation of their example.

Go on, brave youths! till in some future age
Whips shall become the senatorial badge:
Till England see her jockey senators
Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs!
See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad;
Her patriots all in leather breeches clad,
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins a steed and state.

WARTON'S NEWMARKET.

No. 42.] THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1754.

Scriminum stet honos, et gratia vivax.

HOR.

What energy and grace adorn our tongue!
Sweet as the *Roman*, as the *Grecian* strong!

A FRIEND of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week, under the name of the English Club. The title, with which they dignify their society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their mother tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, &c. on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who (in the phrase of the almanack) gives the red letter to the day. They have established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those who shall supply the place of any exotic terms that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words equally significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the club, by which heavy fines are laid on those who shall have any modish barbarisms found upon them, whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by The Town for the service of the current year.

The whole account, which I received from my friend, gave me great satisfaction, and I never remember any society, that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings, it must, however, be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable; for the English tongue is become as little the general care as English beef, or English honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much Greek and Latin as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master to give them French enough to

land them with some reputation at Calais. This is, to be sure, very prudent as well as genteel. Yet some people are perverse enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the same time grounding them in their mother tongue, is a very preposterous plan of education. The Romans, though they studied at Athens, directed their studies to the benefit of their own country, and though they read Greek, wrote in Latin. There are at this day in France, academies established for the support and preservation of the French language; and perhaps, if to the present professorships of Hebrew and Greek, there should be added a professorship of the English language, it would be no disgrace to our learned universities.

When we consider, that our language is preferable to most, if not all others now in being, it seems something extraordinary, that any attention should be paid to a foreign tongue that is refused to our own, when we are likely to get so little by the change. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity to which some late authors have brought it, we are still more concerned at the present neglect of it. This shameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to these two reasons; the false pride of those who are esteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

In complaisance to our fine gentlemen, who are themselves the allowed standards of politeness, I shall begin with them first. Their conversation exactly answers the description which Benedick gives of Claudio's: "their words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." These dishes too are all French; and I do not know, whether their conversation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet on which our fine gentlemen subsist, does not in some measure take away the power of that bold articulation, necessary to give utterance to manly British accents: whence their conversation becomes so "fantastical a banquet," and every sentence they deliver is almost as heterogeneous a mixture as a salmagundy. A fashionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours, but tells you that he is very much *ennuyée*:—he does not affect to be genteel, but *degagée*:—nor is he taken with an elegant simplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne sçay quoi*, and a certain *naïvete*. In a word, his head as well as his heels is entirely French; and he is a thorough *petit maitre* in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithstanding all this, I do not know, whether the conversation of our pretenders to wit is not still more barbarous. When they talk of humbug, &c. they seem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the Huns, or the rude gabble of the Hottentots: or if their words are at all allied to the language

of this country, it probably comes nearest to the strange cant said to be in use among house-breakers and highwaymen: and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are most likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately published under the title of the Scoundrel's Dictionary.

Many, who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at least do very little to promote it, and are sometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many persons of both our universities, who can decypher an old Greek manuscript, and construe Lycophron extempore, who scarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loss how to despatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. These gentlemen seem to think, that learning consists merely in being versed in languages not generally understood. But it should be considered, that the same genius which animates the ancients, has dispensed at least some portion of its heat to later ages, and particularly to the English. Those, who are really charmed with Homer and Sophocles, will hardly read Shakspeare and Milton without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as Athens ever produced. The knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loss of their mother tongue: for these reverend gentlemen should know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

This great neglect of our own tongue is one of the principal reasons, that we are so seldom favoured with any publications from either of our universities, which we might expect very often, considering the great number of learned men who reside there. The press being thus deserted by those who might naturally be expected to support it, falls to the care of a set of illiterate hirelings, in whose hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and should at last be utterly destroyed. Writing is well known to be at present as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man who can vamp up any thing for present sale, though void of sense or syntax, is listed by the bookseller as an author. But allowing all our present writers to be men of parts and learning, (as there are doubtless some who may be reckoned so,) is it probable that they should exert their abilities to the utmost, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of subsistence? If Herodotus and Livy had sold their histories at so much a sheet, and all the other Greek and Latin Classics had written in the same circumstances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applause they so justly receive at present. The

plays of Sophocles and Euripides might perhaps not have been much better than modern Tragedies: Virgil might have got a dinner by half a dozen Town Eclogues; and Horace have wrote Birth-day Odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company of the Baite.

A false modesty is another great cause of the few publications by men of eminence and learning. However equal to the task, they have not sufficient confidence to venture to the press, but are rather guilty of wilful injustice to themselves and to the public. They are also ashamed of appearing among the common herd of authors. But the press, though it is often abused, should by no means be accounted scandalous or dishonourable. Though a learned and ingenious writer might not choose to be mustered in the same roll with———or Mr. Town, yet we have a Hooke, a Brown, an Akenside, and many others, in whose company it will be an honour to appear. I would not willingly suppose, that they are afraid to hazard the characters they now maintain, of being men of learning and abilities; for while we only take these things for granted, their reputations are but weakly established. To rescue our native language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a task worthy those, who are accounted ornaments of our seats of learning; and it is surely more than common ingratitude in those, who eat the bread of literature, to refuse their utmost endeavours to support it.

No. 43.] THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1754.

*Spectaret populum ludis attentis ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentum mino spectacula plura.* HOR.

Pit, box, and gallery I with joy survey,
And more observe the audience than the play.

A FEW years ago an ingenious player gave notice in the bills for his benefit night, that the Prologue should be spoken by the Pit, which he contrived to have represented on the stage. Another time he drew in the whole house to act as Chorus to a new farce; and I remember, that in the last rebellion the loyal acclamations of "God save the King" might have been heard from Drury-Lane to Charing-Cross. Upon these and many other occasions the audience has been known to enter into the immediate business of the Drama; and to say the truth, I never go into the theatre, without looking on the spectators as playing a part almost as much as the actors themselves. All the company from the stage-box to the upper gallery know their cues very well, and perform their parts with great spirit. I began the season with a few animadversions on the chief faults to which our performers are

liable. To-day I shall beg leave to say a word or two to the audience, as my reflections on the theatre would otherwise be incomplete. On this occasion I expect the thanks of the managers; and would recommend it to them to put my thirty-fourth number into a frame and glass, and hang it up in the Green-Room for the benefit of the players; and to dispose three or four thousand of the present number into the several parts of the house, as Bayes dispersed papers to insinuate the plot of his piece into the boxes.

The first part of the audience, that demands our attention, is so nearly allied to the actors, that they always appear on the same level with them: but while the performer endeavours to carry on the business of the play, these gentlemen behind the scenes serve only to hinder and disturb it. There is no part of the house, from which a play can be seen to so little advantage as from the stage; yet this situation is very convenient on many other considerations, of more consequence to a fine gentleman. It looks particular: it is the best place to show a handsome person or an elegant suit of clothes: a bow from the stage to a beauty in the box is most likely to attract our notice; and a pretty fellow may perhaps with tolerable management get the credit of an intrigue with some of the actresses. But notwithstanding all these advantages accruing to our fine gentlemen, I could heartily wish they would leave a clear stage to the performers; or at least that none should be admitted behind the scenes, but such as would submit to be of some use there. As these gentleman are ready dressed, they might help to swell the retinue of a monarch, join the engagement in a tragedy-battle, or do any other little office that might occur in the play, which requires but little sense and no memory. But if they have not any genius for acting, and are still desirous of retaining their posts by the side-scenes, they should be obliged to take a musket, bayonet, ponch, and the rest of the accoutrements, and stand on guard quietly and decently with the soldiers.

The boxes are often filled with persons, who do not come to the theatre out of any regard to Shakspeare or Garrick, but like the fine lady in *Lethe*, "because every body is there." As these people cannot be expected to mind the play themselves, we can only desire them not to call off the attention of others: nor interrupt the dialogue on the stage by a louder conversation of their own. The silent courtship of the eyes, ogles, nods, glances, and courtesies from one box to another, may be allowed them the same as at church; but nothing more, except at coronations, funeral processions, and pantomimes. Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen, who draw the pen from under their right ears about seven o'clock, clap on a bag-wig and sword, and drop into the boxes at the end of

the third act, to take their half-crown's worth with as much decency as possible : as well as the bloods, who reel from the taverns about Covent-Garden near that time, and tumble drunk into the boxes. Before I quit this part of the house, I must take notice of that division of the upper boxes, properly distinguished by the name of the flesh market. There is frequently as much art used to make the flesh exhibited here look wholesome, and (as Tim says in the farce) "all over red and white, like the inside of a shoulder of mutton," as there is by the butchers to make their veal look white; and it is as often rank carrion and fly-blown. If these ladies would appear in any other quarter of the house, I would only beg of them, and those who come to market, to drive their bargains with as little noise as possible : but I have lately observed, with some concern, that these women begin to appear in the lower boxes, to the destruction of all order, and great confusion of all modest ladies. It is to be hoped, that some of their friends will advise them not to pretend to appear there any more than at court; for it is as absurd to endeavour the removal of their market into the front and side boxes, as it would be in the butchers of St. James's Market to attempt fixing the shambles in St. James's Square.

I must now desire the reader to descend with me, among laced hats and capuchins, into the pit. The pit is the grand court of criticism : and in the centre of it is collected that awful body, distinguished by the title of The Town. Hence are issued the irrevocable decrees ; and here final sentence is pronounced on plays and players. This court has often been very severe in its decisions, and has been known to declare many old plays barbarously murdered, and most of our modern ones *felo de se* : but it must not be dissembled, that many a cause of great consequence has been denied a fair hearing. Parties and private cabals have often been formed to thwart the progress of merit, or to espouse ignorance and dullness ; for it is not wonderful, that the parliament of criticism, like all others, should be liable to corruption. In this assembly Mr. Town was first nominated Critic and Censor General ; but, considering the notorious bribery now prevailing, I think proper to declare, (in imitation of Tom in the *Conscious Lovers*) that I never took a single order for my vote in all my life.

Those, who pay their two shillings at the door of the middle gallery, seem to frequent the theatre purely for the sake of seeing the play : though these peaceful regions are sometimes disturbed by the incursions of rattling ladies of pleasure ; sometimes contain persons of fashion in disguise, and sometimes critics in ambush. The greatest fault I have to object to those who fill this quarter of the theatre, is their frequent and injudicious interruption of the business of

the play, by their applause. I have seen a bad actor clapped two minutes together for ranting or perhaps shrugging his shoulders, and making wry faces ; and I have seen the natural course of the passions checked in a good one, by these ill-judged testimonies of their approbation. It is recorded of Betterton to his honour, that he thought a deep silence through the whole house, and a strict attention to his playing, the strongest and surest signs of his being well received.

The inhabitants of the upper gallery demand our notice as well as the rest of the theatre. The trunk-maker of immortal memory was the most celebrated hero of these regions ; but, since he is departed, and no able-bodied critic appointed in his room, I cannot help giving the same caution to the upper gallery, as to the gentry a pair of stairs lower. Some of the under comedians will, perhaps, be displeased at this order, who are proud of these applauses, and rejoice to hear the lusty bangs from the oaken towels of their friends against the wainscot of the upper gallery : but I think they should not be allowed to shatter the panels without amending our taste ; since their thwacks, however vehement, are seldom laid on with sufficient judgment to ratify our applause. It were better, therefore, if all the present twelve-penny critics of this town, who preside over our diversions in the upper gallery, would content themselves with the inferior duties of their office, viz. to take care that the play begins at the proper time, that the music between the acts is of a due length, and that the candles are snuffed in tune.

After these brief admonitions concerning our behaviour at the play, which are intended as a kind of *Vade Mecum* for the frequenters of the theatre, I cannot conclude my paper more properly than with an extract from the *Tale of a Tub*, showing the judicious distribution of our play-houses into boxes, pits, and galleries.

"I confess, that there is something very refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, (whether it be lead or gold) may fall plump into the jaws of certain critics, (as I think they are called) which stand ready open to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies ; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising prudences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastery and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth

place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage." O.

No. 44.] THURSDAY, Nov. 24, 1754.

—Des nominis hujus honorem.

HOR.

Let every Wapping Wife to Lady swell,
And each St. Giles's Miss be Ma'moiselle.

I LATELY took a survey of the female world, as Censor-General; and upon a strict review, was very much surprised to find, that there is scarce one woman to be met with, except among the lowest of the vulgar. The sex consists entirely of ladies. Every Joan is listed into a lady; and the maid and the mistress are equally dignified with this polite title. The stage-coaches are constantly filled with ladies.—At Bartholomew fair there is always a hop for the ladies—And if the ladies in the drawing-room are employed at whist, their last night's cards are made use of in a rubber by the ladies in the steward's room; while the other ladies of the family are staking their halfpence at put or all-fours in the kitchen.—In a word, whenever there is occasion to speak of the female world, honourable mention is always made of them by the respectful appellation of the Ladies: as the young and the old, the black and the brown, the homely and the handsome, are all complaisantly included under the general title of the Fair.

Since, therefore, the ladies of Great Britain make up so numerous a body, I should be loath to disoblige so considerable a sisterhood, and shall devote this paper entirely to their service. I propose at present to marshal them into their respective ranks; and upon a review, I find that they may be justly distributed under these five divisions; viz. married ladies, maiden or young ladies, ladies of quality, fine ladies, and lastly (without affront to the good company) ladies of pleasure.

I shall begin with the married ladies, as this order will be found to be far the most numerous, and includes all the married women in town or country above the degree of a char-woman, or the trundler of a wheelbarrow. The plain old English word wife has long been discarded in our conversation, as being only fit for the broad mouths of the vulgar. A well-bred ear is startled at the very sound of wife, as at a coarse and indelicate expression; and I appeal to any fashionable couple, whether they would not be as much ashamed to be mentioned together as man and wife, as they would be to appear together at court in a fardingale and trunk-breeches. From Hyde-Park-Corner to Temple-Bar this monster of a wife has not been heard

of since the antiquated times of dame and your worship; and in the city every good housewife is at least a lady of the other end of the town. In the country you might as well dispute the pretensions of every fox-hunter to the title of esquire, as of his helpmate to that of lady; and in every corporation town, whoever matches with a burghess, becomes a lady by right of charter. My cousin Village (from whom I have all my rural intelligence) informs me, that upon the strictest inquiry, there is but one wife in the town where he now lives, and that is the parson's wife, who is never mentioned by the country ladies but as a dowdy, and an old-fashioned creature. Such is the great privilege of matrimony, that every female is ennobled by changing her surname: for as every unmarried woman is a miss, every married one by the same courtesy is a lady.

The next order of dignified females is composed of maiden or young ladies; which terms are synonymous, and are indifferently applied to females of the age of fourteen or threescore. We must not, therefore, be surprised to hear of maiden ladies, who are known to have had several children, or to meet with young ladies, that look like old dowagers. At the house of an acquaintance where I lately visited, I was told that we were to expect Mrs. Jackson and the two Miss Wrinkles. But what was my surprise, when I saw on their arrival a blooming female of twenty-five accosted under the first denomination, and the two nymphs, as I expected, come tottering into the room, the youngest of them, to all appearance, on the verge of threescore! I could not help wishing, on this occasion, that some middle term was invented between Miss and Mrs. to be adopted, at a certain age, by all females not inclined to matrimony. For surely nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear a grey-haired lady, past her grand climacteric, mentioned in terms that convey the idea of youth and beauty, or perhaps of a bib and hanging-sleeves. This indiscriminate appellation unavoidably creates much confusion: I know an eminent tradesman who lost a very good customer for innocently writing Mrs.— at the head of her bill; and I was lately at a ball, where, trusting to a friend for a partner, I was obliged to do penance with an old withered beldam, who hobbled through several country dances with me, though she was ancient enough to have been my grandmother. Excluding these young ladies of fifty and sixty, this order of females is very numerous; for there is scarce a girl in town or country, superior to a milk-maid or cinder-wench, but is comprehended in it. The daughters are indisputably young ladies, though their papas may be tradesmen or mechanics. For the present race of shopkeepers, &c. have wisely provided, that their gentility shall be preserved in the female part of the family.

Thus, although the son is called plain Jack, and perhaps bound apprentice to his father, the daughter is taught to hold up her head, make tea in the little parlour behind the shop, and inherits the title of lady from her mamma. To make these claims to dignity more sure, those excellent seminaries of genteel education, called boarding-schools, have been contrived; where, instead of teasing a sampler, or conning a chapter of the Bible, the young ladies are instructed to hold up their heads, make a courtesy, and to behave themselves in every respect like pretty little ladies. Hence it happens, that we may often observe several of these, polite damsels in the skirts of White-Chapel, and in every petty country town; nay, it is common to meet with young ladies born and bred, who have submitted to keep a chandler's shop, or had humility enough even to go to service.

I proceed next to take into consideration what is generally understood by ladies of quality. These, in other words, may be more properly called ladies of fashion: for, in the modish acceptance of the phrase, not so much regard is had to their birth or station, or even to their coronet, as to their way of life. The dutchess, who has not taste enough to act up to the character of a person of quality, is no more respected in the polite world than a city knight's lady; nor does she derive any greater honour from her title, than the hump-backed woman receives from the vulgar. But what is more immediately expected from a lady of quality, will be seen under the next article; for, to their praise be it spoken, most of our modern ladies of quality affect to be fine ladies.

To describe the life of a fine lady would be only to set down a perpetual round of visiting, gaming, dressing, and intriguing. She has been bred up in the notion of making a figure, and of recommending herself as a woman of spirit; for which end she is always foremost in the fashion, and never fails gracing with her appearance every public assembly, and every party of pleasure. Though single, she may coquet with every single gentleman; or if married, she may admit of gallantries without reproach, and even receive visits from the men in her bed-chamber. To complete the character, and to make her a very fine lady, she should be celebrated for her wit and beauty, and be parted from her husband: for as matrimony itself is not meant as a restraint upon pleasure, a separate maintenance is understood as a license to throw off even the appearance of virtue.

From the fine ladies it is a very natural transition to the ladies of pleasure; and, indeed from what has already been said concerning fine ladies, one might imagine that, as they make pleasure their sole pursuit, they might properly be entitled ladies of pleasure. But this gay appellation is reserved for the higher rank of prosti-

tutes, whose principal difference from the fine ladies consists in their openly professing a trade, which the others carry on by smuggling. A lady of fashion, who refuses no favours but the last, or even grants that without being paid for it, is not to be accounted a lady of pleasure, but ranks in an order formerly celebrated under the title of demi-reps. It is whimsical enough to see the different complexions assumed by the same vice, according to the difference of stations. The married lady of quality may intrigue with as many as she pleases, and still remain right honourable: the draggle-tailed street-walker is a common woman, and liable to be sent to Bridewell; but the whore of high life is a lady of pleasure, and rolls in a gilt chariot. T.

No. 45.] THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1754.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptus
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.* Juv.

Whatever the busy bustling world employs,
Our wants and wishes, pleasures, cares, and joys,
These the historians of our times display,
And call it news, the hodge-podge of a day.

WHEN I first resolved on appearing in my present character, I had some thoughts of making my public entry in the front of one or other of our newspapers; as I considered that the domestic occurrences, which compose a part of their equipage, would make no bad figure in my own retinue. Some reflections on the modish methods of gaming would receive an additional confirmation from a paragraph in the News, that "last Tuesday a game at Whist was played at White's for £1000 a corner," or that "the match between his Grace the Duke of * * * and Lord * * * was decided at Newmarket:" and a dissertation on the luxury of the present age would be very aptly illustrated by an exact account of the weight of the turtle, dressed a few days before for the gentlemen of the above-mentioned Chocolate-house.

Indeed, I have always looked upon the works of Mr. Jenour in the Daily Advertiser as a kind of supplement to the intelligence of Mr. Town; containing a more minute account of the important transactions of that class of mankind, which has been figuratively styled The World. From these daily registers, we may not only learn when any body is married or hanged, but you have immediate notice whenever his Grace goes to Newmarket, or her Ladyship sets out for Bath: and but last week, at the same time that the gentlemen of the law were told, that the Lord Chancellor could not sit in the Court of Chancery, people of fashion had the melancholy news, that Signor Ricciarelli was not able to sing.

Nor is that part of Mr. Jenour's lucubrations, which is allotted to advertisements less amusing and entertaining: and many of these articles might very properly come under my cognizance. It is here debated, whether the prize of eloquence should be given to Orator Macklin or Orator Henley; and whether Mr. Stephen Pitts is not the best qualified to furnish gentlemen and ladies' libraries with tea-chests in Octavo, and close-stools in Folio. And besides the public notices to persons of taste, of very rare old Japan, and most curious and inimitable Epargnes for desserts, as also the most rich and elegant fancied silks to be sold by auction; many other advices no less interesting to the Town, are here given. We are daily put in mind, that Mrs. Phillips at the Green Canister still hopes for the favours of her former good customers as usual: that next door to Haddock's is sold an antidote against the poison imbibed at that bagnio: that Dr. Rock infallibly cures a certain epidemical distemper by virtue of the King's patent: that a learned physician and surgeon will privately accommodate any gentleman (as the doctor modestly expresses it in his own Latin) *Pro Morbus Venerea curandus*: and that Y. Z. a regular-bred surgeon and man-midwife, together with fifty others, will accommodate gentlewomen that are under the necessity of lying-in privately.

But not only the public transactions of auctioneers, brokers, and horse-dealers, but the most private concerns of pleasure and gallantry may be also carried on by means of this paper. Assignations are here made, and the most secret intrigues formed, at the expense of two shillings. If a genteel young lady, who can do all kinds of work, wants a place, she will be sure to hear of a master by advertising: any gentleman and lady of unexceptionable character may meet with lodgings to be let, and no questions asked: how often has Romeo declared in print his unspeakable passion for the charming Peachy! How many gentlemen have made open professions of the strictest honour and secrecy! And how many ladies, drest in such a manner, and seen at such a place, have been desired to leave a line for A. B. Before the late Marriage Act it was very usual for young gentlemen and ladies (possessed of every qualification requisite to make the marriage state happy) to offer themselves as a good bargain to each other; and men took the same measures of advertising to get an agreeable companion for life, as they do for an agreeable companion for a post-chaise. As this traffic in matrimony is now prohibited, it has given occasion to the opening a new branch of trade; and since husbands and wives are hardly to be got for love or money, several good-natured females have set themselves up for sale to the best bidder. The Daily Advertiser is therefore become the universal register for new faces; and

every day's advertisements have been lately crowded with offers of young ladies, who would be glad of the company of any elderly gentleman, to pass his leisure hours with them, and play at cards.

I look upon the common intelligence in our public papers, with the long train of advertisements annexed to it, as the best account of the present domestic state of England, that can possibly be compiled: nor do I know any thing, which would give posterity so clear an idea of the taste and morals of the present age, as a bundle of our daily papers. They would here see what books are most read, what are our chief amusements and diversions; and when they should observe the daily inquiries after eloped wives and apprentices, and the frequent accounts of trials in Westminster-Hall for perjury, adultery, &c. they might form a tolerable notion even of our private life. Among many other reasons for lamenting that the art of printing was not more early discovered, I cannot but regret that we have perhaps lost many accounts of this nature, which might otherwise have been handed down to us. With what pleasure should we have perused an Athenian Advertiser, or a Roman Gazetteer! A curious critic or antiquary would place them on the same shelf with the Classics, and would be highly pleased at discovering what days Tully went to his Tusculum, or Pliny to his magnificent villa; who was the capital singer at the Grecian opera, and in what characters Roscius appeared with most success. These pieces of intelligence would undoubtedly give great satisfaction; and I am myself acquainted with a very learned gentleman, who has assured me, that he has been as much delighted at discovering that the Sosii were Horace's booksellers, that the Hecyra of Terence was damned, and other little particulars of that nature, as with an account of the destruction of Carthage, or the death of Cæsar. We should also be glad to collect from their advertisements what things were most in request at Athens and Rome. Even our papers (which perhaps are called Daily from their lasting but a day) are, I fear, of too fugitive a nature to fall under the inspection of posterity. To remedy, in some measure, this inconvenience, I shall now conclude my paper with a few advertisements, which, if they have not all actually been inserted in our papers, are at least of the same nature with those that daily have a place there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To be spoke with every day at his house in the Old-Bailey,

BRYAN RAPAWAY,

Who swears oaths of all kinds and prices, and will procure positive evidence at a day's warning in all sorts of causes. He will contract with any attorney or quack-doctor, to swear by the

quarter; and will supply affidavits, &c. on the most reasonable terms.

* * * He will attend, during the business of elections and double returns, in the lobby of the House of Commons, and will ply next term at Westminster-Hall.

WANTED,

A genteel black or negro Girl, very handsome; with a soft skin, good teeth, sweet breath, at least five feet three inches high, and not above eighteen. Whoever has such a girl to dispose of, may hear of a gentleman who will give fifty guineas for her, by applying at the bar of the Shakspeare's Head Tavern, Covent-Garden.

Note, At the same place any genteel white Girl may hear of something to her advantage.

A person, that lives near Guildhall, is a very gentle rider, rides about ten stone, chiefly for health, and never on a Sunday but on an extraordinary occasion, would be glad of a partner much under the same circumstances, in a very genteel mare, and very good in her kind.

Several sums, from £10 to £10,000.

Wanted immediately, by a person in a large and profitable business—Wanted directly, by a person whose character will bear the strictest inquiry—Wanted for a week only, or as long as the lender chooses—upon undeniable security—The borrower will give his bond and judgment, make over his stock in trade, insure his life, &c.—A handsome gratuity will be given—Interest paid punctually—Strictest honour and secrecy may be depended on. None but principals will be treated with.

Direct for A. B. L. M. S. T. X. Y. &c. &c. &c.

This day are published,

The Adventures of Dick Hazard.
The History of Mr. Joshua Trueman.
The History of Will Ramble.
The History of James Ramble, Esq.
The Travels of Drake Morris.
The History of Jasper Banks.
Memoirs of the Shakspeare's Head.
The History of Frank Hammond.
The Marriage-Act, a Novel.

And speedily will be published,

The History of Sir Humphry Herald and Sir Edward Haunch.—Memoirs of Lady Vainlove.—The Card.
Adventures of Tom Doughty, Jack Careless, Frank Easy, Dick Damnable, Molly Peirson, &c. &c.

Being a complete collection of Novels for the amusement of the present winter. T.

No. 46.] THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1754.

—Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen—

OVID.

Where borrow'd tints bestow a lifeless grace,
None wear the same, yet none a different face.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT is whimsical to observe the mistakes that we country gentlemen are led into at our first coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are composed of different materials from our rural ones; since, though they sleep all day and rake all night, they still remain as fresh and ruddy as a parson's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder, that such delicate creatures as they appear, should yet be so much proof against cold, as to look as rosy in January as in June, and even in the sharpest weather to be very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loss to account for this unalterable hue of their complexions: but I soon found, that beauty was not more peculiar to the air of St. James's than of York; and that this perpetual bloom was not native, but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced (as they pretend) to the necessity of supplying the flush of health with the rouge of vermillion, and giving us Spanish wool for English beauty.

The very reason alleged for this fashionable practice is such, as (if they seriously considered it) the ladies would be ashamed to mention. "The late hours they are obliged to keep, render them such perfect frights, that they would be as loath to appear abroad without paint as without clothes." This, it must be acknowledged, is too true; but would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old mansion-house, they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly. The vigils of the card-table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers, till she has grown as homely as the queen of spades. There is nothing more certain in all Hoyle's cases, than that whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features: but if the ladies would give up their routs for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say their carmine would be then as useless as their artificial nose-gays.

A moralist might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lie. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it is then at an end: since few are yet arrived at that

height of French politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail; and such, I trust, will be the assurance that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the morning as wan and as yellow as a corpse? For marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a Juno, may well be allowed to complain, but without relief; for this is a custom, which once admitted, so tarnishes the skin, that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution these young beginners, who are not yet discoloured past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure and preserve by early hours that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

Our beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice: they trusted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the French in the assembly, as in the field; but since a trip to France has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dress their faces, as well as their heads, *a la mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an English lady is at Paris, she is so surrounded with false faces, that she is herself obliged (if she would not appear singular) to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of French paste? And, for my part, I would as soon expect that an English beauty at Morocco would japan her face with lamp black, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the French ladies whitewash and plaster their fronts, and lay on their colours with a trowel; but these daubings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a British cheek, than the coarse strokes of the painter's brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. Addison's fine epigram on Lady Manchester, which will serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty:

When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

I think, Mr. Town, you might easily prevail

on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice if you could once thoroughly convince them, that it impairs their beauty instead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the Tale of a Tub, if left to itself, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric: yet, at the same time, I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom nobody knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expense of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as is observed in the epigram), like those of Pyramus, through the wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There I think they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crusted over with plaster of Paris. In those battered belles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed, so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little

emotion as I do at Hudson's; and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvas.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
RUSTICUS.

No. 47.] THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1754.

*Hic mecum licet, hic, Juvence, quicquid
In buccam tibi venerit, loquaris.* MART.

Here, writings, here with Macklin talk your fill,
On plays, or politics, or what you will.

It has hitherto been imagined, that though we have equalled, if not surpassed, the ancients in other liberal arts, we have not yet been able to arrive at that height of eloquence, which was possessed in so amazing a manner by the Grecian and Roman orators. Whether this has been owing to any peculiar organization of our tongues, or whether it has proceeded from our national love of taciturnity, I shall not take upon me to determine: but I will now venture to affirm, that the present times might furnish us with a more surprising number of fine speakers, than have been set down by Tully in his treatise *De Claris Oratoribus*. Foreigners can no longer object to us, that the northern coldness of our climate has (as it were) pursed up our lips, and that we are afraid to open our mouths: the charm is at length dissolved; and our people, who before affected the gravity and silence of the Spaniards, have adopted and naturalized the volubility of speech, as well as the gay manners, of the French.

This change has been brought about by the public-spirited attempts of those elevated geniuses, who have instituted certain schools for the cultivation of eloquence in all its branches. Hence it is, that instead of languid discourses from the pulpit, several tabernacles and meeting-houses have been set up, where lay-preachers may display all the powers of oratory in sighs and groans, and emulate a Whitfield or a Wesley in all the figures of rhetoric. And not only the enthusiast has his conventicles, but even the free-thinker boasts his societies, where he may hold forth against religion in tropes, metaphors, and similes. The declamations weekly thundered out at Clare-Market, and the subtle argumentations at the Robin Hood, I have formerly celebrated: it now remains to pay my

respects to the Martin Luther of the age, (as he frequently calls himself,) the great orator Macklin: who, by declaiming himself, and opening a school for the disputations of others, has joined both the above plans together, and formed the British Inquisition. Here, whatever concerns the world of taste and literature, is debated: our rakes and bloods, who had been used to frequent Covent-Garden merely for the sake of whoring and drinking, now resort thither for reason and argument; and the piazza begins to vie with the ancient portico, where Socrates disputed.

But what pleases me most in Mr. Macklin's institution is, that he has allowed the tongues of my fair countrywomen their full play. Their natural talents for oratory are so excellent and numerous, that it seems more owing to the envy than prudence of the other sex, that they should be denied the opportunity of exerting them. The remarkable tendency in our politest ladies, "to talk, though they have nothing to say," and the torrent of eloquence, that pours (on the most trivial occasions) from the lips of those females, called scolds, give abundant proofs of that command of words, and flow of eloquence, which so few men have been able to attain. Again, if action is the life and soul of an oration, how many advantages have the ladies in this particular? The waving of a snowy arm, artfully shaded with the enchanting slope of a double ruffle, would have twenty times the force of the stiff see-saw of a male orator: and when they come to the most animated parts of the oration, which demand uncommon warmth and agitation, we should be vanquished by the heaving breast, and all those other charms, which the modern dress is so well calculated to display.

Since the ladies are thus undeniably endued with these and many other accomplishments for oratory, that no place should hitherto have been opened for their exerting them is almost unaccountable. The lower order of females have, indeed, long ago instituted an academy of this kind at the other end of the town, where oysters and eloquence are in equal perfection; but the politer part of the female world have hitherto had no further opportunity of exercising their abilities, than the common occasions which a new cap or petenlair, the tea or the card-table, have afforded them. I am therefore heartily glad, that a plan is at length put in execution, which will encourage their propensity to talking, and enlarge their topics of conversation: but I would more particularly recommend it to all ladies of a clamorous disposition, to attend at Macklin's: that the impetuous stream of eloquence, which, for want of another vent, has long been poured on their servants or husbands, may now be carried off by another more agreeable channel.

I could not have thought it possible, that this undertaking would have subsisted two nights,

without setting all the female tongues from St. James's to Temple-bar in motion. But the ladies have hitherto been dumb; and female eloquence seems as unlikely to display itself in public as ever. Whether their modesty will not permit them to open their mouths in the unhallowed air of Covent-Garden, I know not: but I am rather inclined to think, that the questions proposed have not been sufficiently calculated for the female part of the assembly. They might perhaps be tempted to debate, "whether Fanny Murray or Lady——were the properest to lead the fashion;" "to what lengths a lady might proceed without the loss of her reputation;"—or "whether the beautifying lotion or the royal washball were the most excellent cosmetics." It might also be expected, in complaisance to the fair sex, that the Inquisitor should now and then read a dissertation on natural and artificial beauty; in which he might (with that softness and delicacy peculiar to himself) analyze a lady's face, and give examples of the ogle, the simper, the smile, the languish, the dimple, &c. with a word or two on the use and benefit of paint.

But these points I shall leave to Mr. Macklin's consideration: in the meantime, as it is not in my power to oblige the public with a lady's speech, I shall fill up the remainder of my paper with an oration, which my correspondent is desirous should appear in print, though he had not sufficient confidence to deliver it at the Inquisition.

QUESTION.

Whether the Stage might not be made more conducive to virtue and morality?

MR. INQUISITOR,

The ancient drama had, we know, a religious as well as political view: and was designed to inspire the audience with a reverence to the gods and a love of their country. Our own stage, upon particular occasions, has been made to answer the same ends. Thus we may remember during the last rebellion, besides the loyalty of the fiddles in the orchestra, we were inspired with the detestation of the Pope and Pretender by the Nonjuror, the Jesuit Caught, Perkin Warbeck, or the Popish Impostor, and such other politico-religious dramas.

But there is a species of the drama, which has not yet been mentioned by any of the gentlemen who have spoke to the question, and which is very deficient in point of moral: I mean pantomimes. Mr. Law has been very severe on the impiety of representing heathen gods and goddesses before a truly Christian audience: and to this we may add, that Harlequin is but a wicked sort of a fellow, and is always running after the girls. For my part I have often blush-

ed to see this impudent rake endeavouring to creep up Columbine's petticoats, and at other times patting her neck, and laying his legs upon her lap. Nobody will say, indeed, that there is much virtue and morality in these entertainments: though it must be confessed to the honour of our neighbouring house here, that the Necromancer and the Sorcerer, after having played many unchristian pranks upon the stage, are at last fairly sent to the devil. I would therefore recommend it to our pantomime-writers, that instead of the Pantheon, or lewd comedies, they would take their subjects from some old garland, moral ballad, or penny history book. Suppose, for example, they were to give us the story of Patient Grizzle in dumb show: setting forth, as how a noble lord fell in love with her, as he was hunting;—and there you might have the scene of the spinning wheel, and the song of the early horn;—and as how, after many trials of her patience, which they might represent by machinery, this lord at last married her;—and then you may have a grand temple and dance. The other house have already revived the good old story of Fortunatus's wishing cap; and as they are fond of introducing little children in their entertainments, suppose they were to exhibit a pantomime of the Three Children in the Wood;—'twould be vastly pretty to see the pasteboard robin-red-breast let down by wires upon the stage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves. But if they must have fairies and genii, I would advise them to take their stories out of that pretty little book, called the Fairy Tales. I am sure, instead of ostriches, dogs, horses, lions, monkeys, &c. we should be full as well pleased to see the Wolf and little Red Riding-Hood; and we should laugh vastly at the adventures of Puss in Boots. I need not point out the excellent moral which would be inculcated by representations of this kind; and I am confident they would meet with the deserved applause of all the old women and children in both galleries. O.

No. 48.] THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1754.

———*Age, libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.*——

HOR.

Come, let us, like our jovial sires of old,
With gambols and mince-pies our Christmas hold.

At this season of the year it has always been customary for the lower part of the world to express their gratitude to their benefactors; while some of a more elevated genius among them clothe their thoughts in a kind of holiday dress, and once in the year rise into poets. Thus the bellman bids good night to all his masters and

mistresses in couplets; the news-carrier hawks his own verses; and the very lamp-lighter addresses his worthy customers in rhyme. As a servant to the public, I should be wanting in the due respect to my readers, if I also did not take this earliest opportunity of paying them the compliments of the season, and (in the phrase of their barbers, tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen) wish them a merry Christmas, and a happy new year.

Those old-fashioned mortals, who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, I leave to con over the explanation of it in Nelson: it shall at present be my business to show the different methods of celebrating it in these kingdoms. With the generality Christmas is looked upon as a festival in the most literal sense, and held sacred by good eating and drinking. These, indeed, are the most distinguishing marks of Christmas: the revenue from the malt-tax, and the duty upon wines, &c. on account of these twelve days, has always been found to increase considerably: and it is impossible to conceive the slaughter that is made among the poultry and the hogs in different parts of the country, to furnish the prodigious number of turkeys and chins, and collars of brawn, that travel up, as presents, to the metropolis on this occasion. The jolly cit looks upon this joyous time of feasting, with as much pleasure as on the treat of a new-elected alderman, or a lord-mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail more against the game act, than many worthy citizens, who have ever since been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret their loss of the opportunity of displaying their skill, in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. But these notable housewives have still the consolation of hearing their guests commend the mince-pies without meat, which we are assured were made at home, and not like the ordinary heavy things from the pastry-cook's. These good people would, indeed, look upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest violation of Christmas; and have remarked with concern the disregard that has been shown of late years to that old English repast: for this excellent British olio is as essential to Christmas, as pancake to Shrove Tuesday, tansy to Easter, frumity to Mid-lent Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas day. And they think it no wonder that our finical gentry should be so loose in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the solid, substantial Protestant mince-pie has given place among them to the Roman Catholic amulets, and the light, puffy, heterodox *pets de religieuses*.

As this season used formerly to be welcomed in with more than usual jollity in the country, it is probable that the Christmas remembrances, with which the waggons and stage-coaches are at this time loaded, first took their rise from the

laudable custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year to the poor. But these presents are now seldom sent to those who are really in want of them, but are designed as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tythe, to his patron. Nor is the old hospitable English custom, of keeping open-house for the poor neighbourhood, any longer regarded. We might as soon expect to see plum-porridge fill a tureen at the ordinary at White's, as that the lord of a manor should assemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great house. The servants now swill the Christmas ale by themselves in the hall, while the squire gets drunk with his brother foxhunters in the smoking-room.

There is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful season, as the order of servants, journeymen, and apprentices, and the lower sort of people in general. No master or mistress is so rigid as to refuse them a holiday; and by remarkable good luck the same circumstance, which gives them an opportunity of diverting themselves, procures them money to support it, by the tax which custom has imposed upon us in the article of Christmas boxes. The butcher and the baker send their journeymen and apprentices to levy contributions on their customers, which are paid back again in the usual fees to Mr. John and Mrs. Mary. This serves the tradesman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master and mistress to lower the wages on account of the vails. The Christmas box was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessities. But the gift is now almost demanded as a right; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c. are grown so polite, that instead of reserving their Christmas-box for its original use, their ready cash serves them only for present pocket-money; and instead of visiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The sixpenny hop is crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen; the syrens of Catherine-street charm many a holiday gallant into their snares; and the play-houses are filled with beaux, wits, and critics, from Cheapside and White-Chapel. The barrows are surrounded with raw lads setting their halfpence against oranges; and the greasy cards and dirty cribbage-board employ the genteeler gamesters in every ale-house. A merry Christmas has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but before the end of it has committed a robbery on the till for more.

But in the midst of this general festivity there are some so far from giving in to any extra-

ordinary merriment, that they seem more gloomy than usual, and appear with faces as dismal as the month in which Christmas is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen most grievously complain of the great expense of house-keeping at this season, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of house and home; then again, considering the present total decay of trade, and the great load of taxes, it is a shame, they think, that poor shopkeepers should be so fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of Christmas-boxes. But if tradesmen have any reason to murmur at Christmas, many of their customers, on the other hand, tremble at its approach; as it is made a sanction to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and disturb a gentleman's repose at this time by bringing in his bill.

Others, who used to be very merry at this season, have within this year or two been quite disconcerted. To put them out of their old way, is to put them out of humour; they have therefore quarrelled with the almanack, and refuse to keep their Christmas according to act of parliament. My cousin Village informs me, that this obstinacy is very common in the country; and that many still persist in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their Christmas till the blowing of the Glastonbury thorn. In some, indeed, this cavilling with the calendar has been only the result of close economy; who, by evading the expense of keeping Christmas with the rest of the world, find means to neglect it, when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themselves of this expedient: and I am acquainted with a couple, who are enraged at the New Style on another account; because it puts them to double expenses, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping Christmas-day and their wedding-day at the same time.

As to persons of fashion, this annual carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of summer. The boisterous merriment, an awkward affectation of politeness among the vulgar, interrupts the course of their refined pleasures, and drives them out of town for the holidays. The few who remain are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time; for the theatres at this season are opened only for the reception of school-boys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear, without being surrounded with the dirty inhabitants of St. Giles's, and the brutes from the Wapping side of Westminster. These unhappy sufferers are really to be pitied; and since Christmas-day has to persons of distinction a great deal of insipidity about it, I cannot enough applaud an ingenious lady, who sent cards round to all her acquaintance, inviting them to a rout on that day; which they declared was the happiest thought in the world, because Christmas-day is so like Sunday.

No. 49.] THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1735.

*Est in consilio matrona a matronae lanis
Emerita quæ cessat nec: sententia prima
Hujus erit; posthæc: aetate atque arte minoræ
Censebunt: tanquam famæ discrimen agatur,
Aut animæ tanta est quærendi curæ decoris. Juv.*

Here every belle, for taste and beauty known,
Shall meet—to fix the fashion of a gown:
Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,
As of their lives they would decide the fate.
Life, soul, and all, would claim th' attention less,
For life and soul is centred all—in dress.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

CONTESTED elections and double returns being at present the general topic of discourse, a subject in which the ladies, methinks, are but little concerned, I have a scheme to propose to you in their behalf, which I doubt not but you, as their professed patron, will use your eloquence to recommend, and your authority to enforce. It has long been a matter of real concern to every well-wisher to the fair sex, that the men should be allowed the free choice of representatives, to whom they can make every real or pretended grievance known, while the women are deprived of the same privilege; when in reality they have many grievances utterly unknown and unthought of by the men, and which cannot be redressed but by a female parliament.

I do not, indeed, pretend to the honour of first projecting this scheme, since an assembly of this nature has been proposed before: but as it appears to me so necessary, I would advise that writs be immediately issued out for calling a parliament of women; which for the future should assemble every winter, and be dissolved every third year. My reason for shortening the time of their sitting proceeds from the reflection, that full as much business will be done, at least as many speeches will be made, by women in three years, as by men in seven. To this assembly every county and city in England shall send two members; but from this privilege I would utterly exclude every borough, as we shall presently see that they can have no business to transact there. But as I would have their number at least equal to that of the other parliament, the deficiency should be supplied by the squares and great streets at the court end of the town, each of which should be represented by one of their own inhabitants. In humble imitation of the Houses of Lords and Commons, the ladies of peers (whether spiritual or temporal) should sit here in their own right, the others by election only; any woman to be qualified, whose husband, or even whose father (for I would by no means exclude the unmarried ladies) is qualified to be chosen into the other. In the same manner,

whatever entitles the husband or father to vote at that election, should entitle his wife or daughter to vote at this.

Having settled this point, it now remains to adjust the subjects which they are to treat of; and these we shall find to be, indeed, of the last importance. What think you, Sir, of the rise and fall of fashions, of as much consequence to them as the rise and fall of kingdoms is to us? of the commencing a new acquaintance, equivalent to our making a new alliance? and adjusting the ceremonial of a rout or ball, as interesting as the preliminaries of a treaty or a congress? These subjects, and these alone, will sufficiently employ them every session; and as their judgment must be final, how delightful will it be to have bills brought in to determine how many inches of the leg or neck may lawfully be exposed, how many courtesies at a public place amount to an acquaintance, and what are the precise privileges of birth or fortune, that entitle the possessors to give routs or drums, on week-days or on Sundays. Whoever should presume to transgress against these laws might be punished suitably to their offences; and be banished from public places, or be condemned to do penance in linsey-woolsey: or if any female should be convicted of immodesty, she might be outlawed; and then (as these laws would not bind the nymphs of Drury) we should easily distinguish a modest woman, as the phrase is, if not by her looks, at least by her dress and appearance; and the victorious Fanny might then be suffered to strike bold strokes without rivalry or imitation. If a man, too, should be found so grossly offending against the laws of fashion, as to refuse a member a bow at a play, or a salute at a wedding, how suitably would he be punished by being reprimanded on his knees in such an assembly, and by so fine a woman as we may suppose the speaker would be? Then, doubtless, would a grand committee sit on the affair of hoops; and were they established in their present form by proper authority, doors and boxes might be altered and enlarged accordingly. Then should we talk as familiarly of the visit bill as of the marriage bill; and with what pleasure should we peruse the regulations of the committee of dress? Every lover of decorum would be pleased to hear, that refractory females were taken into custody by the usher of the black fan. The double return of a visit would occasion as many debates as the double return for a certain county; and at the eve of an election, how pretty would it be to see the ladies of the shire going about mounted on their white palfreys, and canvassing for votes.

Till this great purpose is attained, I see not how the visible enormities in point of dress, and failures in point of ceremony, can effectually be prevented. But then, and not before, I shall hope to see politeness and good breeding dis-

tinguished from formality and affectation, and dresses invented that will improve, not diminish the charms of, the fair, and rather become than disguise the wearers.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY CANVASS.

I am much obliged to my correspondent for his letter, and heartily wish that this scheme was carried into execution. The liberties daily taken in point of dress demand proper restrictions. The ancients settled their national habit by law: but the dress of our own country is so very fluctuating, that if the great grandmothers of the present generation were to arise they would not be able to guess at their posterity from their dress, but would fancy themselves in a strange country. As these affairs fall more immediately under the cognizance of the ladies, the female world in general would soon be sensible of the advantages accruing from a female parliament; and though ladies of fashion might probably claim some peculiar liberties in dress by their privilege, it might naturally be expected that this wise assembly would at least keep the rest of the sex in order; nor suffer enormous hoops to spread themselves across the whole pavement, to the detriment of all honest men going upon business along the street; nor permit the chandler's wife to retail half-quarterns from behind the counter, in a short stomacher and without a handkerchief.

I am aware that a considerable objection may be brought against this scheme; to wit, that a female parliament (like those of the men) may be subject to corruption, and made dependent on a court. The enormous Elizabeth ruff, and the awkward Queen of Scots mob, are fatal instances of the evil influence which courts have upon fashions; and as no one can tell the power which a British queen might have over the councils of a female parliament, future ages might perhaps see the coats bolstered out into hump-backs, or the petticoats let down to conceal a bandy leg, from the same servile complaisance which warped the necks of Alexander's courtiers.

But though a parliament on the foregoing scheme has not yet taken place, an institution of the like nature has been contrived among the order of females who (as I mentioned in a former paper) advertise for gentlemen to play at cards with them. The reader may remember, that some time ago, an advertisement appeared in the public papers, from the Covent-Garden Society; in which it was set forth, that one of their members was voted common. This very society is composed of those agreeable young ladies, whose business it is to play at cards with those gentlemen, who have good nature and fortune sufficient to sit down contented with being losers. It is divided, like the upper and lower Houses of Parliament, into Ladies

and Commons. The upper order of card-players take their seats according to the rank of those who game at high stakes with them; while the Commons are made up of the lower sort of gamblers within the hundreds of Drury and Covent-Garden. Every one is obliged to pay a certain tax out of her card-money; and the revenue arising from it is applied to the levying of hoop-petticoats, sacks, petenlairs, caps, handkerchiefs, aprons, &c. to be used out nightly according to the exigence and degree of the members. Many revolutions have happened in this society since its institution: a commoner in the space of a few weeks has been called up to the House of Ladies; and another, who at first sat as peeress, has been suddenly degraded, and voted common.

More particulars of this society have not come to my knowledge; but their design seems to be, to erect a commonwealth of themselves, and to rescue their liberties from being invaded by those who have presumed to tyrannize over them. If this practice of playing their own cards, and shuffling for themselves, should generally prevail among all the agreeable young gamesters of Covent-Garden, I am concerned to think what will become of the venerable sisterhood of Douglass, Haddock, and Noble, as well as the fraternity of Harris, Derry, and the rest of those gentlemen, who have hitherto acted as groom-porters, and had the principal direction of the game. From such a combination it may greatly be feared, that the honourable profession of pimp will in a short time become as useless as that of a Fleet-parson.

No. 50.] THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1755.

Vita

*Percipit humones odium, lucisque videnda,
Ut sibi consicant marenti pectore lethum.* LUCRET.

O deaf to nature, and to Heaven's command!—

Against thyself to lift the murdering hand!

O damn'd despair!—to shun the living light,

And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-Fire-Club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamesters and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be quite exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good

run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution; he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow Heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by a halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their last guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then, that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as a toss-up whether there is another world, takes his chance, and despatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes choose to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to these, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post; but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was also lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them which they thought the easiest and genteel method of going out of the world; for there is as much difference between a mean

person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters ; a second, crossed in love, drowns himself like a blind puppy, in Rosamond's Pond ; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almost always dies by a pistol ; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this false notion of courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy ; but it is very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided that the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial ; but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A peunyless poor dog, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the churchyard : but self-murder by a pistol genteelly mounted, or the Paris-hilted sword, qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues in Westminster Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will!) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation : though history informs us that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford a hint for fixing the like marks of ignominy on our male suicides ; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains lie (as it were) in state for some

days ; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden :—

The slayer of himself too saw I there ;
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair ;
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul away.
DRYDEN'S FABLES.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeon's Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime ; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air cannot be denied ; but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom, that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others ; and I do not hear that men despatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject ; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the North pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions ; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men in difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish ; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy disease.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people.

The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter: but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his Bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the disputing societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predestination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the suicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

If this madness should continue to grow more and more epidemical, it will be expedient to have a bill of suicides distinct from the common bill of mortality, brought in yearly; in which should be set down the number of suicides, their methods of destroying themselves, and the likely causes of their doing so. In this, I believe, we should find but few martyrs to the weather; but their deaths would commonly be imputed to despair, produced by some causes similar to the following. In the little sketch of a bill of suicide underneath, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as well as for the number of self-murderers, their manner of dying, &c. which would naturally be filled up by the proper persons, if ever this scheme should be put into execution.

Bill of Suicide for the year——

Of Newmarket Races	
Of Kept Mistresses	
Of Electioneering	
Of Lotteries	
Of French Claret, French Lace, French Cooks, and French Disease	
Of White's	
Of Chinese Temples, &c.	
Of a Country Seat	
Of a Town House	
Of Fortune-hunting	
Of a Tour through France and Italy	
Of Lord Bolingbroke	
Of the Robin Hood Society	
Of an Equipage	
Of a Dog Kennel	
Of Covent Garden	
Of Plays, Operas, Concerts, Masquerades, Routs, Drums, &c.	
Of keeping the best Company	

No. 51.] THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1755.

*Addē quod absument vires, peruntque labore:
Addē quod alerius sur mutu degitur ætas.
Labitur interea res, et vadimonia flunt,
Languent officia, atque egrolat fama vacillans.*

LUCRET.

When haughty mistresses our souls enthrall,
They waste our strength, our fortune, fame, and all,
Mortgage on mortgage loads the bankrupt cull,
Who gives up wealth and honour for a trull.

SINCE pleasure is almost the only pursuit of a fine gentleman, it is very necessary, for the maintaining his consequence and character, that he should have a girl in keeping. Intriguing with women of fashion, and debauching tradesmen's daughters, naturally happen in the common course of gallantry; but this convenient female, to fill up the intervals of business, is the principal mark of his superior taste and quality. Every priggish clerk to an attorney, or pert apprentice, can throw away his occasional guinea in Covent Garden; but the shortness of their finances will not permit them to persevere in debauchery with the air and spirit of a man of quality. The kept mistress (which those half-reprobates dare not think of) is a constant part of the retinue of a complete fine gentleman; and is, indeed, as indispensable a part of his equipage, as a French *valet de chambre*, or a four-wheeled post-chaise.

It was formerly the fashion among the ladies to keep a monkey. At that time every woman of quality thought herself obliged to follow the mode; and even the merchants' wives in the city had their fashionable pugs to play tricks and break china. A girl in keeping is as disagreeable to some of our men of pleasure, as pug was to some ladies; but they must have one to spend money and do mischief, that they may be reckoned young fellows of spirit. Hence it happens that many gentlemen maintain girls, who in fact, are little more than their nominal mistresses; for they see them as seldom, and behave to them with as much indifference, as if they were their wives; however, as the woman in a manner bears their name, and is maintained by them, they may appear in the world with the genteel character of a keeper. I have known several gentlemen take great pains to heighten their reputation in this way; and turn off a first mistress, merely because she was not sufficiently known, for the sake of a celebrated woman of the town, a dancer, or an actress; and it is always the first step of an Englishman of fashion after his arrival at Paris, to take one of the Filles d'Opera under his protection. It was but the other day, that Florio went abroad, and left his girl to roll about the town in a chariot, with an unlimited order on his banker; and almost as soon as he got to France, took a smart girl off the stage, to

make as genteel a figure at Paris. In short, as a gentleman keeps running horses, goes to White's, and gets into parliament, for the name of the thing; so must he likewise have his kept mistress, because it is the fashion: and I was mightily pleased with hearing a gentleman once boast, that he lived like a man of quality—"For," says he, "I have a post-chaise and never ride in it; I have a wife and never see her, and I keep a mistress and never lie with her."

But, if these sort of keepers who never care a farthing for their mistresses, are to be laughed at, those who are really fond of their dulcineas are to be pitied. The most hen-pecked husband that ever bore the grievous yoke of a shrew, is not half so miserable, as a man who is subject to the humours and unaccountable caprice of a cunning slut, who finds him in her power. Her behaviour will continually give him new occasion of jealousy; and perhaps, she will really dispense her favours to every rake in town, that will bid up to her price. She will smile when she wants money; be insolent when she does not; and in short leave no artifice untried, to plague his heart, and drain his pocket. A friend of mine used constantly to rail at the slavish condition of married men, and the tyranny of petticoat government: he therefore prudently resolved to live an uncontrolled bachelor, and for that reason pitched upon a country girl, who should serve him as a handmaid. Determining to keep her in a very snug and retired manner, he had even calculated how much she would save him in curtailing his ordinary expenses at taverns and bagnios: but this scheme of economy did not last long; for the artful jade soon contrived "to wind her close into his easy heart," and inveigled him to maintain her in all the splendour and *eclat* of a first-rate lady of pleasure. He at first treated her with all the indifference of a fashionable husband: but as soon as she found herself to be entire mistress of his affections, it is surprising to think what pains she took to bring him to the most abject compliance with all her whimsies, and to tame him to the patient thing he now is. A frown on his part would frequently cost him a brocade, and a tear from her was sure to extort a new handkerchief or an apron. Upon any slight quarrel—O she would leave him that moment:—and though the baggage had more cunning than to hazard an intrigue with any one else, she would work upon his jealousy by continually twitting him with—She knew a gentleman, who would scorn to use her so barbarously,—and she would go to him,—if she could be sure she was not with child.—This last circumstance was a *coup de reserve*, which never failed to bring about a reconciliation: nay, I have known her make great use of breeding qualms upon occasion; and things were once come to such an extremity, that she was even forced to have recourse to a sham miscarriage to

prevent their separation. He has often been heard to declare, that if he ever had a child by her, it should take its chance at the Foundling Hospital. He had lately an opportunity of putting this to a trial: but the bare hinting such a barbarous design threw the lady into hysterics. However, he was determined that the babe, as soon as it was born, should be put out to nurse,—he hated the squall of children. Well! madam was brought to bed: she could not bear the dear infant out of her sight; and it would kill her not to suckle it herself. The father was therefore obliged to comply; and an acquaintance caught him the other morning stirring the pap, holding the clouts before the fire, and (in a word) dwindled into a mere nurse. Such is the transformation of this kind keeper, whose character is still more ridiculous than that of a fondlewife among husbands. The amours, indeed, of these fond souls, commonly end one of these two ways: they either find themselves deserted by their mistress, when she has effectually ruined their constitution and estate; or, after as many years cohabitation as would have tired them of a wife, they grow so doatingly fond of their whore, that, by marriage, they make her an honest woman, and perhaps a lady of quality.

The most unpardonable sort of keepers are married men and old men. I will give the reader a short sketch of each of these characters, and leave him to judge for himself.

Cynthia, about two years ago, was married to Clarinda, one of the finest women in the world. Her temper and disposition were as agreeable as her person, and her chief endeavour was to please her husband. But Cynthia's folly and vanity soon got the better of his constancy and gratitude; and it was not six months after his marriage, before he took a girl he was formerly acquainted with into keeping. His dear Polly uses him like a dog: and he is cruel enough to revenge the ill treatment he receives from her upon his wife. He seldom visits her, but when his wench has put him out of humour; and once, though indeed unknowingly, communicated to her a filthy disease, for which he was obliged to his mistress. Yet is he still so infatuated as to doat on this vile hussy, and wishes it in his power to annul his marriage, and legitimate his bastards by Polly. Though it is palpable to every one but Cynthia, that Polly has no attraction but the name of mistress, and Clarinda no fault but being his wife.

Sir Thrifty Gripe is arrived at his grand climacteric, and has just taken a girl into keeping. Till very lately, the multiplication table was his rule of life, and 'a penny saved is a penny got,' was his favourite maxim. But he has suddenly deserted Wingate for Rochester, and the 'Change for Covent-Garden. Here he met with the buxom Charlotte, who at once opened his heart and his purse, and soon began to scat-

ter his guineas in paying her debts, and supplying her fresh expenses. Her equipage is as genteel and elegant as that of a dutchess; and the wise men in the alley shake their heads at Sir Thrifty as the greatest spendthrift in town. Sir Thrifty was formerly married to a merchant's daughter, who brought him a fortune of 20,000*l.*; but, after she had two sons by him, he sent her into the North of Wales to live cheap, and prevent the probable expense of more children. His sons were obliged to an uncle for education; and Sir Thrifty now scarce allows them enough to support them. His mistress and he almost always appear together at public places, where she constantly makes a jest of him, while the old dotard dangles at her elbow, like January by the side of May. Thus Sir Thrifty lives, cursed by his own sons, jilted by his mistress, and laughed at by the rest of the world.

It is very diverting to observe the shifts to which persons in middling or low life are reduced, in order to bear this new incumbrance with which they sometimes choose to load themselves. The extravagance of a girl has put many a clerk on defrauding his master, sent many a distressed gentleman's watch to the pawnbrokers, and his clothes to Monmouth street, as well as the poor gentleman himself to the gaming-table, or perhaps to Hounslow Heath. I know a templar, who always keeps a girl for the first month after he receives his allowance; at the end of which his poverty obliges him to discard her, and live on mutton-chops and porter for the rest of the quarter: and it was but lately, that my mercer discovered his apprentice to be concerned with two others in an association for maintaining one trull common to the whole three.

This review of one of the chief sources of extravagance, in the higher and middling walks of life, will help us in accounting for the frequent mortgages and distresses in families of fashion, and the numerous bankruptcies in trade. Here also I cannot help observing, that, in this case, the misbehaviour of the women is in a great measure to be charged to the men: for how can it be expected that a lady should take any pleasure in discharging the domestic duties of a wife, when she sees her husband's affections placed abroad. Nothing, indeed, can be advanced in vindication of loose conduct in the fair sex; but, considering our modern morals, it is surely not much to be wondered at, when the husband openly affronts his family by keeping a wench, if the wife also takes care to provide herself a gallant.

O.

No. 52.] THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1755.

*Quam si nullarum insereres choro.**Mirè sagaces falleret hospites**Discrimen obscurum, solutis**Crinibus, ambiguoque vulsu.*

HOR.

In form so delicate, so soft his skin,
So fair in feature, and so smooth his chin,
Quite to unman him nothing wants but this;
Put him in coats, and he's a very Miss.

*Non illa colo calathivæ Minervæ**Femineus assucta manus.*

VIRG.

See the she-rake her softer sex disown:
The breeches more become her than the gown.

I AM persuaded that my readers will agree with me in thinking, that the writers of the following letters ought to change clothes; since, as the case stands at present, the one seems to be a pretty miss in breeches, and the other a blood in petticoats.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

Rocks, deserts, wilds, wastes, savages, and barbarians, make up the sum total of the odious country. I am just returned from a visit there; and would not pass another three weeks in the same way to be lord of the manor.

Having received frequent invitations from Sir Sampson Five-bars, and having heard much of the beauty of his three sisters, in an evil hour I took a resolution to sacrifice this Christmas to him at his seat in Wiltshire. I flattered myself with the hopes, that the novelty and oddness of the scene would serve me at least to laugh at; and that if the rustics were not mere stocks and stones, my clothes and discourse would have taught them to talk and dress like human creatures. Need I tell you, that I was disappointed? Sir Sampson is what the country people call a hearty man: he has the shape and constitution of a porter, and is sturdy enough to encounter Broughton without mufflers; "when he speaks, thunder breaks;" he hunts almost every morning, and takes a toast and tankard for his breakfast. You may easily imagine, that what was pleasure to him must be torture to me; and, indeed, I would as soon draw in a mill, or carry a chair for my diversion, as follow any of their horrid country amusements. But Sir Sampson, out of his abundant good-nature, insisted on lending me a gun, and showing me a day's sport of shooting. For this purpose he loaded me with a huge gun, threw a bag and pouch across my shoulders, and made me look for all the world like Robinson Crusoe. After I had followed him over three or four ploughed fields, a servant, who was with us, hallooed out, mark! when the baronet's gun went off so suddenly, that it threw me into a swoon, and at

last I could hardly be convinced, that Sir Sampson had shot nothing but a partridge.

After this you will conclude, that I was not to be prevailed on to hunt. Once, indeed, Miss Fanny did tempt me to accompany her on a morning ride; but even of this I heartily repented. Miss Fanny, I found, valued neither hedge nor ditch, has the strength of a char-woman, and, in short, is more like Trulla in Hudibras, or Boadicea in the play, than a woman of fashion. Unluckily, too, the horse I rode was skittish and unruly; so that while I was scrambling after Miss Fanny, a sudden start brought me to the ground. I received no hurt; but the fall so fluttered my spirits, that Miss Fanny was obliged to take me up behind her. When we arrived at the house, I was in the utmost confusion; for the booby servants stood gaping and grinning at my distress, and Sir Sampson himself told me, with a laugh as horrible as Caliban's, that he would lend me one of his maids to carry me out airing every morning.

Besides these and fifty other mortifications, I could scarce get any rest during the whole time I remained there: every other morning I was constantly waked by the hungry knight, just returned from the chase and bawling for dinner. My breakfast was what they called their afternoon tea, at which I always assisted the ladies; for I should infallibly have perished, had I staid in the hall amidst the jargon of toasts and the fumes of tobacco. I thought, indeed, my time might be much more agreeably employed in the parlour; but even here my disappointment was grievous past expression. These fair ones, for such they were, were hale indeed and ruddy; and having been always cooped up, like turkeys in a pen, were really no better than *belles sauvages*, being totally ignorant of the genteel airs and languishing *delicatesses* of women of fashion. Their clothes were huddled on merely with a view to cover their nakedness; and they had no notion, that their eyes were given them for any other purpose than to see, and (what is more strange) to read, forsooth! For my part, Mr. Town, unless a woman can use her eyes to more advantage, I should as soon fall in love with my lap-dog or my monkey; and what constitutes the difference between a lady and her cookmaid, but her taste in dress? Mobs and handkerchiefs answer the end of covering, but the main purpose of dress is to reveal. I really almost begin to think, that these awkward creatures were so stupid and unaccountable, as to have no design upon me. To complete the oddity of their characters, these girls are constant at church, but never dreamed of promoting an intrigue there: employ their whole time there in praying, never heard of such things as cut fans, and are so attentive to the queer old put of a preacher, that they scarce look or listen to any one else. After service too the doctor is always taken home

to dinner, and is as constant at table on Sunday as a roast sirloin and a plum-pudding.

But even with these unaccountable females, I thought I could have passed my evenings tolerably, if I could have got them to cards, which have the charming faculty of rendering all women equally agreeable. But these, I found, they were almost wholly unaccustomed to. I once, indeed, heard the dear cards mentioned, and was in hopes of something like an assembly. But what was my mortification, when, instead of seeing half a dozen card-tables, &c. set out, and whist, brag, or lansquenet going forward, I saw these strange women place themselves at a huge round table with country girls and cherry-cheek'd bumpkins, to play, according to annual Christmas custom, at Pope Joan and Snip-snap-snorner!

It would be endless to recount the miseries I suffered in those three weeks. Even the necessities of life were denied me; and I could scarce have been more at a loss among the Hottentots. Would you think it, Sir? though this house had a family in it, and a family of females too, not a drop of Benjamin wash, nor a dust of almond-powder could be procured there, nor indeed in all the parish; and I was forced to scrub my hands with filthy wash-ball, which so ruined their complexion, that lying in dog-skin gloves will not recover them this fortnight. Add to this, that I never could dress for want of pomatum, so that my hair was always in *dishevelle*; and I am sure I should not have been known at the *dilettanti*. At length, Sir, my snuff and salts were pretty nigh exhausted; and to add to my distress, I lost my snuff-box. These losses were irreparable there; not all the country afforded such snuff and salts as mine; I could as soon live without food as without either; and not a box could I touch but one of Deard's, and of my own choosing. So I hurried up to town, and being just recovered from the fatigue of my journey, I send you this, in hopes that my woful experience will deter all my friends from following a chase as mad and hare-brained as any of Sir Sampson's; since it is impossible to exist a day there with tolerable ease, and neither wit nor beauty are worth one pinch, unless they are improved by a town education.

Sir, yours, &c.

DILLY DIMPLE.

My other correspondent, by the familiarity of her address, must be, I am sure, a woman of fashion:

Dear Town,

Did I know your christian name I would call you by it, to show you at first setting out, that I know the world, and was born and bred in high life.

The design of this epistle is to express to you

the uneasiness that some of us women of spirit feel at being incumbered with petticoats, and to convince you, by our way of life, that had we been men, we should have been bucks of the first head. Be assured, however, that such of us as are unmarried are strictly virtuous. We have, indeed, been accused of copying the dress of the nymphs of Drury. And can any thing be invented more becoming? Fanny, it must be owned, has taste. What so smart as a cocked hat? and who but sees the advantages of short petticoats, unless it be some squire's awkward daughter, who never yet heard of a Poloneze, and never accidentally shows her leg without blushing?

It is true, their similitude in dress now and then occasions some droll mistakes. In the park the joke has been sometimes carried so far, I have been obliged to call the sentry: and how did a young templar start and stare, when having just made an appointment with him, he saw me step into a chair adorned with coronets!

If you frequent Ranelagh, you must undoubtedly have seen or heard me there. I am always surrounded with a crowd of fellows; and my voice and laugh is sure to be the loudest, especially while Beard is singing. One is my dear lord, another my sweet colonel: and the rest I call Tom, or Dick, or Harry, as I would their footman. At the play I always enter in the first act. All the eyes of the house are turned upon me. I am quite composed. Before I am settled the act is over; and to some I nod or courtsey, with others I talk and laugh, till the curtain falls.

What would I give to change my sex! *Entre nous*, I have a strong inclination to see the world in masquerade. If you love me, keep it secret, and should you hear of any prank more wild and buckish than usual, conclude it to be played by me in men's clothes.

Yours as you mind me,
HARRIOT HARE-BRAIN.

No. 53.] THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 1755.

Aconita bibuntur.

Juv.

Drams are our bane, since poisons lurk within,
And some by cordials fall, and some by gin.

NOTHING is more natural than for the quacks of all professions to recommend their wares to those persons who are most likely to stand in need of them. Thus Mrs. Giles very properly acquaints the fair sex, that she sells her fine compound for taking off superfluous hairs at a guinea an ounce: and ladies of quality are constantly informed, where they may be furnished with the newest brocades, or the choicest variety

of Chelsea China figures for deserts. It is very necessary, that the *beau monde* should be acquainted, that *Eau de Luce* may be had here in England, the same as at Paris; but I must own, I was very much surprised at seeing repeated advertisements in the papers from the "Rich Cordial Warehouse," introduced by an address "to the people of fashion." I cannot but look upon this as a libel on our persons of distinction, and I know not whether it may not be construed into *scandalum magnatum*; as it tacitly insinuates, that our Right Honourables are no better than dram-drinkers.

There is a well known story of the famous Rabelais, that having a mind to impose on the curiosity of his landlord, he filled several vials with an innocent liquor, and directed them with—Poison for the King,—Poison for the Dauphin,—Poison for the Prime Minister, and for all the principal courtiers. The same might be said of these rich cordial liquors; which however they may recommend themselves to the people of fashion by their foreign titles and extraction, are to be considered as poisons in masquerade: and instead of the pompous names of *Eau d'Oa*, *Eau divine*, and the like, I would have labels fixed on the bottles (in imitation of Rabelais) with—Poison for my Lord Duke,—Poison for the Viscount,—Poison for the Countess.

We live, indeed, in so polite an age, that nothing goes down with us, but what is either imported from France and Italy, or dignified with a foreign appellation. Our dress must be entirely *a la mode de Paris*; and I will venture to insure great success to the Monsieur tailor, who tells us in the public papers, that he has just been to France to see the newest fashions. A dinner is not worth eating, if not served up by a French cook: our wines are of the same country; and the dram-drinkers of fashion are invited to comfort their spirits with rich cordials from *Chamberry*, *Neully*, and *l'Isle de Rhe*. A plain man must undoubtedly smile at the alluring names, which are given to many of these; nor is it possible to guess at their composition from their titles. The virtues, as well as the intent, of Viper Water may be well known; but who would imagine, that *Flora Granater*, or *Belle de Nuit* should be intended only to signify a dram? For my own part I should rather have taken *Marasquino* for an Italian fiddler, and have concluded that *Jacomoodi* was no other than an Opera-singer.

But dram-drinking, however different in the phrase, is the same in practice, in every station of life; and sipping rich cordials is no less detestable, than, in the vulgar idiom, bunging your eye. What signifies it, whether we muddle with *Eau de Millefleurs* or plain aniseed, or whether we fetch our drams from the Rich Cordial Warehouse, or the Blackamoor and Still? The

lady of St. James's, who paints her face with frequent applications of Coffee or Chocolate Water, looks as hideous as the trollop of St. Giles's, who has laid on the same colours by repeated half quarterns of Gin Royal. There are many customs among the great, which are also practised by the lower sort of people; and if persons of fashion must wrap up their drams in the disguise of a variety of specious titles, in this too they are rivalled by the vulgar. Madam Gin has been christened by as many names as a German princess; every petty chandler's shop will sell you Sky-blue, and every night-cellar furnish you with Holland Tape, three yards a penny. Nor can I see the difference between Oil of Venus, Spirit of Adonis, and Parfait Amour, for the use of our quality, and what among the vulgar is called Cupid's Eye-water, Strip me naked, and Lay me down softly.

To those elegant and genteel appellations it is indeed, chiefly owing, that drams are not confined merely to the vulgar, but are in esteem among all ranks of people, and especially among the ladies. Many a good woman, who would start at the very mention of strong waters, cannot conceive there can be any harm in a cordial. And as the fair sex are more particularly subject to a depression of spirits, it is no wonder that they should convert their apothecaries' shops into rich cordial warehouses, and take drams by way of physic; as the common people make gin serve for meat, drink, and clothes. The ladies perhaps may not be aware, that every time they have recourse to their Hartshorn or Lavender Drops, to drive away the vapours, they in effect take a Dram? and they may be assured, that their Colic, Surfeit, and Plague Waters, are to be ranked among spirituous liquors, as well as the common stuff at the gin-shop. The College of Physicians, in their last review of the London Dispensary, for this very reason expelled the Strong Water, generally known by the soothing name of Hysteric Water; because it was a lure to the female sex to dram it by authority, and to get tipsy *secundum artem*.

If any of my fair readers have at all given into this pernicious practice of dram-drinking, I must intreat them to leave it off betimes, before it has taken such hold of them as they can never shake off. For the desire of drams steals upon them, and grows to be habitual, by imperceptible degrees: as those who are accustomed to take opiates, are obliged to increase the dose gradually, and at last cannot sleep without it. The following letter may serve to convince them of the deplorable situation of a lady, who covers her drinking under the pretence of mending her constitution.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I have the misfortune to be married to a poor sickly creature, who labours under a complica-

tion of disorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continued course of strong liquors; though, poor woman! she would not else touch a dram for the world. Sometimes she is violently troubled with the tooth-ach, and then she is obliged to hold a glass of rum in her mouth, to numb the pain, at other times she is seized with a racking fit of the colic, and nothing will so soon give her ease as some right Holland's gin. She has the gout in her constitution; and whenever she feels a twitch of it, the only thing is sheer brandy to keep it from her head; but this sometimes is too cold for her, and she is forced to drive it out of her stomach with true Irish usquebaugh. She is never free from the vapours, notwithstanding she is continually drinking hartshorn and water; and ever since she miscarried, she is so hysterical in the night time, that she never lies without a cordial-water bottle by her bedside. I have paid the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in one year; and his bill is laced down with nothing but drops, peppermint water, and a cordial draught repeated.

Her very diet must always be made heartening, otherwise it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-spirited, except she was to qualify every dish with a large spoonful of rum. She has a glass of mountain with bitters an hour before dinner, to create an appetite; and her stomach is so poor, that when she is at table, she must force every bit down with a glass of Madeira. We usually have a tiff of punch together in the evening; but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all the night, if it was not made comfortable with more than an equal portion of spirit.

But notwithstanding the grievous complaints she hourly labours under, she is very hale: and her complexion is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid as a milk-maid's: except, indeed, that her nose and forehead are subject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of phlogistic humour in her blood. For my part, considering the quantity of combustibles she continually pours down, I should imagine the fire in her stomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I should not wonder, if she looked as horrible, as those who hang their face over a bowl of Burnt Brandy at snap-dragon.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T.

TIMOTHY NOGGAN.

No. 54.] THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1755.

*Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit focus.*—HOR.

Frolics, for men of spirit only fit,

Where rapes are jests, and murder is sheer wit.

The noblest exploit of a man of the town, the

highest proof and utmost effort of his genius and peasantry, is the frolic. This piece of humour consists in playing the most wild and extravagant pranks that wantonness and debauchery can suggest; and is the distinguishing characteristic of the buck and blood.

These facetious gentlemen, whenever champagne has put them in spirits, sally out, "flown with insolence and wine," in quest of adventures. At such a time, the more harm they do, the more they show their wit; and their frolics, like the mirth of a monkey, are made up of mischief.

The frolic formerly signified nothing more than a piece of innocent mirth and gayety; but the modern sense of the word is much more lively and spirited. The Mohocks and the members of the Hell-Fire Club, the heroes of the last generation, were the first who introduced these elevated frolics, and struck out mighty good jokes from all kinds of violence and blasphemy. The present race of bucks commonly begin their frolic in a tavern, and end it in the round-house; and during the course of it, practise several mighty pretty pleasantries. There is a great deal of humour in what is called beating the rounds, that is, in plain English, taking a tour of the principal bawdy-houses; breaking of lamps and skirmishes with watchmen are very good jests; and the insulting any dull sober fools, that are quietly trudging about their business, or a rape on a modest woman, are particularly facetious. Whatever is in violation of all decency and order, is an exquisite piece of wit; and in short, a frolic and playing the devil bear the same explanation in a modern glossary.

It is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits, and how wine inspires these gentlemen with thoughts more extraordinary and sublime, than any sober man could ever have devised. I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time, these exalted geniuses have cast lots which should be thrown out of the window; and at another, make a bonfire of their clothes, and run naked into the streets. I remember a little gentleman, not above five feet high, who was resolved, merely for the sake of the frolic, to lie with the tall woman; but the joke ended in his receiving a sound cudgelling from the hands of his Thalestris. It was no longer ago than last winter, that a party of jovial Templars set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to Lisbon, in order to get good Port. They took a boat at Temple Stairs, and prudently laid in by way of provisions, a cold venison pasty and two bottles of raspberry brandy; but when they imagined themselves just arrived at Gravesend, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelsea Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent frolics of these men of humour

are carried on in a literary way by advertisements in the newspapers, with which they often amuse the town; and alarm us with bottle conjurers, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting the modest women to the blush by describing them in the public papers. Once, I remember it was the frolic to call together all the wet nurses that wanted a place; at another time, to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's coffee-house, where the bucks themselves sat in another box, to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks.

But the highest frolic that can possibly be put in execution, is a genteel murder; such as running a waiter through the body, knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has not spirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The noblest frolic of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables and looking-glasses into the street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stairs, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances; upon which, they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death, and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that she should be charged in the bill.

These wild pranks are instances of great spirit and invention: but, alas! the generality of mankind have no taste for humour. Few people care to have a sword in their ribs for the sake of the joke, or to be beat to mummy, or shot through the head, for the diversion of the good company. They sometimes imagine the jest is carried too far, and are apt to apply the words of the old fable, "it may be sport to you, but it is death to us." For these reasons, a set of these merry gentlemen are as terrible to the ordinary part of the world as a troop of banditti; and an affair, which has been thought very high fun in Pall Mall or Covent Garden, has been treated in a very serious manner at Westminster Hall or the Old Bailey. Our legislature has been absurd enough to be very careful of the lives of the lowest among the people; and the counsel for a highwayman would sooner plead distress as an excuse for discharging his pistol, than mere wantonness and frolic. Nor do the governments abroad entertain a better opinion of this sort of humour; for it is but a few years since, a gentleman on his travels, who was

completing a town education by the polite tour, shot a waiter through the head, but the joke was so ill received, that the gentleman was hanged within four-and-twenty hours. It would be advisable, therefore, for these gentlemen, since the taste of the age is so incorrigible, to lay aside this high-seasoned humour. For their pistol, as it were, recoils upon themselves; and since it may produce their own deaths, it would be more prudent not to draw their wit out of their scabbards.

Our ladies of quality, who have at length adopted French manners with French fashions, and thrown off all starchiness and reserve with the ruff and the fardingale, are very fond of a frolic. I have, indeed, lately observed with great pleasure, the commendable attempts of the other sex to shake off the shackles of custom; and I make no doubt but a libertine lady will soon become a very common character. If their passion for gaming continues to increase in the same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpeners in petticoats; and it will be mentioned, as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at the gaming table. I am also informed, that it is grown very common among the ladies to toast pretty fellows: and that they often amuse themselves with concerting schemes for an excellent frolic. A frolic is, indeed, the most convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue; and it is a great pity that husbands and fathers should ever object to it. I can see no harm in a lady's going disguised to mob it in the gallery at the play-house; and could not but smile at the pretty innocent wanton, who carried the joke so far as to accompany a strange gentleman to a bagnio; but when she came there, was surprised to find that he was fond of a frolic as well as herself, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the spirit of that lady, who had such true relish for a frolic, as to go with her gallant to the masquerade, though she knew he had no breeches under his domino.

I most heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the spirit with which they pursue their diversions; and I look upon a bold frolic as the peculiar privilege of a person of fashion; and ladies undoubtedly see a great deal of pleasantry in an intrigue, and mimic the dress and manners of the courtizans very happily and facetiously; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the Merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleased with the comical humours of a murder. The frolics now in vogue will probably continue to be the amusements of the polite world for a long time; but whenever the fashion is about to vary, I beg leave to propose the frolic recommended, if I remember right, to the Duke of

Wharton, by Dr. Swift. "When you are tired of your other frolics, I would have you take up the frolic of being good; and my word for it, you will find it the most agreeable frolic you ever practised in your life." O.

No. 55.] THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1755.

— Nil obstat. Cois tibi penè videre est
Ut nudam, ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
Metiri possis oculo latus. —

HOR.

The taper leg, slim waist, and lovely side,
Nor stays nor envious petticoats shall hide;
But full in sight the tempting bosom swell,
While bucks with wonder view the naked belle.

THERE once prevailed among us a sect called the Adamites, whose doctrine, like that of our present Moravians, was calculated to comfort the flesh as well as the spirit; and many things, generally accounted indecent and immodest, were with them regarded as principles of religion. The chief article maintained by this sect was, that it was proper, like our great forefather Adam, to go naked; and the proselytes to this faith came abroad in the public streets in open day-light without any clothing. But this primitive simplicity did not agree with the notions of those degenerate days; and the Adamites were looked upon as an intolerable nuisance. Their religion, like all others, was soon attended with persecution: and some of the converts were dragged naked at the cart's tail, some set in the stocks, and others sent to Bridewell.

Since that remarkable period the male part of our species has been decently covered; but the female world has made several bold attempts to throw off the incumbrance of clothes. Caps, handkerchiefs, tuckers, and modesty-pieces, have been long discarded; and the ladies have continued every year to shed some other part of their dress as useless and unornamental. But these are only half assertions of the female rights and natural liberty in comparison to the project, which, it is thought, will be ripe for execution by summer. A set of ladies of the first fashion have agreed to found a sect of—EVITES—who are to appear in public with no other covering than the original fig-leaf. The primitive simplicity of appearance will be restored; and though some may be censorious enough to imagine, that their confidence arises from very different principles, it may very justly be said of our ladies of quality, as of our first parents before the fall, "They are naked, and are not ashamed." My country readers, and all those who live at a distance from the polite world may perhaps look upon this scheme as merely fantastical and imaginary; but nothing is more true. The milliners are at this time all very busy in

making up artificial fig-leaves, and adorning them according to the different fancies of the wearers. There is more taste displayed in contriving an elegant fig-leaf, than has hitherto been exerted in forming a genteel swordknot. Some have bunches of the gayest coloured ribbons dangling loosely from the stalk, others tassels of gold and silver lace, and a few, designed for ladies of the highest distinction, bunches of diamonds. This and the pompon, which it is said has been lately worn merely as a type of a fig-leaf, will make up the common dress of the whole female world: but if ever the weather should be too severe for the ladies to appear (as Bayes expresses it) *in puris naturalibus*, they are to wear flesh-coloured silks with pompons and fig-leaves as usual.

There are perhaps persons who, as they still retain some of the leaven of decency in their composition, will be startled at this project. I must own, however, that it does not appear to me to be in the least extraordinary or surprising: for considering the present dress of our women of fashion, there remains no further step to be taken, except absolute nakedness. The stays and petticoat have been so unmercifully pruned and cut away in order to discover latent beauties, that if those of the present mode were to fall into the hands of our distant posterity, they would conclude, that the present race of women must have been a generation of pigmies; for they could never possibly conceive, that they were of common size, and wore by way of dress any garments so little calculated either for use or ornament. If one might judge by appearances, the little modesty that is left in the polite world seems to be among the men; and one is almost tempted to look for the rakes and persons of intrigue in the other sex. I was present a few nights ago at the representation of the Chances; and when I looked round the boxes, and observed the loose dress of all the ladies, and the great relish with which they received the high-seasoned jests in that comedy, I was almost apprehensive, that the old story of the outrage of the Romans on the Sabine women would be inverted, and that the ladies would rise up and commit a rape on the men.

But notwithstanding all that may be said against this project for establishing nakedness, it is not without example. Among the Hottentots, a very wise and polite nation, the ladies at this day go quite naked, except a loose mantle thrown over their shoulders, and a short apron before instead of a fig-leaf. It is also well known, that the Spartans allowed their unmarried women to wear a sort of loose robe, which at every motion discovered their charms through several openings contrived for that purpose. There would certainly be no harm in extending this liberty to the whole sex; and I am not in the least inclined to listen to the malignant insi-

nuations, that when a married woman endeavours to look particularly tempting, it is not merely to please her husband, but to captivate a gallant. It may, perhaps, be further objected, that our northern climate is too cold to strip in: but this little inconvenience is amply compensated, by the security the ladies will create to themselves by taking such extraordinary liberties, and carrying matters so very far, that it will be indecent even to reprehend them.

There is, however, a very large part of the sex, for whom I am greatly concerned on this occasion. I mean the old and the ugly. Whatever the belles may get by this fashion, these poor ladies will be great sufferers. Their faces are already more than is agreeable to be shown; but if they expose sickly skins, furrowed and pursed up like a washerwoman's fingers, the sight will become too disgusting. During the present mode I have observed, that the display of a yellow neck or clumsy leg has created but few admirers: and it is reasonable to conclude, that when the new fashion begins to prevail universally, although our men of pleasure will be glad to see the young and beautiful ladies, whom they would desire to take into their arms, stripping as fast as possible, yet they are not so fond of primitive and original simplicity, as to be captivated by a lady, who has none of the charms of Eve, except her nakedness.

Some persons of more than ordinary penetration will be apt to look on this project in a political light, and consider it as a scheme to counterwork the marriage act. But as the chief ladies who concerted it are already provided with husbands, and are known to be very well affected to the government, this does not appear probable. It is more likely to be an artifice of the beauties to make their superiority incontestable, by drawing in the dowdies of the sex to suffer by such an injurious contrast. However this may be, it is very certain, that the most lovely of the sex are about to employ the whole artillery of their charms against us, and indeed seem resolved to shoot us flying. On this occasion it is to be hoped, that the practice of painting, which is now so very fashionable, will be entirely laid aside: for whoever incrusts herself in paint can never be allowed to be naked; and it is surely more elegant for a lady to be covered even with silk and linen, than to be daubed, like an old wall, with plaster and rough-cast.

After this account of the scheme of our modish females now in agitation, which the reader may depend upon as genuine, it only remains to let him know how I came by my intelligence. The parliament of women, lately proposed, is now actually sitting. Upon their first meeting, after the preliminaries were adjusted, the whole house naturally resolved itself into a committee on the affairs of dress. The fig-leaf bill, the purport of which is contained in this paper, was

brought in by a noble Countess, and occasioned some very warm debates. Two ladies in particular made several remarkable speeches on this occasion: but they were both imagined to speak, like our male patriots, more for their own private interest than for the good of the public. For one of these ladies, who insisted very earnestly on the decency of some sort of covering, and has a very beautiful face, is shrewdly suspected not to be so much above all rivalry in the turn and proportion of her limbs: and the other, who was impatient to be undressed with all expedition, was thought to be too much influenced by her known partiality to a favourite mole, which now lies out of sight. The bill, however, was passed by a considerable majority, and is intended to be put in force by Midsummer day next ensuing. W.

No. 56.] THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1755.

*Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores :
Necte, Amarylli, modo, et Veneris, dic, vincula necto.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit,
Uno eodemque igni; sic nostro Daphnis amore.*

VIRGIL.

Three colours weave in three-fold knots, and cry,
"In three-fold bond this true-love's knot I tie."
As the same fire makes hard this cake of clay,
In which this waxen image melts away,
Thus, god of love, be my true shepherd's breast
Soft to my flame, but hard to all the rest.
Ye songs, spells, philters, amulets, and charms,
Bring, quickly bring my Daphnis to my arms.

THE idle superstitions of the vulgar are no where so conspicuous as in the affairs of love. When a raw girl's brain is once turned with a sweetheart, she converts every trifling accident of her life into a good or bad omen, and makes every thing conspire to strengthen her in so pleasing a delusion. Virgil represents Dido, as soon as she has contracted her fatal passion for Æneas, as going to the priests to have her fortune told. In like manner the lovesick girl runs to the cunning-man, or crosses the gipsy's hand with her last sixpence, to know when she shall be married, how many children she shall have, and whether she shall be happy with her husband. She also consults the cards, and finds out her lover in the Knave of Hearts. She learns how to interpret dreams, and every night furnishes her with meditation for the next day. If she happens to bring out any thing in conversation which another person was about to say, she comforts herself that she shall be married first; and if she tumbles as she is running up stairs, imagines she shall go to church with her sweetheart before the week is at an end.

But if in the course of their amour she gives the dear man her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked ninepence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolable fidelity.

It would puzzle the most profound antiquary to discover, what could give birth to the strange notions cherished by fond nymphs and swains. The god of love has more superstitious votaries, and is worshipped with more unaccountable rites than any fabulous deity whatever. Nothing, indeed, is so whimsical as the imagination of a person in love. The dying shepherd carves the name of his mistress on the trees, while the fond maid knits him a pair of garters with an amorous posy; and both look on what they do as a kind of charm to secure the affection of the other. A lover will rejoice to give his mistress a bracelet or a top-knot, and she perhaps will take pleasure in working him a pair of ruffles. These they will regard as the soft bonds of love; but neither would on any account run the risk of cutting love by giving or receiving such a present as a knife or a pair of scissors. But to wear the picture of the beloved object constantly near the heart, is universally accounted a most excellent and never-failing preservative of affection.

Some few years ago there was publicly advertised, among the other extraordinary medicines whose wonderful qualities are daily related in the last page of our newspapers, a most efficacious love-powder; by which a despairing lover might create affection in the bosom of the most cruel mistress. Lovers have, indeed, always been fond of enchantment. Shakspeare has represented Othello as accused of winning his Desdemona by "conjuration and mighty magic;" and Theocritus and Virgil have both introduced women into their pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. In a word, Talismans, Genii, Witches, Fairies, and all the instruments of magic and enchantment were first discovered by lovers, and employed in the business of love.

But I never had a thorough insight into all this amorous sorcery till I received the following letter, which was sent me from the country a day or two after Valentine's day; and I make no doubt, but all true lovers most religiously performed the previous rites mentioned by my correspondent.

TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 17, 1755.

You must know I am in love with a very clever man, a Londoner; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpose. I have seen him several times in coffee grounds with a sword by his side; and he was once at the bottom of a tea-cup in a coach and

six, with two footmen behind it. I got up last May morning, and went into the fields to hear the cuckoo; and when I pulled off my left shoe, I found a hair in it exactly the same colour with his. But I shall never forget what I did last Midsummer Eve. I and my two sisters tried the Dumb Cake together: you must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows (but you must not speak a word all the time) and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and to be sure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hemp-seed in our back yard, and said to myself, "Hemp-seed I sow, Hemp-seed I hoe, and he that is my true love come after me and mow." Will you believe me? I looked back, and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes could see him. After that, I took a clean shift, and turned it, and hung it upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again (for I heard his step) but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two Midsummer-men, one for myself and one for him. Now if his had died away, we should never have come together: but I assure you his bloved and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards without speaking a word into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas-day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out. If I am not married before the time come about again, I will certainly do it; and only mind if Mr. Blossom is not the man.

I have tried a great many other fancies, and they have all turned out right. Whenever I go to lie in a strange bed, I always tie my garter nine times round the bed-post, and knit nine knots in it, and say to myself, "This knot I knit, this knot I tie, to see my love as he goes by, in his apparel and array, as he walks in every day." I did so last holidays at my uncle's, and to be sure I saw Mr. Blossom draw my curtains, and tuck up my clothes at my bed's feet. Cousin Debby was married a little while ago, and she sent me a piece of Bride-Cake to put under my pillow; and I had the sweetest dream—I thought we were going to be married together. I have, many is the time, taken great pains to pare an apple whole, and afterwards flung the peel over my head; and it always falls in the shape of the first letter of his surname or christian name. I am sure Mr. Blossom loves me, because I stuck two of the kernels upon my forehead, while I thought upon him and the lubberly squire my papa wants me to have: Mr.

Blossom's kernel stuck on, but the other dropt off directly.

Last Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's day; and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with salt: and when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it, and this was to have the same effect with the bay-leaves. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man; and I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

Dear Mr. Town, if you know any other ways to try our fortune by, do put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and says there is nothing in them; but I am sure there is, for several misses at our boarding-school have tried them, and they have all happened true: and I am sure my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church-porch last Midsummer Eve to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition.

Your humble Servant,

T.

ARABELLA WHIMSEY.

NO. 57.] THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1755.

Dulce Sodalitium! —————

MARTIAL

Now this is Worshipful Society! —————

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no phrase in the whole vocabulary of modern conversation, which has a more vague signification than the words "Good Company." People of fashion modestly explain it to mean only themselves; and, like the old Romans, look on all others as Barbarians. Thus a star or a riband, a title or a place, denotes good company; and a man rises in the esteem of the polite circle according to his rank or his rent-roll. This way of reasoning is so well known and so generally adopted, that we are not surprised to hear polite persons complain, at their return from the play, that the house was very much crowded, but that there was no company: though, indeed, I could not help smiling at a lady's saying she preferred St. James's Church to

St. George's, because the pews were commonly filled with better company.

I propose at present to consider this comprehensive term, only as it respects a society of friends, who meet in order to pass their time in an agreeable manner. To do this the more effectually, I shall take a cursory view of the several methods now in vogue, by which a set of acquaintance endeavoured to amuse each other. The reader will here meet with some very extraordinary inventions for this purpose; and when he has fixed his choice, may try to introduce himself into that company he likes best.

There is a great demand for wit and humour in some parts of this metropolis. Among many, he is reckoned the best company, who can enliven his conversation with strokes of facetiousness, and (in Shakspeare's words) "set the table in a roar." But as wit and humour do not always fall to the share of those who aim at shining in conversation, our jokers and wittlings have wisely devised several mechanical ways of gaining that end. I know one, who is thought a very facetious fellow by the club of which he is a member, because, every night, as soon as the clock strikes twelve, he begins to crow like a cock. Another is accounted a man of immense humour, for entertaining his friends with a burlesque hornpipe; and a third has the reputation of being excellent company by singing a song, and at the same time playing the tune upon the table with his knuckles and elbows. Mimicry is in these societies an indispensable requisite in a good companion. Imitations of the actors and other well known characters are very much admired; to which they have given the appellation of taking off. But the mimic is by no means limited to an imitation of the human species; for an exact representation of the brute creation will procure him infinite applause. Very many of these wits may be met with in different quarters of the town; and it is but a week ago, since I was invited to pass the evening with a society, which, after a display of their several talents, I found to consist of a dog, a cat, a monkey, an ass and a couple of dancing bears.

I cannot help looking with some veneration on the wit exerted in societies of this sort, since it has the extraordinary quality of never creating either disgust or satiety. They assemble every night, tell the same stories, repeat the same jokes, sing the same songs; and they are every night attended with the same applause and merriment. Considering how much their wit is used, it is surprising that it should not be worn out. Sometimes, however, one of the society makes a new acquisition, which is immediately thrown into the common stock of humour, and constantly displayed as part of the entertainment of the evening. A gentleman of this cast lately showed me with great joy the postscript of a letter, in which his correspondent promised him huge fun

the next time he should see him, for he had got two new stories, and three or four excellent songs from one of the actors.

These are certainly very agreeable methods of passing the evening, and must please all persons, who have any relish for wit and humour. But these powers of entertaining are not every where the standard of good company. There are places in which he is the best company, who drinks most. A boon companion lays it down as a rule, that "talking spoils conversation." A bumper is his argument; and his first care is to promote a brisk circulation of the bottle. He shows his esteem for an absent friend by toasting him in a bumper extraordinary; and is frequently so good and loyal a subject, as to drink his majesty's health in half-pints. If he is desired to sing a catch, he still keeps the main point in view, and gives a song wrote in so ingenious a style, that it obliges the company to toss off a glass at the end of every stanza. If he talks, it is of "healths five fathom deep," or a late hard bout with another set of jolly fellows; and he takes care, by a quick round of toasts, to supply the want of other conversation.

I have ever thought the invention of toasts very useful and ingenious. They at once promote hard drinking, and serve as a kind of memorial of every glass that has been drank: they also furnish those with conversation, who have nothing to say; or at least, by banishing all other topics, put the whole company on a level. Besides all this, three or four rounds of toasts, where many are met together, must unavoidably lift them all into good company. These are no small advantages to society: not to mention the wit and morality contained in many toasts.

Toasts are doubtless very useful and entertaining; but the wisest institution ever made in drinking societies, is the custom of appointing what is called an absolute toast master. The gentleman invested with this dignity is created king of the company; and, like other absolute monarchs, he commonly makes great use of his power. It is particularly his office to name the toast, to observe that every man duly tosses off his bumper, and is in every respect good company. He is also to correct all misdemeanors, and commonly punishes an offender by scolding him a bumper: that is, in the language of hard drinkers, not unmercifully denying him his due glass, but obliging him to add another to it of perhaps double the quantity. For offences of a very heinous nature, the transgressor is offered a decanter of water, or a tankard of small beer. The privilege of inflicting a bumper is exerted almost every moment; for there is hardly any sort of behaviour, which does not produce this punishment. I have known a man scolded for drinking, for not drinking, for singing, for talking, for being silent, and at length scolded dead drunk, and made very good company.

But none of these qualifications above-mentioned constitute good company in the genteel part of the world. Polite assemblies neither aim at wit and humour, nor make the least pretence to cultivate society. Their whole evenings are consumed at the card-table, without the least attempt at any other conversation, but the usual altercations of partners between the deals. Whist has destroyed conversation, spoiled society, and "murdered sleep." This kind of good company is as ridiculous, and more insipid, than either the society of wittlings or hard drinkers. Tossing off bumpers is as rational, and an employment infinitely more joyous, than shuffling a pack of cards a whole night: and puns, jokes, and mimicry, however stale and repeated, furnish the company with conversation of as much use and variety, as the odd trick and four by honours.

Such are the agreeable evenings passed at White's, and the other coffee-houses about St. James's. Such is the happiness of assemblies, routs, drums, and hurricanes; and without gaming, what insipid things are even masquerades and ridottos! At such meetings the man who is good company, plays the game very well, knows more cases than are in Hoyle, and often possesses some particular qualifications, which would be no great recommendation to him any where else. Instead of meeting together, like other companies, with a desire of mutual delight, they sit down with a design upon the pockets of each other; though, indeed, it is no wonder, when one has stripped another of two or three thousand pounds, if the successful gamester thinks the person he has fleeced very good company.

By what has been said, it appears that the notion of good company excludes all useful conversation: which, in either of the above-mentioned societies, would undoubtedly be despised as stupid and pedantic. The wittlings have too lively a genius, and too warm an imagination, to admit it. The boon companions can join nothing but love to a bottle: and among gamesters, it would, like sleep, be mere loss of time, and hinderance of business. Yet an accomplished member of either of these societies is called good company: which is just as proper an expression, as, according to Serjeant Kite, Carolus is good Latin for Queen Anne, or a stout beating. But a set of people, who assemble for no other purpose than to game, have, in particular, so very bad a title to the denomination of good company, that they appear to me to be the very worst.

O.

No. 58.] THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

Quicumque impudicus, adulter, ganeo, quique alienum æs grande conflaverat, quo flagitium aut facinus redimeret; præterea, omnes, undique parricidæ, sacrilegi, convecti iudiciis, aut pro factis iudicium timentes; ad hoc, quæ manus atque lingua perjurio et sanguine civili alebat; postremo, omnes, quos flagitium, egestas, conscius animus exagitabat. SALLUST.

Would you, like Catiline's, an army choose,
Go ransack White's, the taverns, and the stews;
Press every buck and blood renown'd for drinking,
For wenching, gambling, fighting, and free-thinking.

A MISFORTUNE, which happened to me the other day, sufficiently convinced me of the inconveniences arising from the indiscriminate power lodged in our press-gangs; who pay no more regard to those, who plead protection from the badge of literature, than a bailiff's follower. I would not have the reader think, that I was pressed myself:—but my Devil (that is, the messenger of the printing house) was carried off, as he was going with the copy of a *Connoisseur* to press. Learning appears to me to be of so much importance, that (in my opinion) the persons of the lowest retainers to it, should be sacred from molestation: and it gives me concern, though a very loyal subject, that even a ballad-singer, or the hawk of bloody news, should be interrupted in their literary vocations. I have in vain endeavoured to recover my manuscript again: for, though I cannot but think any one of my papers of almost as much consequence to the nation as the fitting out a fleet, the ignorant sailors were so regardless of its inestimable contents, that after much inquiry I detected them (with my Devil in conjunction) lighting their pipes with it, at a low alehouse by Puddle-Dock.

This irretrievable loss to the public, as well as myself, led me to consider, whether some other method might not be thought of, to raise sufficient forces for the fleet and army, without disturbing poor labourers and honest mechanics in their peaceful occupations. I have at length, with great pains and expense of thought, hit upon a scheme, which will effectually answer that end: and without further preface shall lay it before the public.

I would propose, that every useless member of the community should be made of service to his country, by being obliged to climb the ropes or carry a musket; and every detrimental one should be prevented from injuring his fellow-subjects, and sent to annoy the common enemy. To begin with the country. There is no occasion to rob the fields of their husbandmen, or fetch our soldiers, as the Romans took their dictator, from the plough. It is well known, that every county can supply us with numerous re-

cruits, if we were to raise them out of that idle body called country Squires: many of whom are born only for the destruction of game, and disturbance of their neighbours. They are mere vegetables, which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground: except a few perhaps, who are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers' corn, and swilling October. As they are by their profession excellent marksmen, and have been used to carry a gun, they might employ their powder to more purpose in fetching down a Frenchman than a pheasant: and most of them might be incorporated among the cavalry, or formed into light-bodied troops and mounted on their own hunters. They might also be of great use in marauding, or getting in forage; and if they would follow an enemy with the same alacrity and defiance of danger, as they follow a fox, they might do prodigious execution in a pursuit. The greatest danger would be, that if a fox should perchance cross them in their march, they would be tempted to run from their colours for the sake of a chase; and we should have them all desert, or (in the language of fox hunters) gone away.

If the country is infested with these useless and obnoxious animals, called Squires, this metropolis is no less overrun with a set of idle and mischievous creatures, which we may call town Squires. We might soon levy a very numerous army, were we to enlist into it every vagrant about town, who, not having any lawful calling from thence takes upon himself the title of gentleman, and adds an Esq. to his name. A very large corps too might be formed from the Students at the Inns of Court, who, under the pretence of following the law, receive as it were a sanction for doing nothing at all. With these the several tribes of play-house and coffee-house Critics, and that collective body of them called the Town, may be allowed to rank: and though no great exploits can be expected from these invalids, yet (as they are of no other use whatever) they may at least serve in the army, like Falstaff's men as "food for powder."

But a very formidable troop might be composed of that part of them, distinguished by the name of Bloods. The fury of their assaults on drawers and watchmen, and the spirit displayed in storming a bagnio, would be of infinite service in the field of battle. But I would recommend it to the general to have them strictly disciplined; lest they should shoot some of their own comrades, or perhaps run away, merely for the sake of the joke. Under proper regulations such valiant gentlemen would certainly be of use. I had lately some thoughts of recommending to the justices to list the bloods among those brave, resolute fellows employed as thief-takers. But they may now serve nobler purposes in the

army: and what may we not expect from such intrepid heroes, who, for want of opportunity to exert their prowess in warlike skirmishes abroad, have been obliged to give vent to their courage by breaking the peace at home?

Every one will agree with me, that those men of honour, who make fighting their business, and cannot let their swords rest quietly in their scabbards, should be obliged to draw them in the service of his Majesty. What might we not expect from these furious Drawcansirs, if, instead of cutting one another's throats, their skill in arms was properly turned against the enemy! A very little discipline would make them admirable soldiers: for (as Mercutio says) they are already "the very butchers of a silk button." I have known one of these duellists, to keep his hand in, employ himself every morning in thrusting at a bit of paper stuck against the wainscot; and I have heard another boast, that he could snuff a candle with his pistol. These gentlemen are, therefore, very fit to be employed in close engagements: but it will be necessary to keep them in continual action; for otherwise they would breed a kind of a civil war among themselves, and rather than not fight at all, turn their weapons upon one another.

Several Irish brigades, not inferior to those of the same country in the service of the French king, may be formed out of those able-bodied men, which are called fortune-hunters. The attacks of the dauntless heroes have, indeed, been chiefly levelled at the other sex: but employment may be found for these amorous knight-errants, suitable to their known firmness and intrepidity; particularly in taking places by storm, where there is a necessity for ravishing virgins and committing outrages upon the women.

But among the many useless members of society, there are none so unprofitable as the fraternity of gamblers. I therefore think, that their time would be much better employed in handling a musket, than in shuffling a pack of cards, or shaking the dice box. As to the sharpers, it is a pity that the same dexterity which enables them to palm an ace or cog a die, is not used by them in going through the manual exercise in the military way. These latter might, indeed, be employed as marines, or stationed in the West Indies; as many of them have already crossed the seas, and are perfectly well acquainted with the plantations.

The last proposal which I have to make on this subject, is to take the whole body of Free-thinkers into the service. For this purpose I would impress all the members of the Robin Hood Society; and, in consideration of his great merit I would further advise, that the Clare-Market Orator should be made Chaplain to the regiment. One of the favourite tenets of a Free-thinker is, that all men are in a natural state of

warfare with each other: nothing, therefore, is so proper for him, as to be actually engaged in war. As he has no squeamish notions about what will become of him hereafter, he can have no fears about death; I would, therefore, always have the Freethinkers put upon the most dangerous exploits, exposed to the greatest heat of battle, and sent upon the forlorn hope. For since they confess that they are born into the world for no end whatever, and that they shall be nothing after death, it is but justice that they should be annihilated for the good of their country. W.

No. 59.] THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

— *Monstra evenerunt mihi!*
Introit in Aedes ater alienas canis!
Anguis per impluvium decedit de tegulis!
Gallina cecinit! —

TER.

What unlucky prodigies have befallen us! A strange black dog came into the house! A snake fell from the tiles through the sky-light! A hen crowed!

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN, March 3, 1755.

I was greatly entertained with your late reflections on the several branches of magic employed in the affairs of love. I have myself been very lately among the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams; and hope you will not be displeased at an account of portents and prognostics full as extravagant, though they are not all owing to the same cause, as those of your correspondent Miss Arabella Whimsey. You must know, Cousin, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North, where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed with her two daughters in nailing a horse-shoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady herself assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's prayer backwards. Besides the old woman had very often asked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as are mentioned with infinite humour by the Spectator; and to confirm them, they assured

me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch (whom the devil had carried off in a high wind) and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house; which (she said) had never been lain in, since the death of an old washer-woman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bed-side, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love: and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest Miss declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognostic. They told me, that just before uncle died, Towzer howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him: and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly, as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse, I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mother would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell like a dead carcass. They had a dairy maid, who died the very week after a hearse had stopped at their door on its way to church: and the eldest Miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost, (who was gone to the West Indies,) walking in the garden; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that Miss saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest Miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a bright husband; and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the squire of the parish came one night to pay them

a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox chase. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and she hoped it would be from her son in London. We knew when a spirit was in the room by the candle burning blue: but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again, though her sister did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them as certain fore-runners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have a hard frost: if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see; because puss washed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed, that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins; for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think that she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens, by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling of salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook maid, that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which her mother observing, charged her not to alter it all the day, for fear she should turn luck.

But above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics, which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift, as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldest sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I

observed of this sort during my stay with them: I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on the other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you do not love true. If your eyebrow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with, or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your knee itches, you will kneel in a strange church. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

I am, dear Cousin,

T.

Yours, &c.

No. 60.] THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

— *Hæc ego mecum*
Compressis agito labris, ubi, quid datur oti.
Illudo Charitis.

HOR.

Let not a word escape the lips—but hush—
And think in silence on the rules of whist.

WHOEVER has had occasion often to pass through Holborn, must have taken notice of a pastry-cook's shop with the following remarkable inscription over the door; Kidder's Pastry School. I had the curiosity to inquire into the design of this extraordinary academy, and found it was calculated to instruct young ladies in the art and mystery of tarts and cheesecakes. The scholars were, indeed, chiefly of the lower class, except a few notable young girls from the city, with two or three parson's daughters out of the country, intended for service. As housewifely accomplishments are now quite out of date among the polite world, it is no wonder that Mr. Kidder has no share in the education of our young ladies of quality: and I appeal to any woman of fashion, whether she would not as soon put her daughter 'prentice to a washer-woman, to learn to clear-starch and get up fine linen, as to send her to the pastry-school to be

instructed in raised crust and puff paste. The good dames of old, indeed, were not ashamed to make these arts their study; but in this refined age we might sooner expect to see a kitchen-wench thumbing Hoyle's Treatise on Whist, than a fine lady collecting receipts for making puddings, or poring over the Complete Art of Cookery.

The education of females is at present happily elevated far above the ordinary employments of domestic economy: and if any school is wanted for the improvement of young ladies, I may venture to say, it should be a school for whist. Mr. Hoyle used, indeed, to wait on ladies of quality at their own houses to give them lectures on this science: but as that learned master has left off teaching, they can have no instructions but from his incomparable treatise; and this, I am afraid, is so abstruse, and abounding with technical terms, that even those among the quality, who are tolerably well grounded in the science, are scarce able to unravel the perplexity of his cases, which are many of them as intricate as the hardest proposition in Euclid. A school for whist would, therefore, be of excellent use; where young ladies of quality might be gradually instructed in the various branches of lurching, renouncing, finessing, winning the ten-ace, and getting the odd trick, in the same manner as common misses are taught to write, read, and work at their needle.

There seems to be a strange neglect in the education of females, that, though great pains are taken with them to make them talk French, they are yet so ignorant of the English language, that before they come to their teens they can scarce tell what is meant by lurching, revoking, fussing the cards, or the most common terms, now in use at all routs and assemblies. Hence it often happens, that a young lady is almost ripe for a gallant, and thoroughly versed in the arts of the toilet, before she is initiated into the mysteries of the card-table. I would therefore propose, that our demoiselles of fashion should be taught the art of card-playing from their cradles; and have a pack of cards put into their hands, at the usual time that the brats of vulgar people are employed in thumbing their horn-book. The mind of man has been often compared (before it has received any ideas) to a white piece of paper, which is capable of retaining any impression afterwards made upon it. In like manner, I would consider the minds of those infants, which are born into a well-bred family, as a blank pack of cards, ready to be marked with the pips and colours of the suits: at least, I am confident that many of them, after they are grown up, have laid in very few ideas beyond them. What, therefore, Mr. Locke recommends, that we should cheat children into learning their letters, by making it seem a pastime, should be put in practice in every polite

nursery; and the little ladies may be taught to distinguish ace, deuce, tray, &c. as soon as they could great A, little a, and the other letters of the criss-cross row: as to the four honours, they will readily learn them by the same method that other children get the names of dogs, horses, &c. by looking at their pictures. After this, in order to complete her education, little Miss (when of a proper age) should be sent to the whist school, or have lessons from private masters at home. She may now be made to get by heart the laws of the game, read a chapter in Hoyle, and be catechised in laying and taking the odds; and, in process of time, she may be set to solve any of Hoyle's hardest cases, or any of the propositions in his doctrine of chances; for which (as Mr. Hoyle himself tells us), no more knowledge of arithmetic is required, than what is sufficient to reckon the tricks, or score up the game.

All sciences appear equally abstruse to the learner at his first setting out: but I will venture to say, that the science of whist is more complex than even algebra or the mathematics. The Ass's bridge in Euclid is not so difficult to be got over, nor the Logarithms of Napier so hard to be unravelled, as many of Hoyle's cases and propositions; as an instance of which, take the following most obvious and easy one.—A and B are partners against C and D. A and B have scored 3, and want to save their Lurch. C and D are at short can't: and consequently both sides play for two points. C has the deal, and turns up the Knave of Hearts. C asks his partner D, who refuses. B has the lead, and runs his strong suit, Spades, two rounds with Ace and King. A discards his weakest suit, Diamonds. Then B forces his partner. A leads a strong Club, which B refuses. A forces B, who, by leading Spades, plays into A's hand, who returns a Club, and so they get to a Saw between them. After this A leads through C's Honours. B finesses the Ten, and plays a Spade, which A trumps. Now B, by laying behind C's King and Knave of Trumps, makes the Ten-ace with Ace and Queen; and A having the long Trump, brings in his thirteenth Club. Consequently A and B get a slam against their adversaries C and D, and score a single game towards the rubbers.

Since, therefore, this science is attended with so much difficulty, the necessity of a school for whist is very evident: and if the plan of education, above proposed, was put into execution, I will venture to pronounce, that young ladies, who can now scarce be trusted at any game beyond one-and-thirty Bone-Ace, or beat the Knave out of doors with the maid-servants, would be qualified, at twelve years old, to make one at any card-table in town; and would even beat their mammas, who have not had the same advantage of education. Many a husband, and

many a parent, I am sure, have had reason to lament, that their wives and daughters have not had the happiness of so early an instruction in this branch of female knowledge: and I make no doubt, but several boarding-schools will be set up, where young ladies may be taught Whist, Brag, and all kinds of card-work. How many ladies, for want of such a school, are at present shut out from the best company, because they know no more of the game, than what is called White-Chapel play! In order, therefore, to remedy this deficiency as far as possible, I would further recommend it to Mr. Hoyle, or some other eminent artist (in imitation of Messieurs Hart and Dukes, who profess to teach grown gentlemen to dance), to advertise that grown gentlewomen may be taught to play at whist in the most private and expeditious manner; so that any lady, who never before took a card in hand, may be enabled in a very short time to play a rubber at the most fashionable routs and assemblies.

W.

No. 61.] THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

Cælum ipsam petimus stultitiâ.————

HOR.

E'en Heaven we covet by preposterous rules,
And form t' ourselves a paradise of fools.

It is observed by the French, that a cat, a priest, and an old woman, are sufficient to constitute a religious sect in England. So universally, it seems, are learning and genius diffused through this island, that the lowest plebeians are deep casuists in matters of faith as well as politics; and so many and wonderful are the new lights continually breaking in among us, that we daily make fresh discoveries, and strike out unbeaten paths to future happiness. The above observation of our neighbours is, in truth, rather too full: for a priest is so far from necessary, that a new species of doctrine would be better received by our old women, and other well-disposed good people, from a layman. The most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of the leathern apron instead of the cassock: every corner of the town has a barber, mason, bricklayer, or some other handicraft teacher; and there are almost as many sects in this metropolis, as there are parish churches.

As to old women, since the passions of females are stronger in youth, and their minds weaker in age, than those of the other sex, their readiness in embracing any principles of religion, pressed on them with particular earnestness and vehemence, is not very wonderful. They hope, by the most rigid demeanour in the decline of life, to make amends for that un-

bounded loose given to their passions in their younger years. The same violence, however, commonly accompanies them in religion, as formerly actuated them in their pleasures; and their zeal entirely eats up their charity. They look with a malevolent kind of pity on all who are still employed in worldly undertakings, "carry prayer-books in their pockets," and piously damn all their relations and acquaintance with texts of Scripture. I know an old gentlewoman of this cast, who has formed herself as a pattern of staid behaviour; and values herself for having given up at threescore the vanities of sixteen. She denounces heavy judgments on all frequenters of public diversions, and forebodes the worst consequences from every party of pleasure. I have known her foretell the ruin of her niece from a country dance: nay, she can perceive irregular desires flaming from a gay coloured top-knot, and has even descried adultery itself lurking beneath the thin veil of a worked apron, or beaming from a diamond girdle-buckle.

But we might, perhaps, suffer a few good old ladies to go to heaven their own way, if these sects were not pernicious on many other accounts. Such strange doctrines are very apt to unsettle the minds of the common people, who often make an odd transition from infidelity to enthusiasm, and become bigots from arrant free-thinkers: their faith, however, it may be well imagined, is not a saving faith; as they are worked up to an adoration of the Creator, from the same slavish principle that induces the Indians to worship the Devil. It is amazing how strongly fear operates on these weak creatures, and how easily a canting, whining rascal can mould them to his purpose. I have known many a rich tradesman wheedled and threatened out of his subsistence, and himself and unhappy family at last lectured into the work-house. Thus do these vile hypocrites turn a poor convert's head to save his soul; and deprive him of all happiness in this world, under pretence of securing it to him eternally in the next.

Nothing can do religion more injury than these solemn mockeries of it. Many of these sects consist almost entirely of battered prostitutes, and persons of the most infamous character. Reformation is their chief pretence: wherefore, the more abandoned those are of whom they make proselytes, the more they pride themselves on their conversion. I remember a debauched young fellow, who pretended a sudden amendment of his principles, in order to repair his shattered fortune. He turned Methodist, and soon began to manifest a kind of spiritual fondness for a pious sister. He wooed her according to the directions of the rubric, sent her sermons instead of *billet-doux*, "greeted her with a holy kiss," and obtained his mistress by appearing in every respect a thorough devotee. But, alas! the

good gentleman could never be prevailed on to comply with religious ordinances, or appear any more at church or meeting, after the performance of the marriage ceremony. The lowest of the vulgar also, for their peculiar ends, frequently become sectaries. They avail themselves of a mock conversion to redeem their lost characters, and, like criminals at Rome, make the church a sanctuary for villany. By this artifice they recommend themselves to the charity of the weak but well-meaning christians, and often insinuate themselves as servants into Methodist families.

Le Sage, with his usual humour, represents Gil Blas as wonderfully charmed with the seeming sanctity of Ambrose de Lamela, when he took him into his service: and Gil Blas is even not offended at his remissness the very first night, when his new servant tells him, that it was owing to his attending his devotions. But it soon appears, that his sly valet had been employed in concerting the robbery of his master. A due attention to religion is so rare a quality in all ranks of people, that I am far from blaming it in servants; but when I see their religion showing itself in laziness, and observe them neglecting their common business, under the pretext of performing acts of supererogation, I am apt to question their sincerity, and to take every servant of that kind for a mere Saint Ambrose. An old Moravian aunt of mine, of whom I have formerly made worthy mention, would never have any servants, who did not belong to the society of the United brethren. But so little did the good lady's endeavours to preserve virtue and a spirit of devotion in her house succeed, that the generality of the men fell into evil courses, and most of the pious sisterhood left the family with big bellies.

I would not be thought to deny my fellow-subjects full liberty of conscience, and all the benefits of the Toleration Act; yet I cannot help regarding these weak, if not ill-meant divisions from the established church, as a dangerous kind of free-thinking: not so shocking, indeed, as the impious avowal of atheism and infidelity, but often attended with the same bad consequences. A religion founded on madness and enthusiasm, is almost as bad as no religion at all: and what is worse, the unhappy errors of particular sects expose the purest religion in the world to the scoffs of unbelievers. Shallow witslings exercise their little talents for ridicule on matters of religion, and fall into atheism and blasphemy, in order to avoid bigotry and enthusiasm. The weakness of the sectaries strengthens them in their ridiculous notions, and produces many other evils, as will appear from the following short history.

In the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth there resided in these kingdoms a worthy lady called Religion. She was remarkable for the sweet-

ness of her temper; which was cheerful without levity, and grave without moroseness. She was also particularly decent in her dress as well as behaviour, and preserved with uncommon mildness the strictest regularity in her family. Though she had a noble genius, and led a very sober life, yet in those days she kept the best company, was greatly admired by the Queen, and was even intimate with most of the maids of honour. What became of her and her family is not known; but it is very certain, that they have at present no connection with the polite world. Some affirm, that the line is extinct; though I have indeed been told, that the late Bishop Berkeley and the present Bishops of — and — are descended from the principal branches of it, and that some few of the family are resident on small livings in the country.

We are told by a certain fashionable author, that there were formerly two men in a mad-house at Paris, one of whom imagined himself the Father, and the other the Son. In like manner, no sooner did the good lady Religion disappear, but she was personated by a crazy old beldam called Superstition. But the cheat was instantly discovered; for instead of the mild discipline, with which her predecessor ruled her family, she governed entirely by severity, racks, wheels, gibbets, sword, fire, and faggot. Instead of cheerfulness she introduced gloom, was perpetually crossing herself with holy water, and, to avert the terrible judgments of which she was hourly in fear, she compiled a new almanack, in which she wonderfully multiplied the number of red letters. After a miserable life she died melancholy mad, but left a will behind her, in which she bequeathed a very considerable sum to build an hospital for religious lunatics; which, I am informed, will speedily be built on the same ground, where the foundery, that celebrated Methodist meeting-house, now stands.

Superstition left behind her a son called Atheism, begot on her by a Moravian teacher at one of their Love-Fests. Atheism soon showed himself to be a most profligate abandoned fellow. He came very early upon town, and was a remarkable blood. Among his other frolics he turned author, and is said to have written in concert with Lord Bolingbroke. After having squandered a large fortune, he turned gamester, then pimp, and highwayman; in which last occupation he was soon detected, taken, and thrown into Newgate. He behaved very impudently in the condemned hole, abused the ordinary whenever that gentleman attended him, and encouraged all his fellow-prisoners, in the Newgate phrase, to die hard. When he came to the gallows, instead of the psalm, he sung a bawdy catch, threw away the book, and bid Jack Ketch tuck him up like a gentleman. Many of his relations were present at the execution, and

shook their heads, repeating the words of Mat in the Beggar's Opera, "Poor fellow! we are sorry for you, but it is what we must all come to." O.

No. 62.] THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

—*Qualem Cœris vult esse sacerdos.* JUV.

What female, though to Papal modes they run,
Would brook the life and manners of a nun?

HAVING lately informed my readers, that the Female Parliament is now sitting, I shall proceed to lay before them the substance of a debate that happened in the Committee of Religion, and which was unexpectedly occasioned by a Motion that was made by Miss Graveairs. This Committee had long been looked upon as useless, but for form sake continued to meet, though it was adjourned immediately: but one day, there being more members present than usual, the Chair-woman was no sooner in the chair, than the lady above mentioned addressed her in the following speech.

Madam,

It is with no less surprise than concern, that I reflect on the danger to which the greater part of my sex, either through ignorance or choice, are now exposed; and I have the strongest reasons to believe that nothing but the vigorous and timely resolutions of this wise assembly can prevent them from changing their religion, and becoming Roman Catholics. What subject can be more interesting and important to us, whether we consider ourselves as a Committee of Religion, a Parliament of Women, or an Assembly of Protestants? Was such a design to be carried into execution, the free use of our tongues would be taken away; we should never be suffered perhaps to speak to the other sex, but through grates and bars; and this place of our assembly would be probably the abode of nuns and friars. But lest you should think me thus alarmed without reason, I shall now lay before you the grounds of my complaint; that, if it is not too late, we may prevent the evil, or, if it is, we may guard against it.

My fears are grounded on those remarks, that have long been made on the dress of the sex. Constant as the men have styled us to the love of change, little have they imagined, that Popery was invariably the object, to which every innovation was designed to lead. So long ago as when, to the honour of our sex, a Queen was upon the throne, it was the fashion, as we may learn from Pope,* for the ladies to wear upon

their breasts a flaming cross. The same fashion has been transmitted to the present times. What, Madam, is this but downright Popery? In the catholic countries they are contented with erecting crucifixes in their roads and churches; but alas! in this protestant kingdom crosses are alike to be seen in places sacred and profane, the court, the playhouse: and (pardon me ladies!) this venerable assembly itself is not without them. I am apt to suspect, this heterodox introduction of the cross into the female dress had a higher original than the days of Queen Anne, whose affection for the church was very well known. It seems rather to have been imported among us, together with the Jesuits, by the popish consorts of the first or second Charles: or perhaps the ladies first wore it in complaisance to the English Pope Joan, Queen Mary. This much is certain, that at the same time our pious reformer Queen Elizabeth expelled the cross from our altars, she effectually secured the necks of our ladies from this superstition by the introduction of the Ruff.

The next part of our dress that I shall mention which savours of popery, is the capuchin. This garment in truth has a near resemblance to that of the friar, whose name it bears. Our grandmothers had already adopted the hood; their daughters by a gradual advance introduced the rest; but far greater improvements were still in store for us. We all of us remember, for it is not above two years ago, how all colours were neglected for that of purple. In purple we glowed from the hat to the shoe; and in such request were the ribbons and silks of that favourite colour, that neither the milliner, mercer, nor dyer himself could answer the demand. Who but must think, that this arose from Popish principles? And though it may be urged, that the admired Fanny, who first introduced it, is no nun, yet you may all remember that the Church of Rome herself has been styled the Scarlet, or, as somerender it, the Purple Whore.

But to prove indisputably our manifest approaches to Popery, let me now refer you to that fashionable black, which, sorry I am to see it, is wore by the far greater part even of this assembly, and which indeed is with great propriety styled the Cardinal. For were his holiness the Pope to be introduced among us, he would almost fancy himself in his own conclave; and were I not too well acquainted with my sisters' principles, I myself should be induced to think, that to those in such grave attire nothing but a cloister and a grate was wanting. As to those of gayer colours, you need not to be told, that there are white and grey friars abroad, as well as black: and as the English are so remarkable for improving on their originals, we shall not be then surprised at the variety of colours that appear among us.

It has been whispered too, that some of my

* Upon her breast a sparkling cross she wore.

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

sisters have been so fond of the monkish austerities, as to have their heads shaved. This I do not aver of my own knowledge; but if it is so, they still condescend to wear artificial locks; though it would be not at all strange, if they also should soon be laid aside, as they are already prepared for it by leaving off their caps. I shall only desire you still further to reflect, how fashionable it is for the ladies to shine with borrowed faces; and then I believe you will readily allow, that their votaries, the men, are in great danger also of being seduced to popery; since do they not already, by the compliments they pay to a painted face, address an image and adore a picture?

What has now been said will induce you, I hope, to pay a proper regard to the following Resolutions, which I humbly move, may be agreed to by this Committee, and represented to the House.

Resolved,

That it is the opinion of this Committee, that in order to prevent the growth of popery, no garments shall for the future be imported of popish make, or distinguished by popish names.

Resolved,

That in order to enforce a due obedience, every one shall be obliged to practise the austerities of the sect they imitate; so that, for example, the Cardinals shall be compelled to lead a single life, and the Capuchins to go bare-foot.

Lastly,

It is recommended that, as a further sanction to the bill proposed, every offender, who shall be deemed incorrigible, shall be banished from all routs, and transported to her country seat for seven winters.

This motion was strongly seconded by Lady Mend'em, who urged in its support, that to her certain knowledge many of the sex very frequently assembled at one another's houses, and particularly on the Sabbath, where mass books were actually laid before them, and the warmest adoration paid to some pictures or painted images, which, she was told, resembled some Kings and Queens that had been long canonized: and the offerings, that were constantly made at their shrines, would (she said) be found, on a moderate computation, to exceed those that were formerly made at the tomb of Thomas a Becket. She added, that, after the catholic custom, they always fasted on those nights, or, if they supped at all, it was only on fish.

The chief speaker on the other side of the question was Lady Smart, one of the representatives for Grosvenor-Square, who, by the way, was strongly suspected of being a prejudiced person, her enemies not denying that she had

charms, which could almost sanctify error itself. Nobody, she said, could suspect the sex of inclining to popery, who observed the aversion they all discovered to a single life. The uses of the obnoxious garments were allowed to be many; the names at least were innocent: and the cry against them she was sure, could only be raised by the old and the ugly; since nothing could be so fantastic, as not to become a pretty woman.

Her ladyship was joined by the beauties present; but they being few, their objections were over-ruled, and the motion was carried. The next day, the house, on receiving the report, after some debate, agreed to the resolutions, and a bill was ordered to be prepared and brought in accordingly. Though, at the same time they were of opinion, *nem. con.* that if the Fig-leaf Bill took place, these restrictions would be quite needless.

No. 63.] THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

VIRG.

From a long line of grandams draws his blood,
And counts his great great grandsires from the flood.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

Cambridge, April 4.

IF you are a true sportsman, and have the honour of the turf at heart, you must have observed with the utmost concern a late account in the newspapers, that "White-nose died at Doncaster of a mortification in the foot." An article of this nature, and at such a time, must strike a damp on all gentlemen breeders; and for my part I cannot help looking on the present races at Newmarket, as funeral games in honour of the memory of White-nose. The death of a stallion of such consequence is a public calamity to all knowing ones in the kingdom; nor does such an accident bring with it the least consolation; especially since it is not the fashion to pit the lives of horses, as well as men, against each other.

Italian grey-hounds, Dutch lap-dogs, monkeys, and maccaws, have been honoured with monuments and epitaphs; but a race-horse as much surpasses these insignificant animals, as White-nose was superior to a pack-horse; and I cannot but think, that an obelisk (with a proper inscription drawn up by Messieurs Heber and Pond) should be erected near Devil's-Ditch or Choak-jade on Newmarket Heath, in honour to his memory. With what astonishment might we then read of his powerful deep rate, by which all the horses that run against him were no where? With what rapture should

we then recount his rapid victories in the field, (more surprising than those of the Duke of Marlborough) by which he won Tewksbury, won Chipping-Norton, won Lincoln, won York, &c. ! But, above all, we should admire the noble blood which flowed in his veins, and with reverence contemplate the illustrious names of his great, great, great, great, grandsires and grandams. There is not the least flaw in the blood of White-nose's family: and his epitaph might conclude, in imitation of that famous one on the Duke of Newcastle's monument, "that all the Sons were remarkable stallions, and all the Daughters excellent breeders."

The pedigrees of our race-horses have been always preserved with as much care and exactness, as the Tree of Descent among the family of a Spanish grandee or Polish nobleman: nor does the Welshman derive greater honour from proving himself the fiftieth cousin to Cadwallader or Caractacus, through a long line of David Ap Shenkins, Ap Morgan, Ap Powels, Ap Prices, than the horse by being half-brother to the Godolphin Barb, or full cousin by the dam's side to the Bloody-Shoulder'd Arabian. The Romans were no less curious in the breed of their horses, and paid the greatest honours to those that beat the whole Circus hollow. They even erected monuments to their memory, of which Lipsius gives us the following remarkable instance. *Clarissime lapis vetus, quem Romæ olim vidi et exscripsi. In medio vir est, qui dextra baculum sinistra pabulum tenet: extrinsecus duo sunt assilientes equi cum gemina inscriptione:—Aquila, Nepos Aquilonis vicit cxxx. secundus tulit lxxxviii. tertius tulit xxxvi.—Altera,—Hirpinus, Nepos Aquilonis vicit cxiv. secundus tulit lvi. tertius tulit xxxvi. Habes itaque ipsum hic Hirpinum, atque adeo ejus Avum Aquilonem.* I could wish that the same honours were paid to our horses: I would at least propose, that the names, pedigrees, and a list of the plates won by victorious horses, should be inscribed on the posts of all courses, where they have made themselves famous. These memorials might serve to perpetuate the renown of our racers, and would furnish posterity with a more complete history of the Turf than the Sportsman's Calendar.

You will undoubtedly observe, Mr. Town, that in the extract concerning horses, with which I have just presented you from Lipsius, a man is also mentioned; the account of whom would, if modernized, run in the following terms. "In the middle of the monument stood a man, with a whip in his right hand, and a feed of corn in his left." Hence it appears, that the Romans intended to do honour to the charioteer as well as horses; and it is a pity, that we do not also imitate them in this particular, and pay equal respect to our Jockeys. The chariot-race was not more celebrated among the

ancients, than the horse-race is at present; and the Circus at Rome never drew together so noble an assembly as the modern course. Nor do I see any reason, why Theron should be more applauded for carrying off the prize at Elis or Pisu, than Tom Marshal for winning the plate at York or Newmarket. The charioteers of old were, indeed, composed of the greatest princes and persons of the first rank, who prided themselves on their dexterity in managing the reins, and driving their own chariots. In this they have been imitated by several of our modern gentry; who value themselves on being excellent coachmen; and it is with infinite pleasure, that I have lately observed persons of fashion at all races affect the dress and manner of grooms. And as gentlemen, like the ancient charioteers, begin to enter the race themselves, and ride their own horses, it is probable, that we shall soon see the best Jockeys among the first of our nobility.

That the encomiums of the horse shall so frequently be enlarged on, without entering into the praises of the Jockey, is indeed something wonderful; when we consider how much the beast is under his direction, and that the strength and fleetness of Victorious or Driver would be of no use without the skill and honesty of the rider. Large sums have been lost by a horse running, accidentally without doubt, on the wrong side of the post; and we knowing-ones, Mr. Town, have frequently seen great dexterity and management exerted, in contriving that one of the best horses in the field should be distanced. The Jockey has, indeed, so great a share in the success of the race, that every man, who has ever betted five pounds, is acquainted with his consequence; and does not want to be told, that the victory depends at least as often on the rider as the horse.

I cannot help agreeing with Lady Pentweazle in the farce, that, "if there was as much care taken in the breed of the human species, as there is in that of dogs and of horses, we should not have so many puny half-formed animals as we daily see among us:" and every thorough sportsman very well knows, that as much art is required to bring up a Jockey, as the beast he is to ride. In every respect the same care must be had to keep him in wind, and he must be in like manner dieted, put in sweats, and exercised, to bring him down to a proper weight. Much depends upon the size of the man as well as horse: for a rider of the same dimensions with a grenadier would no more be fit to come upon the turf as a Jockey, than an awkward thing taken out of the shafts of a dray could ever appear at the starting-post as a race-horse.—This is obvious to every one; and I could not help smiling at what my landlord at the White Bear said the other day to a little fellow-commoner of St. John's, (who would fain be thought

a knowing-one) by way of compliment; "My worthy master," said the landlord, "it is a thousand pities you should be a gowmsman, when you would have made such a special post-boy or Jockey."

My chief inducement to write to you at present, Mr. Town, was to desire you to use your endeavours to bring the Jockey into equal esteem with the animal he bestrides: and to beg, that you would promote the settling an established scheme for the preservation of his breed. In order to this I would humbly propose, that a stud for the Jockeys should be immediately built near the stables at Newmarket: and that their genealogies should be duly registered; that the breed should be crossed as occasion might require, and that the best horsemen, and of the lightest weights, should intermarry with the full sisters of those who had won most plates: and in a word, the same method used for the improvement of the Jockeys as their horses. I have here sent you an exact pedigree of a famous Jockey, taken with all that care just now prescribed; and I doubt not, if my scheme was universally put in execution, but we should excel all other nations in our horsemen, as we already do in our horses.

TO RIDE THIS SEASON,

An able Jockey, fit to start for Match, Sweepstakes, or King's Plate; well sized; can mount twelve stone, or strip to a feather; is sound wind and limb, and free from blemishes. He was got by Yorkshire Tom, out of a full sister to Deptford Nan. His dam was got by the noted Matchim Tims. His Grandam was the German Princess; and his great Grandam was daughter to Flanders Moll. His Sire won the king's Plate at York and Hambleton, the Lady's Subscription purse at Nottingham, the Give-and-Take at Lincoln, and the Sweepstakes at Newmarket. His Grandsire beat Dick Rogers at Epsom and Burford, and Patrick McCutt'em over the Curragh at Kildare. His great Grandsire, and great great Grandsire rode for King Charles the Second; and so noble is the blood which flows in this Jockey's veins, that none of his family were ever distanced, stood above five feet five, or weighed more than twelve stone.

W.

No. 64.] THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

Canes legatos misere,—

Ut sese eriperent hominum contumeliis. PLEDER.

Hounds, pointers, mastiffs, lap-dogs sue for help,
With many a doleful howl, and piteous yelp.

RETURNING the other night from the coffee-house,

where I had just been reading the* votes, I found myself on a sudden oppressed with drowsiness, that seemed to promise me as sound a repose in my great chair, as my dog already enjoyed by the fire-side. I willingly indulged it; and had hardly closed my eyes, before I fell into the following dream.

Methought the door of my room on a sudden flew open, and admitted a great variety of dogs of all sorts and sizes, from the mastiff to the lap-dog. I was surprised at this appearance; but my amazement was much increased, when I saw a large grey-hound advancing towards me, and heard him thus address me in a human voice.

You cannot, Sir, be ignorant of the panic that prevails among all our species, on account of a scheme now on foot for our destruction. That slaughter, which was formerly made among the wolves of this land, and in which our ancestors bore so large a share, is now going to be revived among us. I, for my own part, have no hopes of escaping, as you will easily judge when you hear my case. My master owes his subsistence to his labour, and with his wages can just maintain me and his three children. In return, I now and then afford him a comfortable meal, by killing him a rabbit in the squire's warren, or picking him up a hare on a Sunday morning. The other services I render him are of equal importance to him, and pleasure to myself. I am his constant companion to the field in the morning, and back again at night: he knows that his clothes and his wallet are safe in my keeping; and he is sure to be roused on any midnight alarm, when I am in the house.

It is with horror I reflect on the numbers of my relations, who will swing their last, and against whom this law seems, indeed, to be levelled. Is it not enough, that our merits are neglected, and thought inferior to those of a slow-footed race, who inhabit a spacious kennel in the squire's yard, and who are as many hours in killing a hare, as we are minutes? Yet they are kept by the great, attended by the noble, and every day treated with horse-flesh: while I live among the poor, am threatened by the rich, and now probably shall be destroyed by public authority.

I cannot deny, but the favour of the ladies is frequently extended to a small and degenerate race, who though they bear our name, may very properly be styled the fribbles of our species. 'Tis true, they are of foreign extraction, which alone is sufficient merit; and seem, indeed, to be as much preferred by the *beau monde* to our English greyhounds, as their countrymen in the Haymarket are to our English singers. But though this breed is so diminutive, that I my-

* A bill had been brought into parliament for laying a tax upon dogs.

self have coursed one of them for a hare, yet I will venture to pronounce, that, be the tax what it will, not a Fido in the land will be sacrificed to the laws.

Our request to you is to display our merits to the world, and convince mankind of the innocence of our intentions, and the hardships that we already labour under. Though I have enlarged on my own case, I have the honour to address you in the name of all my brethren; such of them, I mean, as think themselves endangered by this scheme for our destruction. At the same time we desire you to apprise the public of the hazard they may run, by coming to an open rupture; since, in such a case, the mastiffs and the bull-dogs are determined to join their forces, and will sell their lives at the dearest rate.

This last resolution was confirmed by a general growl. After which I was thus accosted by another of the company of the pointing breed.

Little did I think, that the pains I have taken, and the blows I have suffered, to perfect me in the art I profess, would have been thus requited. Having lost the best of masters by an accident from his gun, which I can scarce ever think of without a howl, I have now, like my friend Smoker, the misfortune to live with a poor man. A misfortune I now call it, since, alas! he will not be able to save me from the halter, by paying my ransom. He too, I am afraid, will be reduced to beggary, since at present, I and his gun are his chief support. If he is deprived of me, and thereby prevented from what the rich maliciously term poaching, his best resource will be to dispatch himself with his gun before he surrenders it, or to hang himself with the same rope that ties up me. When I was a puppy, I was every day fed in the kitchen, and caressed in the parlour; and I have now a brother, that always points for the best of company. What though our race has been frequently reproached? What though we, together with the spaniels, have been accused, I do not say wrongfully, of crouching to our enemies, and licking the hand that beats us? Is not this every day practised among your species? And is it not countenanced by the greatest examples? In fawning and flattering we are by no means singular; and crouching and cringing are not confined to the brute species.

I very heartily second the request of my friend, and I doubt not, but the arguments you will use in our behalf will be able to divert the storm that threatens us. This you may be assured of, that if my life is spared through your means, it shall be devoted to your service; and you shall sup as often as you please, on a brace of birds.

This speech was attended with a bark of applause; and I was next accosted by a lap-dog,

who, after dolefully shaking his ears, began the following harangue.

Though I am aware that many of my species will remain unhurt by this scheme devised for our destruction, yet I have on my own account great reason to be alarmed. I was born, indeed, in a noble family in St. James's Square, but unfortunately was within these three months resigned over to my present mistress, an old maid, who has been through her whole life as frugal of her money as her favours. She is, indeed, so very saving, that I have more than once been beat for lapping up her breakfast cream; and it was but last week, that I was severely corrected for devouring a sheep's heart, for which she had been to market herself. Such a mistress will undoubtedly sacrifice me to this cruel tax; and though you may perhaps imagine the loss of life in these circumstances is not much to be regretted, yet death is a terrible remedy, and a living dog is better than a dead lion. But if some of our species must perish, surely a regard should be had to national merit; and the storm should first fall on those foreign intruders, who by the flatness of their noses are supposed to be of Dutch extraction. If the ladies also have any regard for the honour of their country, or any love remaining for us, it becomes them to take our case into consideration. And I make no doubt, since the female parliament is now sitting (if you, Sir, would but draw up a petition in our favour), as the other sex have taken necessary precautions for the preservation of the game, the ladies would in their turn bring in a bill for the preservation of lap-dogs.

Various were the arguments that many others used in their own behalf. The mastiff insisted on the protection he afforded us, and the terror he struck into thieves and house-breakers. King Charles's black favourites came fawning upon me, and hoped that their breed might be preserved in deference to the taste of so witty a monarch. I could not help smiling at the argument made use of by a bull-dog from Norfolk; who declared, that he was so instrumental to the mirth of the county, that he firmly believed they would never part with him; but begged at the same time, that, if sentence must pass, it might be changed into banishment, and that Spain (where bull-feasts are held in so much honour) might be the place of his transportation.

The eloquence and gesture of my four-footed visitors had such an influence over me, that I was just going to answer them in the manner they could wish, when my own dog on a sudden jumped into my lap, and roused me from my dream.

[No. 65.] THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

*Nec tamen indignum si vobis cura placendi,
Cum comptos habeant sæcula nostra viros.* OVID.

Blame not the belles, since modern times can show
That ape of female poppery, call'd a beau.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

As no one has a greater respect for the fair sex than myself, I was highly pleased with a letter inserted some time ago in your paper, ridiculing the detestable use of paint among the ladies. This practice is, indeed, too general; and for my own part, when I meet a blooming fresh-coloured face in town, I no more take it for the real face belonging to the lady, than I imagine Queen Anne's portrait delineated on a sign post to be her majesty's flesh and blood.

But this fashion is not confined to the ladies. I am ashamed to tell you, that we are indebted to Spanish wool for many of our masculine ruddy complexions. A pretty fellow lackers his pale face with as many varnishes as a fine lady; and it is well known, that late hours at the card-table, amusements at Haddock's, immoderate draughts of Champagne, and sleeping all night upon a bulk, will strip the most healthy complexion of its roses. Therefore, to repair the loss, they are obliged to substitute the unwholesome disguise of art for the native hue of a vigorous constitution.

I must leave it to you, Mr. Town, or your ingenious correspondent, to enlarge upon this subject, and will only just appeal to the ladies, whether a smooth fair face is a proper recommendation of a man to their favour; and whether they do not look upon those of the other sex as a contemptible sort of rivals, who aspire to be thought charming and pretty? As many females are also conscious, that they themselves endeavour to conceal by art the defects of nature, they are apt to suspect those of our sex, who are so very solicitous to set off their persons: and, indeed, I fear it will be found upon examination, that most of our pretty fellows, who lay on carmine, are painting a rotten post.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

W. MANLY.

Many of my readers, will, I dare say, be hardly persuaded, that this custom could have ever prevailed as a branch of male poppery; but it is too notorious, that our fine gentlemen, in many other instances besides the article of paint, affect the softness and delicacy of the fair sex. The male beauty has his washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and takes as much pains to set a gloss on his complexion, as the footman in japanning

his shoes. He has his dressing-room, and (which is still more ridiculous) his toilette too; at which he sits as many hours repairing his battered countenance as a decayed toast dressing for a birth-night. I had once an opportunity of taking a survey of one of these male-toilettes; and, as such a curiosity may, perhaps, prove entertaining to many of my readers, I here shall give a description of it.

Having occasion one morning to wait on a very pretty fellow, I was desired by the valet de chambre to walk into the dressing-room, as his master was not stirring. I was accordingly shown into a neat little chamber, hung round with India paper, and adorned with several little images of pagods, and bramins, and vessels of Chelsea China, in which were set various coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the toilette most excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the Chinese taste. A looking-glass, enclosed in a whimsical frame of Chinese paling, stood upon a japan table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest chintz. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them japan, and lay regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several; and in one I found lip-salve, in another a roll of pig-tail, and in another the ladies' black sticking-plaster: but the last which I opened very much surprised me, as I saw nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewise remarked, on one part of the table, a tooth-brush and sponge, with a pot of Delescot's opiate; and on the other side, water for the eyes. In the middle stood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum: almond-pastes, powder-puffs, hair-combs, brushes, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastic equipage: but, among many other whimsies, I could not perceive for what a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet informed me, that it was a comb for the eye-brows.

It must be confessed, that there are some men of such a delicate make and silky constitution, that it is no wonder, if gentlemen of such a lady-like generation have a natural tendency to the refinements and softness of females. These tender dear creatures are generally bred up immediately under the wing of their mammas, and scarce fed with anything less innocent than her milk. They are never permitted to study, lest it should hurt their eyes, and make their heads ache; nor suffered to use any exercises, like other boys, lest a fine hand should be spoiled by being used too roughly. While other lads are flogged into the five declensions, and at length lashed through a whole school, these pretty masters are kept at home to improve in whip-syllabubs, pastry and face-painting. In consequence of which, when other young fellows begin to appear like men,

these dainty creatures come into the world with all the accomplishments of a lady's woman.

But if the common foibles of the female world are ridiculous even in these equivocal half-men, these neuter somethings between male and female, how awkwardly must they sit upon the more robust and masculine part of mankind?

What indeed can be more absurd than to see a huge fellow with the make of a porter, and fit to mount the stage as a champion at Broughton's amphitheatre, sitting to varnish his broad face with paint and Benjamin-wash? For my part, I never see a great looby aiming at *delicatesse*, but he seems as strange and uncouth a figure as Achilles in petticoats. This folly is also to be particularly condemned, when it appears in the more solemn characters of life, to which a gravity of appearance is essential; and in which the least marks of foppery seem as improper, as a physician would seem ridiculous prescribing in a bag-wig, or a serjeant pleading at the King's Bench in his own hair instead of a night-cap periwig. As I think an instance or two of this kind would show this folly in the most striking light, I shall here subjoin two characters, in whom, as it is most improper, it will consequently appear most ridiculous.

John Hardman is upwards of six feet high, and stout enough to beat two of the sturdiest chairmen that ever came out of Ireland. Nature, indeed, seems to have intended John himself to carry a chair; but fortune has enabled him to appear in whatever character he likes best, and he has wisely discovered, that none will sit so easy on him as that of a pretty fellow. It is therefore his study to new-mould his face and person: he throws his goggle eyes into leers, languishes, and ogles; and endeavours to draw up his hideous mouth, which extends from one ear to the other, into a simper. His voice, which is naturally of a deeper base than a hurdy-gurdy, is in a manner set to a new tune; and his speech, which is very much tinged with the broad dialect of a particular county, is delivered with so much nicety and gentleness, that every word is minced and clipped in order to appear soft and delicate. When he walks he endeavours to move his unwieldy figure along in the pert trip, or easy shambling pace of our pretty fellows: and he commonly carries a thin jenny stick in his hand, which naturally reminds us of Hercules with a distaff.

The Reverend Mr. Jessamy, (who took orders, only because there was a good living in the family) is known among the ladies by the name of the beau-parson. He is, indeed, the most delicate creature imaginable; and differs so much from the generality of the clergy, that I believe the very sight of a plum-pudding would make him swoon. Out of his canonicals, his constant dress is what they call parson's-blue lined with white, a black satin waistcoat, velvet

breeches, and silk stockings: and his pumps are of dog-skin, made by Tull; and it is said, that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whose length being out of all proportion prevented his having a handsome foot. His very grizzle is scarce orthodox: for, though it would be open schism to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag-front, and is properly cropped behind, that it may not eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock-buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being sea-sick: or else he declares he would certainly go abroad, where he might again resume his laced clothes, and appear like a gentleman in a bag-wig and sword. T.

No. 66.] THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

*Detrahare et vellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora
Cederet.* ————— Hor.

Where all, their beauties to full view display'd,
May undisguis'd appear in Masquerade.

AMONG the many exotic diversions, that have been transplanted into this country there is no one more cultivated, or which seems to have taken deeper root among us, than that modest and rational entertainment the masquerade. This, as well as the opera, is originally of Italian growth, and was brought over hither by the celebrated Heidegger; who on both accounts justly acquired among his own countrymen the honourable title of *Sur-Intendant des Plaisirs d'Angleterre*.

I have called the masquerade a modest and rational entertainment. As to the first no one can have the least scruple about its innocence, if he considers, that it is always made a part of the education of our polite females; and that the most virtuous woman is not ashamed to appear there. If it be objected, that a lady is exposed to hear many indecencies from the men, (as the mask gives them a privilege to say any thing, though ever so rude) it may be answered, that no lady is obliged to take the affront to herself; because, as she goes disguised, the indignity is not offered to her in her own proper person. Besides, according to Dryden,

She cannot blush, because they cannot see.

As to the rationality of this entertainment, every one will agree with me, that these midnight orgies are full as rational as sitting up all night at the card-table. Nor is it more strange, that five or six hundred people should meet together in disguises purposely to conceal themselves, than that the same number should assemble at a rout, where most of the company are wholly unacquainted with each other.

But we can never enough admire the wit and humour of these meetings; which greatly con-

sist in exhibiting the most fantastic appearances, that the most whimsical imagination can possibly devise. A common person may be content with appearing as a Chinese, a Turk, or a Friar; but the true genius will ransack earth, air, and seas, reconcile contradictions, and call in things inanimate, as well as animate, to his assistance; and the more extravagant and out of nature his dress can be contrived, the higher is the joke. I remember one gentleman above six foot high, who came to the masquerade dressed like a child in a white frock and leading strings, attended by another gentleman of a very low stature, who officiated as his nurse. The same witty spark took it into his head at another time to personate Fame, and was stuck all over with peacock's feathers by way of eyes: but when he came to fasten on his wings, they were spread to so enormous a length, that no coach or chair was spacious enough to admit him; so that he was forced to be conveyed along the streets on a chairman's horse, covered with a blanket. Another gentleman, of no less humour, very much surprised the company by carrying a thatched house about him; which was so contrived, that no part of him could be seen, except his face, which was looking out of the casement: but this joke had like to have cost him dear, as another wag was going to set fire to the building, because he found, by the leaden policy affixed to the front, that the tenement was insured. In a word, dogs, monkeys, ostriches, and all kinds of monsters, are as frequently to be met with at the masquerade, as in the Covent-Garden pantomimes: and I once saw with great delight a gentleman (who personated one of Bayes' recruits) prance a minuet on his hobby-horse, with a dancing bear for his partner.

I have said before, that the masquerade is of foreign extraction, and imported to us from abroad. But as the English, though slow at invention, are remarkable for improving on what has already been invented, it is no wonder that we should attempt to heighten the gusto of this entertainment, and even carry it beyond the license of a foreign carnival. There is something too insipid in our fine gentlemen stalking about in dominos; and it is rather cruel to eclipse the pretty faces of our fine ladies with hideous masks; for which reason it has been judged requisite to contrive a masquerade upon a new plan, and in an entire new taste. We all remember, when (a few years ago) a celebrated lady endeavoured to introduce a new species of masquerade among us, by lopping off the exuberance of dress; and she herself first set the example, by stripping to the character of Iphigenia undrest for the sacrifice. I must own it is a matter of some surprise to me, (considering the propensity of our modern ladies to get rid of their clothes,) that other Iphigenias did not immediately start up, and

that nuns and vestals should be suffered ever after to be seen among the masks. But this project, it seems, was not then sufficiently ripe for execution, as a certain awkward thing, called bashfulness, had not yet been banished from the female world: and to the present enlightened times was reserved the honour of introducing (however contradictory the term may seem) a naked masquerade.

What the above mentioned lady had the hardness to attempt alone, will (I am assured) be set on foot by our persons of fashion, as soon as the hot days come in. Ranelagh is the place pitched upon for their meeting; where it is proposed to have a masquerade *Al Fresco*, and the whole company are to display all their charms *in puris naturalibus*. The pantheon of the Heathen Gods, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and Titian's prints, will supply them with a sufficient variety of undrest characters. One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate water-nymphs bathing in the canal: three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the three Graces: and a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the goddess of beauty, is now practising from a model of the noted statue of *Venus de Medicis*, the most striking attitude for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Centaurs: our beaux may assume the semblance of the beardless Apollo, or (which would be more natural) may admire themselves in the person of Narcissus; and our bucks might act quite in character, by running about stark-naked with their mistresses, and committing the maddest freaks, like the priests and priestesses of Bacchus celebrating the Bacchanalian mysteries.

If this scheme for a naked masquerade should meet with encouragement, (as there is no doubt but it must) it is proposed to improve it still further. Persons of fashion cannot but lament, that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table, and they can never enough regret, that the Sunday evening tea-drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion. They therefore intend to have a particular sort of masquerade on that day; in which they may show their taste by ridiculing all the old women's tales contained in that idle book of fables the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This, indeed, is not without a parallel: we have had an instance already of an Eve: and by borrowing the serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, we might have the whole story of the Fall of Man exhibited in masquerade.

It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that this project has already taken place among the lowest of the people, who seem to have been the first contrivers of a naked masquerade: and last summer I remember an article in the news-

papers, that "several persons of both sexes were assembled naked at Pimlico, and being carried before a magistrate were sent to Bridewell." This, indeed, is too refined a pleasure to be allowed the vulgar; and every body will agree with me, that the same act, which at the Green Lamps or Pimlico appears low and criminal, may be extremely polite and commendable in the Haymarket or at Ranelagh. W.

No. 67.] THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

O imitatores, servum pecus!

HOR.

Dull imitators! like the servile hack,
Still slowly plodding in the beaten track.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

BAYES in the Rehearsal frequently boasts it as his chief excellence, that he treads on no man's heels, that he scorns to follow the steps of others; and when he is asked the reason of inserting any absurdity in his play, he answers, because it is new. The poets of the present time run into the contrary error: they are so far from endeavouring to elevate and surprise by any thing original, that their whole business is imitation; and they jingle their bells in the same road with those that went before them, with all the dull exactness of a packhorse.

The generality of our writers wait till a new walk is pointed out to them by some leading genius; when it immediately becomes so hackneyed and beaten, that an author of credit is almost ashamed to appear in it among such bad company. No sooner does one man of parts succeed in any particular mode of writing, but he is followed by a thousand dunces. A good elegy makes the little scribblers direct their whole bent to subjects of grief; and for a whole winter, the press groans with melancholy. One novel of reputation fills all the garrets of Grubstreet with whole reams of histories and adventures, where volume is spun out after volume, without the least wit, humour, or incident. In a word, as Bayes obviated all objections to his nonsense, by saying it was new, if a modern writer was asked why he chose any particular manner of writing, he might reply, because it is the fashion.

True genius will not give in to such idle extravagant flights of imagination as Bayes's; it will not turn funerals into banquets, or introduce armies in disguise; but still it will not confine itself to the narrow track of imitation. I cannot help thinking, that it is more owing to this servile spirit in the authors of the present times, than to their want of abilities, that we cannot now boast a set of eminent writers: and it is

worthy observation, that whenever any age has been distinguished by a great number of excellent authors, they have most of them cultivated different branches of poetry from each other. This was the case in the age of Augustus, as appears from the works of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c.: and to come down as late as possible, this is evident from our last famous set of authors, who flourished in the beginning of this century. We admire Swift, Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke, Addison, &c. but we admire each for his particular beauties, separate and distinguished from the rest.

These loose thoughts were thrown together merely to introduce the following little poem, which I think deserves the attention of the public. It was written by a very ingenious gentleman, as a letter to a friend, who was about to publish a volume of miscellanies; and contains all that original spirit, which it so elegantly recommends.

To —————

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.
Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measured prose;
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
Want nought but measure to be verse.
Write from your own imagination;
Nor curb your muse by imitation:
For copies show, howe'er exprest,
A barren genius at the best,
—But, imitation's all the mode,—
Yet, where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease:
Assumes his style, affects a story,
Sets every circumstance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Observes how easy Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews
To find a dirty slipshod muse.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common sewers, and jakes,
Ordures and filth in rhyme exposes,
Disgustful to our eyes and noses:
With many a — dash that must offend us,
And much * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
O Swift! how wouldst thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy thee?

This Milton for his plan will choose!
Wherein resembling Milton's Muse?
Milton like thunder rolls along,
In all the majesty of song;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep:
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.

The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The epithet's preposterous change,
Forced numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's style?
His faults religiously ye trace,
But borrow not a single grace.

How few, say whence can it proceed?
Who copy Milton, e'er succeed.
But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore so? The reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, choose
To woo the gentle Spenser's Muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
On allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waste of flimsy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his strong muse takes wondrous flights,
Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, spells, and knights:
Till allegory, Spenser's veil
T' instruct and please in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivalling the fame of Pope.
Satire's the word, against the times.
These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,
Their muse aspires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In these the spleen of Pope we find,
But where the greatness of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the muse,
Whom with her kindest eye she views;
Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze;
Some few my friend, have sweetly trod
In Imitation's dangerous road.
Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
Shall scent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow chair he smokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O Brown,* shall last thy praise,
Crown'd with tobacco-leaf for bays;
And whosoe'er thy verse shall see,
Shall fill another pipe to thee.

Now Venus in Vauxhall her altar rears,
While fiddles drown the music of the spheres;
Now girls hum out their loves to every tree,
"Young jockey is the lad, the lad for me."

THE various seasons of the year produce not a greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the polite manner of passing our time. The diversions of winter and summer are as different as the dog-days and those at Christmas; nor do I know any genteel amusement, except gaming, that prevails during the whole year. As the long days are now coming on, the theatrical gentry, who contribute to dissipate the gloom of our winter evenings, begin to divide themselves into strolling companies; and are packing up their tragedy wardrobes, together with a sufficient quantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and amazement of the country. In the meantime, the several public gardens near this metropolis are trimming their trees, levelling their walks, and burnishing their lamps, for our reception. At Vauxhall the artificial ruins are repaired; the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious Connoisseurs, who could not be satisfied without feeling whether the figures were alive. The magazine at Cuper's, I am told, is furnished with an extraordinary supply of gunpowder to be shot off in squibs and sky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing suns and Catherine wheels: and it is not to be doubted, in case of a war, but that Neptune and all his Tritons will assist the British navy; and as we before took Porto-Bello and Cape-Breton, we shall gain new victories over the French fleet every night, upon that canal.

Happy are they, who can muster up sufficient, at least to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a season! Not that these pleasures are confined to the rich and the great only: for the lower sort of people have their Ranelaghs and their Vauxhalls as well as the quality. Perrot's inimitable grotto may be seen for only calling for a pot of beer; and the royal diversion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of Dorchester, for your sixpence at Jenny's Whim. Every skittle-alley half a mile out of town is embellished with green arbours and shady retreats; where the company is generally entertained with the melodious scraping of a blind fiddler. And who can resist the luscious temptation of a fine juicy ham, or a delicious buttock of beef stuffed with parsley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of sparkling home-brewed, which is so invitingly painted at the entrance of almost every village ale-house?

Our northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourselves in all those pleasures of a garden, which are so feelingly described by our

No. 68.] THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1755.

—Nunc et campus, et aræa,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repectantur horâ.

HOR.

* Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq. author of a Piece called the Pipe of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation of six different authors.

poets. We dare not lay ourselves on the damp ground in shady groves, or by the purling stream; but are obliged to fortify our insides against the cold by good substantial eating and drinking. For this reason the extreme costliness of the provisions at our public gardens has been grievously complained of by those gentry, to whom a supper at these places is as necessary a part of the entertainment, as the singing or the fire works. Poor Mr. John sees, with a heavy heart, the profits of a whole week's card-money devoured in tarts and cheesecakes by Mrs. Housekeeper, or Mrs. Lady's Own Woman; and the substantial cit, who comes from behind the counter two or three evenings in the summer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like slices of beef and ham, that taste of nothing but the knife.

I was greatly diverted last Saturday evening at Vauxhall, with the shrewd remarks made on this very head by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and over-hearing every thing that passed.

After some talk,—"Come, come," said the old don, "it is high time, I think, to go to supper." To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the Misses said, "Do let us have chick, para." "Zounds!" said the father, "they are half-a-crown a-piece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Here the old lady took him up. "You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?" This reproach so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest Miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise: accordingly the waiter was called, and despatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter how much there was of it. "A shilling's worth, Sir," said the fellow.—"Prithee," said the don, "how much dost thou think it weighs?—An ounce?—A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!—A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—at a shilling per ounce, that is, sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a-piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked if people

must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,—“There goes two pence—there goes three pence—there goes a groat.—Zounds, a man at these places should not have a swallow as wide as a tom-tit.”

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon despatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham: at length when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old newspaper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. “I’ll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day; and I’ll show them to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks.” Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders,—“Why now,” says he—“tomorrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff in any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it.” A dish of tarts, cheesecakes, and custards next made their appearance at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father’s remonstrance, “that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cook’s.”

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—“We must have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know.” “Well, well,” says the don, “that’s right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—Here, drawer, what wine have you got?” The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered,—“We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgundy, or Claret, or?”—“No, no, none of your wishy-washy outlandish rot-gut for me;” interrupted the citizen.—“A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red claret wine in the French king’s cellar.—But come, bring us a bottle of sound old Port: and, dy’e hear? let it be good.”

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, “because,” she said, “it was ungentle to smoke, where any ladies were in company.” When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, “Ay, ay,” said he, “the bottom has had a good kick.—And mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides.—Not above five gills, I warrant.—An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them.—But let us see how it is brewed.” He then poured out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice

or thrice, and smacking with his lips, drank it off: but declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper: and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drank a glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter "to pick out an honest one."

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves by making observations on the garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest Miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *solentary*; little Miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the chesecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing, seemed to have been quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, that the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns all the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-master undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself; only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared "it was pretty reasonable considering."

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for sixpence: then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in the same exact order: then calling the waiter,—"There," says he, "there's your damage—thirteen and two pence—And harkye, there's three-pence over for yourself." The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket: and clinking it—"This," says he, "will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper of tobacco."

The family now prepared themselves for going: and as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied

his pocket handkerchief to save his wig, and as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest Miss asked, "When shall we come again, papa!" "Come again?" (says he) "What a pox, would you ruin me? Once in one's life is enough; and I think I have done very handsome. Why, it would not have cost me above four-pence half-penny to have spent my evening at *Sot's Hole*; and what with the cursed coach-hire, and all together, here's almost a pound gone, and nothing to show for it."—"Fie, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you," replies the old lady. "You are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure: and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to *Little Hornsey* to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world;—and they shall." The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any further; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute by saying,—"Come, come, let us make haste, wife; or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again; and to-morrow, you know, is Sunday."

W.

No. 69.] THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1755.

Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro. TIBULL.

Behold a train of female wits aspire,
With men to mingle in the Muses' quire.

In a visit which I paid the other day to a lady of great sense and taste, I was agreeably surprised by having two little volumes put into my hands, which have been lately published under the title of "*Poems by Eminent Ladies.*" These volumes are, indeed, (as the author of the preface has remarked) "the most solid compliment that can possibly be paid to the fair sex." I never imagined, that our nation could boast so many excellent poetesses, (whose works are an honour to their country,) as were here collected together: and it is with the highest satisfaction I can assure my female readers in particular that I have found a great number of very elegant pieces among the compositions of these ladies, which cannot be surpassed (I had almost said, equalled) by the most celebrated of our male-writers.

The pleasure, which I received from reading

these poems, made such an impression on my mind that, at night, as soon as I fell asleep, my fancy presented to me the following dream. I was transported I know not how, to the regions of Parnassus : and found myself in the court of Apollo, surrounded by a great number of our most eminent poets. A cause of the utmost importance was then depending ; and the debate was, whether the English ladies, who had distinguished themselves in poetry, should be allowed to hold the same rank, and have the same honours paid them, with the men. As the moderns were not permitted to plead in their own suit, Juvenal was retained on the side of the male poets, and Sappho undertook the defence of the other sex. The Roman Satirist, in his speech at the bar, inveighed bitterly against women in general, and particularly exclaimed against their dabbling in literature : but when Sappho came to set forth the pretensions which the ladies justly had to poetry, and especially in love affairs, Apollo could no longer resist the importunity of the Muses in favour of their own sex. He therefore decreed that all those females, who thought themselves able to manage Pegasus, should immediately show their skill and dexterity in riding him.

Pegasus was accordingly brought out of the stable, and the Muses furnished him with a side-saddle. All the ladies, who had courage enough to venture on his back, were prepared to mount : but as a great dispute arose among some of the competitors about precedency, (each of them claiming a right to ride first,) it was at length agreed, that they should get into the saddle according to seniority.

Upon this a lady advanced ; who, though she had something rather extravagant in her air and deportment, yet she had a noble presence, that commanded at once awe and admiration. She was dressed in an old fashioned habit, very fantastic, and trimmed with bugles and points ; such as was worn in the time of King Charles the First. This lady, I was informed, was the Dutchess of Newcastle. When she came to mount, she sprung into the saddle with surprising agility ; and giving an entire loose to the reins, Pegasus directly set up a gallop, and ran away with her quite out of sight. However, it was acknowledged, that she kept a firm seat, even when the horse went at his deepest rate ; and that she wanted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When she came to dismount, Shakspeare and Milton very kindly offered their hand to help her down, which she accepted. Then Euterpe came up to her with a smile, and begged her to repeat those beautiful lines against melancholy, which (she said) were so extremely picturesque. The Dutchess, with a most pleasing air, immediately began—

Dull melancholy——
She'll make you start at every noise you hear,
And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound ;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found ;
Or sits by blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else, but noise which discord makes :
As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes ;
The raven hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls, that fly i' th' night alone ;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out ;
A mill, where rushing waters run about.
She loves to walk in the still moon-shine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight ;
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.
There leave her to herself alone to dwell,
While you and I in mirth and pleasure swell.

All the while that these lines were repeating, Milton seemed very much chagrined ; and it was whispered by some, that he was obliged for many of the thoughts in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* to this lady's **Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy*.

The celebrated Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Philips, was next placed in the saddle, amid the shouts and applauses of the Lords Roscommon and Orrery, Cowley, and other famous wits of her time. Her dress was simple, though of a very elegant make : it had no profuse ornaments, and approached very nearly to the cut and fashion of the present age. Though she never ventured beyond a canter or a hand-gallop, she made Pegasus do his paces with so much ease and exactness, that Waller himself owned he could never bring him under so much command. After her Mrs. Killigrew, assisted by Dryden, and several other ladies of that age took their turns to ride : and every one agreed, that (making some allowance for their sex) they could not be excelled by the most experienced riders among the men.

A bold masculine figure now pushed forward in a thin, airy, gay habit, which hung so loose about her, that she appeared to be half undressed. When she came up to Pegasus, she clapped her hand upon the side saddle, and with a spring leaped across it, saying she should never ride him but astride. She made the poor beast frisk and caper, and curvet, and play a thousand tricks, while she herself was quite unconcerned, though she showed her legs at every motion of the horse, and many of the Muses turned their heads aside blushing. Thalia, indeed, was a good deal pleased with her frolic ; and Erato declared, that next to her favourite Sappho she should always prefer this lady. Upon inquiring her name, I found her to be the free-spirited Mrs. Behn. When she was to dismount, Lord Rochester came up, and caught her in his arms ; and repeating part of her †*Ode to Desire*,

* Poems by Eminent Ladies. Vol. II. page 199.
N. B. This lady, it is supposed, wrote before Milton
† Poems by Eminent Ladies. Vol. I. page 167.

—To a myrtle bower
He led her nothing loth.— MILTON.

I had now the pleasure to see many ladies of our own times, whose names I was very well acquainted with, advance towards Pegasus. Among the rest I could not but wonder at the astonishing dexterity, with which the admired Mrs. Leapor of Brackley guided the horse, though she had not the least assistance from any body. Mrs. Barber of Ireland was assisted in getting upon the saddle by Swift himself, who even condescended to hold the stirrup while she mounted. Under the Dean's direction she made the horse to pace and amble very prettily; notwithstanding which some declared that she was not equal to her friend and country-woman Mrs. Grierson.

Another lady, a native of the same kingdom, then briskly stepped up to Pegasus, and despising the weak efforts of her husband to prevent her, she boldly jumped into the saddle, and whipping and cutting rode away furiously helter skelter over hedge and ditch, and trampled on every body who came in her road. She took particular delight in driving the poor horse, who kicked and winced all the while, into the most filthy places; where she made him fling about the dirt and mire, with which she bespattered almost every one that came near her. Sometimes, however, she would put a stop to this mad career; and then she plainly convinced us, that she knew as well how to manage Pegasus as any of the females, who had tried before her. Being told that this lady was no other than the celebrated biographer of her own actions Mrs. Pilkington, I had the curiosity to take a nearer view of her; when stepping up towards her, and offering my assistance to help her down, methought she returned my civility with such an uncourteous slap on the face, that (though I awaked at the instant) I could not help fancying for some time, that I felt my cheek tingle with the blow. W.

No. 70.] THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1755.

—*Causam hanc justam esse in animum inducite,
Ut aliqua pars laboris minuatür mihi.* TER.

Write, correspondents write, where'er you will;
'Twill save me trouble, and my paper fill.

My publisher having acquainted me, that he intends to close the volume with this number, I shall take the opportunity to throw together several letters, which I have received in the course of this work, and to balance with all my correspondents; at the same time assuring them, that I should be very glad to open a fresh account with them in my next volume.*

* This alludes to the division of volumes in the second edition of this work.

In the infancy of this undertaking I was honoured with a very kind billet from a brother of the quill; the terms of which I am sorry it was not in my power to comply with. It was as follows:

Dear Sir,

I can be of great assistance to you, if you want any help. I will write for you every other week, or oftener if you choose it. As a specimen of my powers, I have sent you an essay, which is at your service. It is short, but a very good one. Yours at command,

T. TURNPENNY.

P. S. Please to send by the bearer a guinea.

The contents of the postscript I naturally referred to the consideration of my publisher, who consequently had a right to determine on the goodness of my friend's essay: but, whatever was the reason, I heard no more of it. The commerce between bookseller and author is, indeed, of very great service, especially to the latter: for though I myself must undoubtedly be excepted out of the number, yet it must be confessed, that the most famous wits have owed their support to this pecuniary intercourse. Meat and drink, and the other conveniences of life, are as necessary to an author as pen, ink, and paper; and I remember to have seen in the possession of Mr. Tonson a curious manuscript of the great Dryden himself, wherein he petitions his bookseller to advance a sum of money to his tailor.

The next letter comes likewise from an author, who complains of an evil, which does not, indeed, often affect many of our fraternity! I mean the custom of giving money to servants.

Dear Mr. Town,

I have been happy all this winter in having the run of a nobleman's table, who was pleased to patronise a work of mine, and to which he allowed me the honour of prefixing his name in a dedication. We geniuses have spirit, you know, far beyond our pockets; and (besides the extraordinary expense of new clothes to appear decent) I assure you I have laid out every farthing, that I ever received from his lordship's bounty, in tips to his servants. After every dinner I was forced to run the gauntlet through a long line of powdered pickpockets; and could not but look upon it as a very ridiculous circumstance, that I should be obliged to give money to a fellow who was dressed much finer than myself. In such a case, I am apt to consider the showy waistcoat of a foppish footman or butler out of livery, as laced down with the shillings and half-crowns of the guests.

I would therefore beg of you, Mr. Town, to recommend the poor author's case to the consideration of the gentlemen of the cloth; humbly

praying, that they would be pleased to let us go scot-free as well as the clergy: for though a good meal is in truth a very comfortable thing to us, it is enough to blunt the edge of our appetites, to consider that we must afterwards pay so dear for our ordinary.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,
JEFFERY BAREBONES.

By some of my papers I find I have drawn upon me the censure, not only of the free-thinkers, but of the Moravians, Methodists, and other numerous sectaries, which have lately started up in opposition to our established religion. The following letter occasioned by my sixty-first number, bears about it so many marks of an original, that it certainly comes from one of their teachers, who (as his style smells so much of the craft) is undoubtedly some inspired shoemaker, or enlightened bricklayer. I have therefore printed it without any alteration, except in the spelling.

MR. CONNOISSEUR.

I have taken the pains, as usual, to read your paper, and as you receive letters, I thought proper, among the rest, to send one also, to let you know, that I did not know that a cat was capable of constituting a religious society before. A priest may, it is true; and so may another rational creature, and perhaps an old woman also. But, Sir, you argue, that what a French fool or lunatic says on this head, is true; but you make more out, I observe, from the old woman and the leathern apron, than you do of the cat. For, if old women will, or do constitute a religious society, I understand from the foundation you seem to argue, that you are as much an old woman as they. For to argue or reason from an old woman's story, and for all your learning, and policy, and cunningness, and judgment you seem to have, you have but little of yourself: and as you seem to ridicule religion, and compare it to atheism or lunacy, I would beg the favour to know Sir, what religion you are of: but by your talk, I fear you are of none at all.

This new doctrine, Sir, that you revile, is the real gospel, which you will find so, if you hear it, and compare it with the scriptures, if you believe any scripture at all. For you say, Sir, that the most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of leathern aprons instead of cassocks. Well, and suppose it is: you acknowledge it is received by well-disposed people; and if it is, then it is plain you ridicule it, you are not one of these well-disposed. But, Sir, this new doctrine, as you call it, is not only propagated under the sanction of leathern aprons, by barbers, bricklayers, and the like, but by many of the

clergy now in the established church: and if you often went to hear them, but not as a critic to carp at what is there spoken, you would understand more what this new doctrine meant, and whether it drives men to enthusiasm, and the like, or no.

Sir, what you touch on the Moravians, I will not say any thing about or against; for perhaps it is too true. But, Sir, I would advise you to know a little more of religion experimentally for yourself, before you pretend to condemn others. And, Sir, if you are informed, that there will be a mad-house built on the ground where the Foundery stands, or the Methodists' Meeting-house, as you call it, perhaps there may be as many criticising lunatics in it, as religious ones; and very likely more. Sir, I beg you would take care you don't bother your brains too much about other people's affairs, lest I should have the pain, not the pleasure, of seeing you there.

I have just given you a sketch of the ridiculing the new doctrine, and wish you could find some better employ, if so be it was with a leathern apron before you; for I think it would become you better than this point does. Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom with you, as others must yours with them.

Your humble Servant,

WISH NO HARM.

The last letter, which I shall add, comes from an unknown correspondent, who has already obliged me more than once, if I may judge from the hand-writing.

SIR,

Some time ago you archly remarked, that there was not one woman left, but that the whole sex was elevated into ladies. You might at the same time have taken notice of the wonderful increase among the other sex in the order of gentlemen.

Besides those who are universally acknowledged of this rank from their birth and situation in life, the courtesy of England also entitles all persons who carry arms to that dignity; so that his Majesty's three regiments of guards are composed entirely of gentlemen; and every priggish fellow, who can clap a queue to his peruke, and hang a sword awkwardly dangling by his side, from thence assumes the importance as well as name of a gentleman. Idleness and ignorance being too often the disgrace of those who are gentlemen born and bred, many invest themselves with that dignity, though with no other qualifications. If the pride, poverty, or neglect of parents, has prevented their son from being bound 'prentice, or if the idle rascal has shown his indentures a light pair of heels, in either case Tom is of no trade and consequently a gentleman. I know at this time a man, who

R

came from Ireland last summer with a hayfork, but before winter raised himself to the rank of a gentleman: and every day I go to Windmill-street, I see a very honourable gentleman betting large sums of money, whom I formerly remember Marker of the Tennis court. Add to this, that all attorneys' clerks, 'prentices, and the like, are gentlemen every evening; and the citizen, (who drudges all the rest of the week behind the counter) every Sunday, together with his laced waistcoat and ruffles, puts on the gentleman. Every author, Mr. Town, is a gentleman, if not an esquire, by his profession; and all the players, from King Richard to the Lieutenant of the Tower, are gentlemen.

The body of gentlemen is still more numerous; but I have not leisure at present to climb up to garrets, or dive into cellars after them: I shall only observe, that many of the above mentioned members of this order die with the same reputation that they lived, and go out of the world like Squire Maclean, or Gentleman Harry.

Your humble Servant, &c.

* * Before I dismiss this new edition of my works, I think it my duty to return thanks to my kind readers for their candid reception of these Papers, as they were separately published, though I cannot but be sensible, that either through haste, inadvertence, or other avocations, they unavoidably abounded with many faults, from which I have endeavoured to clear them as much as possible in their present form. Mr. Faulkner of Dublin is very welcome, therefore, to his Irish edition, printed *literatim* from my folio; and in which, I dare say, the very errors of the press are most religiously preserved.

I cannot but regret, indeed, that there is still wanting one principal ornament to these little volumes: I mean the dedication. Not that there are wanting persons highly deserving of all the praises which the most obsequious and most devoted author could possibly lavish on them: for in all ages, and in all nations, these have always abounded. Latin authors, for example, have never failed to pay their compliments to the illustrious family of the Issimi; such as the *laudatissimi*, the *eminentissimi*, the *commendatissimi*, the *famigeratissimi*, the *doctissimi*, the *nobilissimi*, &c. and among our own writers no less respect has been shown to the numerous race of the most famous, the most ingenious, the most learned, the most eminent, &c. It is but justice that those who offer the incense should "live by the altar." Yet, notwithstanding I gave notice to any rich citizen, nobleman, or others, that my dedication should be disposed of to the best bidder, I have received no overtures on that head. In the city this course of exchange has not yet been established; and among people of quality, the market has

been over-stocked, and flattery is become a mere drug; while some of them, who have taken up the trade themselves, have, perhaps, considered me as a rival or interloper in the business.

It remains only, to give an account of the authors concerned in this work. I am sorry that I do not know the names of any of the volunteers, to whom I have been greatly indebted: and as to those who have engaged for the drudgery of the week, various conjectures have been formed about them. Some are sure, that the papers signed T. are written by Mr. Such-a-one,—because it is the first letter of his name; and others, by another,—because it is not: O is the mark of the Honourable —, or Lord —; they know it by the style: and W must be the work of a certain famous wit, and no other,—*Aut Erasmus, Aut Diabolus*. But to put the matter out of all doubt, and to satisfy the curiosity of my readers, all I am at liberty at present to divulge is, that none of the papers (to my knowledge) were written by the Honourable —, or Lord —, or —, Esquire; but, that those which are marked with a T, and those with an O, and those with a W, (as well as those which hereafter may perhaps be signed N,) are furnished by the ingenious and learned gentleman, who has subscribed his name to this paper. T, O, W, N.

No. 71.] THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

*Est brevitatis opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, saepe jocos.*

HOR.

I write as I would talk; am short and clear;
Not clogg'd with words that load the wearied ear!
A grave, dull essay now and then goes down;
But folks expect to laugh with Mr. Town.

AMONG the several degrees of authors, there are none, perhaps, who have more obstacles to surmount at their setting out, than the writers of periodical essays. Talk with a modern critic, and he will tell you, that a new paper is a vain attempt after the inimitable Spectator and others; that all the proper subjects are already pre-occupied, and that it is equally impossible to find out a new field for observation, as to discover a new world. With these prejudices the public are prepared to receive us; and while they expect to be cloyed with the stale repetition of the same fare, though tossed up in a different manner, they sit down with but little relish for the entertainment.

That the Spectator first led the way, must undoubtedly be acknowledged: but that his followers must for that reason be always supposed to tread in his steps, can by no means be allow-

ed. In the high road of life there are several extensive walks, as well as bye-paths, which we may strike into, without the necessity of keeping the same beaten track with those that have gone before us. New objects for ridicule will continually present themselves; and even the same characters will appear different by being differently disposed, as in the same pack of cards, though ever so often shuffled, there will never be two hands exactly alike.

After this introduction, I hope to be pardoned, if I indulge myself in speaking a word or two concerning my own endeavours to entertain the public. And first, whatever objections the reader may have had to the subjects of my papers, I shall make no apology for the manner in which I have chose to treat them. The dread of falling into (what they are pleased to call) colloquial barbarisms, has induced some unskilful writers to swell their bloated diction with uncouth phrases and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expression, merely for the sake of introducing a more sounding word with a Latin termination. The English language is sufficiently copious and expressive without any further adoption of new terms; and the native words seem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however pompously ushered in; as British soldiers fight our battles better than the troops taken into our pay.

The subjects of my essays have been chiefly such as I thought might recommend themselves to the public notice by being new and uncommon. For this reason I purposely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing scraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the *Spectator* is inimitable; nor could I hope to say any thing new upon these topics after so many excellent moral and religious essays, which are the principal ornament of that work. I have therefore contented myself with exposing vice and folly by painting mankind in their natural colours, without assuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the moroseness of a philosopher. I have rather chose to undermine our fashionable excesses by secret sapping, than to storm them by open assault. In a word, upon all occasions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour: as I am convinced, that the sting of reproof is not less sharp for being concealed; and advice never comes with a better face, than when it comes with a laughing one.

There are some points in the course of this work, which perhaps might have been treated with a more serious air. I have thought it my duty to take every opportunity of exposing the absurd tenets of our modern Free-thinkers and Enthusiasts. The Enthusiast is, indeed, much more difficult to cure than the Free-thinker; because the latter, with all his bravery, cannot

but be conscious that he is wrong; whereas the former may have deceived himself into a belief, that he is certainly in the right; and the more he is opposed, the more he considers himself as "patiently suffering for the truth's sake." Ignorance is too stubborn to yield to conviction: and on the other hand those, whom "a little learning has made mad," are too proud and self-sufficient to hearken to the sober voice of reason. The only way left us, therefore, is to root out superstition, by making its followers ashamed of themselves: and as for our Free-thinkers, it is but right to turn their boasted weapons of ridicule against them; and as they themselves endeavour to banter others out of every serious and virtuous notion, we too (in the language of the psalmist) should "laugh them to scorn, and have them in derision."

It is with infinite pleasure, that I find myself so much encouraged to continue my labours, by the kind reception which they have hitherto met with from the public: and Mr. Baldwin, with no less pleasure, informs me, that as there are but few numbers left of the folio edition, he intends to collect them into two pocket volumes. The reader cannot conceive, how much I already pride myself on the charming figure, which my works will make in this new form: and I shall endeavour to render these volumes as complete as I possibly can, by several considerable additions and amendments. Though contracted into the small space of a twelves volume, I still hope to maintain my former dignity; like the devils in Milton's *Pandemonium*.

———To smallest forms

Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large. ♀

The *Spectator* has very elegantly compared his single papers, as they came out, to "cherries on a stick," of the dearness of which the purchasers cannot complain, who are willing to gratify their taste with choice fruit at its earliest production. I have considered my own papers as so many flowers, which joined together, would make up a pretty nosegay; and though each of them, singly taken, may not be equally admired for their odours, they may receive an additional fragrance by a happy union of their sweets.

The learned decoration in the front of my papers, though perhaps it has sometimes put my scholarship to a stand, I could by no means dispense with: for such is the prevalence of custom, that the most finished essay without a motto would appear to many people as maimed and imperfect, as a beautiful face without a nose. But custom has imposed upon us a new task of giving translations to these mottos: and it has been the usual method to copy them promiscuously from Dryden to Francis; though (as Denham has remarked of translation in general) "the spirit of the original is evaporated in the

transfusion, and nothing is left behind but a mere *caput mortuum*." A motto, as it stands in the original, may be very apposite to the subject of the essay, though nothing to the purpose in the common translation; and it frequently derives all its elegance from a humorous application in a different sense to what it bears in the author, but of which, not the least trace can appear in the version. For this reason, I have determined to give entire new translations, or rather imitations, of all the mottos and quotations, adapted to the present times. And these, I flatter myself, will reflect an additional beauty on my work; as some of them admit of epigrammatic turns, while others afford room for lively and picturesque allusions to modern manners. In this dress, they will at least appear more of a piece with the essays themselves; and not like the patch-work of random translations.

In the mean time, I shall only add, that if any nobleman, gentleman, or rich citizen, is ambitious to have his name prefixed to either of these volumes, he is desired to send in proposals, together with a list of his virtues and good qualities, to the publisher; and the dedications shall be disposed of to the best bidder.

* * None but principals will be treated with.

T.

No. 72.] THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1755.

—Versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ. HOR.

What though our songs to wit have no pretence,
The fiddle stick shall scrape them into sense.

The managers of our public gardens, willing to make their summer diversions as complete as possible, are not content with laying out beautiful walks, and providing an excellent band of music, but are also at much expense to amuse us with the old English entertainment of ballad-singing. For this end, they not only retain the best voices that can be procured, but each of them also has a poet in ordinary, who is allowed a stated salary, and the run of the gardens. The productions of these petty laureats naturally come within my notice as critic: and, indeed, whether I am at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, or even Sadler's Wells, I indulge myself in many remarks on the poetry of the place; and am as attentive to the songs as to the cascade, the fire-works, or Miss Isabella Wilkinson.

Ballads seem pecuniary adapted to the genius of our people; and are a species of composition, in which we are superior to all other nations. Many of our old English songs have in them an affecting simplicity; and it is remarkable, that our best writers have not been ashamed to cultivate this branch of poetry. Cowley, Waller, Roscommon, Rowe, Gay, Prior, and many

others, have left behind them very elegant ballads: but it must be confessed, to the honour of the present age, that it was reserved for our modern writers to bring this kind of poetry to perfection. Song-writing is now reduced to certain rules of art; and the ballad-maker goes to work by a method as regular and mechanical, as a carpenter or a blacksmith.

Swift, in his *Voyage to Laputa*, describes a machine to write books in all arts and sciences: I have also read of a mill to make verses; and remember to have seen a curious table, by the assistance of which the most illiterate might amuse themselves in composing hexameters and pentameters in Latin: inventions wonderfully calculated for the promotion of literature. Whatever gentlemen of Grub-street or others are ambitious to enlist themselves as hackney sonnetteers are desired to attend to the following rules, drawn from the practice of our modern song writers; a set of geniuses excellent in their manner, and who will probably be hereafter as much known and admired as garden-poets, as the celebrated Taylor is now famous under the denomination of water-poet.

I must beg leave positively to contradict any reports, insinuating that our ballad makers are in possession of such a machine, mill, or table, as above mentioned: and believe it to be equally false, that it is their practice to hustle certain quaint terms and phrases together in a hat, and take them out at random. It has, indeed, been asserted on some just ground, that their productions are totally void of sense and expression, that they have little rhyme and less reason, and that they are, from beginning to end, nothing more than nonsensical rhapsodies to a new tune. This charge I do not mean to deny: though I cannot but lament the deplorable want of taste, that mentions it as a fault. For it is this very circumstance, which I, who am professedly a Connoisseur, particularly admire. It is a received maxim with all composers of music that nothing is so melodious as nonsense. Manly sense is too harsh and stubborn to go through the numberless divisions and sub-divisions of modern music, and to be trilled forth in crotchets and demiquavers. For this reason, thought is so cautiously sprinkled over a modern song; which it is the business of the singer to warble into sentiment.

Our ballad-makers for the most part slide into the familiar style, and affect that easy manner of writing which (according to Wycherly) is easily written. Seeing the dangerous consequence of meaning, in words adapted to music, they are very frugal of sentiment: and indeed they husband it so well, that the same thoughts are adapted to every song. The only variation requisite in twenty ballads is, that the last line of the stanza be different. In this ingenious line the wit of the whole song consists; and the au-

thor, whether he shall die if he has not the lass of the mill, or deserves to be reckoned an ass, turns over his dictionary of rhymes for words of a similar sound, and every verse jingles to the same word, with all the agreeable variety of a set of bells eternally ringing the same peal.

The authors of love songs formerly wasted a great deal of poetry in illustrating their own passion and the beauty of their mistress; but our modern poets content themselves with falling in love with her name. There cannot be a greater misfortune to one of these rhymers than a mistress with a hard name: such a misfortune sends them all over the world, and makes them run through all arts, sciences, and languages for correspondent terms; and after all, perhaps the name is so harsh and untractable, that our poet has as much difficulty to bring it into verse, as the celebrators of the Duke of Marlborough were puzzled to reduce to rhyme the uncouth names of the Dutch towns taken in Queen Anne's wars. Valentine, in *Love for Love*, when he talks of turning poet, orders Jeremy to get the maids together of an evening to Crambo: no contemptible hint to our ballad-makers, and which, if properly made use of, would be of as much service to them as Byshe's *Art of Poetry*.

Fearing lest this method of song-writing should one day grow obsolete, in order to preserve to posterity some idea of it, I have put together the following dialogue as a specimen of the modern manner. I must, however, be ingenuous enough to confess, that I can claim no further merit in this elegant piece than that of compiler. It is a cento from our most celebrated new songs; from which I have carefully culled all the sweetest flowers of poetry, and bound them up together. As all the lines are taken from different songs set to different tunes, I would humbly propose, that this curious performance should be sung jointly by all the best voices, in the manner of a Dutch concert, where every man sings his own tune. I had once some thoughts of affixing marginal references to each line, to inform the reader by note, at what place the song, whence it is taken, was first sung. But I shall spare myself that trouble by desiring the reader to look on the whole piece as arising from a coalition of our most eminent song-writers at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, and Sadler's Wells: assuring him, that this short dialogue contains the pith and marrow, or rather (to borrow an expression from the *Fine Lady in Lethe*) the *quintessence* and *emptiness* of all our modern songs.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

CORYDON AND SUSAN.

Sus. Ah! whither so fast would my Corydon go?

Step in, you've nothing else to do.

Cor. They say I'm in love, but I answer no no;

So I wish I may die if I do.

Once my heart play'd a tune that went pitty pattie,
And I sigh'd but I could not tell why.

Now let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Sus. O fie, shepherd, fie, shepherd, fie.

Cor. Though you bid me begone back again,

Yet, Sukey, no matter for that,

The women love kissing as well as the men.

Sus. Why, what a pox would you be at?

You told me a tale of a cock and a bull;

Upon my word he did.

Cor. I swear I meant nothing but playing the fool.

Sus. Very fine! very pretty indeed!

Cor. Come, come, my dear Sukey, to church let us go;

No more let your answer be no.

Sus. The deuce sure is in him to plague a maid so:

I cannot deny you, you know.

CHORUS BY BOTH.

No courtiers can be so happy as we,
Who bill like the sparrow and dove.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,

Sure this is mutual love.

No. 73.] THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

—*Secernere sacra profanis.*

HOR.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,

The devil always has a chapel there.

DEFOE.

WALKING the other day in Westminster Abbey, among the many ostentatious monuments erected to kings and warriors, I could not help observing a little stone, on which was this pompous inscription—*Eternæ memoriæ sacrum*—Sacred to the eternal memory of —. The name of the person to whom immortality was thus secured, is almost obliterated; and perhaps, when alive, he was little known, and soon forgotten by the small circle of his friends and acquaintance.

I have been used to look upon epitaphs as a kind of flattering dedications to the dead; in which is set down a long catalogue of virtues, that nobody knew they were possessed of while living, and not a word of their vices or follies. The veracity of these posthumous encomiums may, indeed, be fairly suspected, as we are generally told, that the disconsolate widow, or weeping son, erected the monument in testimony of their affliction for the loss of the kindest husband, or most affectionate father. But what dowager, who enjoys a comfortable jointure by her good man's decease, would refuse to set her hand to it on his tomb-stone, that he was the best of husbands, though perhaps they had parted beds? or what heir would be so base and ungrateful, as not to give a few good words to a crabbed parent after his death, in return for his estate.

By the extravagant praises which are indiscriminately lavished on the ashes of every person

alike, we entirely pervert the original intent of epitaphs, which were contrived to do honour and justice to the virtuous and the good. But by the present practice the reputations of men are equally confounded with their dust in the grave, where there is no distinction between the good and the bad. The law has appointed searchers to inquire, when any one dies, into the cause of his death; in the same manner I could wish, that searchers were appointed to examine into his way of living, before a character be given of him upon the tomb-stone.

The flatteries that are paid to the deceased are undoubtedly owing to the pride of their survivors, which is the same among the lowest as the highest set of people. When an obscure grocer or tallow-chandler dies at his lodgings at Islington, the newspapers are stuffed with the same parade of his virtues and good qualities, as when a duke goes out of the world; and the petty overseer of a little hamlet has a painted board stuck up at the end of his wickered turf, with a distich setting forth the godliness of his life, in humble imitation of the nobleman, who reposes under a grand mausoleum erected to his memory, with a long list of his titles and heroic deeds.

The great, indeed, have found means to separate themselves even in their graves from the vulgar, by having their ashes deposited in churches and cathedrals, and covered by the most superb monuments; but the false pomp of the monument, as well as the gross flattery of the inscription, often tends only to make the deceased ridiculous. In my late visit to Westminster Abbey, I could not but remark the difference of taste which has prevailed in setting up these edifices for the dead. In former times, it was thought sufficient to clap up the bust or statue of the deceased, set round, perhaps, with the emblems of their merits, their employment, or station of life. Thus, if any lady was remarkable for her virtue and piety, it was pointed out by two or three little chubby-faced cherubims, crying for her death, or holding a crown over her head. The warrior was spread along in full length, in a complete suit of armour, with the trophies of war hung round about him: and the bishop was laid flat upon his back, with his coifed head resting on a stone Bible, and his hands joined together in the posture of praying.

If Socrates, or any other of the ancient philosophers, could revive again, and be admitted into Westminster Abbey, he would now be induced to fancy himself in a pantheon. The modern taste, not content with introducing Roman temples into our churches, and representing the virtues under allegorical images, has ransacked all the fabulous accounts of the heathen theology to strike out new embellishments for our Christian monuments. We are not in the least surprised to see Mercury attending the tomb of an orator, and Pallas or Hercules sup-

porting that of a warrior. If there is not a stop put to this taste, we may soon expect to see our churches, instead of being dedicated to the service of religion, set apart for the reception of the heathen gods. A deceased admiral will be represented like Neptune, with a trident in his hand, drawn in a shell by dolphins, preceded by tritons, and followed by nereids, lashing the marble waves with their tails. A general will be habited like Mars, bearing a helmet and spear in polished stone; and a celebrated toast will be stuck up naked, like the *Venus de Medicis*, cut in alabaster. Our pious forefathers were content with exhibiting to us the usual emblems of death, the hour-glass, the skull, and the cross marrow-bones. These emblems, if not very elegant, were at least not indecent; but now the Three Fatal Sisters, mentioned in the heathen mythology, must be introduced spinning, drawing, and cutting the thread of life. Could one of the last century see a winged figure blowing the trumpet on the top of a modern monument, he would be apt to mistake it for an archangel, and be naturally put in mind of that awful time, 'when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise.' But the design, we are told, is very different; and this winged messenger is no other than the ancient personage of Fame, who is proclaiming the virtues of the defunct round the world.

It has been recommended, on a different account, to have a separate place, distinct from our churches, for the reception of our monuments. I could wish to see such a scheme put in execution: for the present absurd mixture of the several objects of Pagan and Christian belief, as represented on the tombs lately set up in compliance with the modern taste, must be shocking to every serious beholder. Should any one propose to take down from St. Paul's cathedral those paintings of Sir James Thornhill representing the transactions of St. Paul, and in their place to set up Titian's pictures of the amours of the heathen gods and goddesses, every one would be shocked at the impiety of the proposal. But the fashion of introducing heathen deities into our monuments is not much less absurd; and as Milton has been blamed for his frequent allusions to the heathen theology in his sacred poem, surely we are more to be condemned, for admitting the whole class of their fictitious deities into the house of God itself. A reformation in this point is no less necessary, than from the Popish superstitious; and these profane images, though not the objects of our idolatry, have no more pretence to be set up in the Temple of the living Lord, than those of the canonized saints of the Roman Catholics.

Modern taste is continually striking out new improvements. We may therefore conclude, that when our statuaries have travelled through the ancient Pantheon, and exhausted all the subjects

of the Grecian and Roman mythology, we shall have recourse to the superstitions of other nations for the designs of our monuments. They will then probably be adorned with Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the tomb of some future hero may be built according to the model of the prophet's tomb at Mecca. It is not to be doubted, but that the Chinese taste, which has already taken possession of our gardens, our buildings, and our furniture, will also soon find its way into our churches: and how elegant must a monument appear, which is erected in the Chinese taste, and embellished with dragons, bells, pagods, and mandarins. O.

No. 74.] THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

—Non ita Romuli

*Præscriptum et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque normâ.*

HOR.

Rome boasts her sons, a race of stubborn fools,
To virtue train'd by grey-beard Cato's rules.
Such rigid pride our modest youth disclaim,
Great in their crimes, and glorious in their shame.

THERE is no method of reproof more in vogue, than the fashion of drawing invidious parallels between the present times and the past. The grumbling politician rails over his coffee at the present ministry, and reminds you, with a sigh, of the golden days of Queen Bess: while, in matters of less consequence, the critic shakes his head at Mr. Town, and mentions Bickerstaff. But the moralists are above all others devoted to this practice. These wise gentlemen are continually looking backwards, and condemning what lies immediately before them by retrospect. They are for ever harping on this jarring chord, and have scarce more words in their mouths than the solemn sentences said to be delivered by Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, Time is—Time was—Time is past.

No comparisons of this sort are so frequently repeated, and so much insisted on, as those drawn between the ancients and moderns. If an eloquent member of the House of Commons is cruelly suspected of bellowing for a place, nothing rings in his ears but Tully and Demosthenes. If a gentleman, or perhaps a nobleman, with a heavy mortgage upon his estate, disencumbers it by selling his interest at a county election, he is immediately upbraided with one Roman, that was not ashamed to follow the plough tail, and another, who could refuse large bribes, and content himself with a cottage and turnips. If a lady makes an unfortunate slip, she is told again and again of Lucretia, and fifty other school-boy tales of honour and chastity. In a word, there is not one fashionable frailty, but has some stubborn antiquated virtue

set in opposition to it; and our unhappy metropolis is every day threatened with destruction, for its degeneracy from the rigid maxims of Rome or Sparta.

In the midst of all these severe reflections, it gives me infinite pleasure, that I can with justice take notice of the incontestable superiority of the moderns in point of modesty. The arrogance of the ancients was so remarkable, that, in their idea of a perfect character they included every public and private virtue. They aimed at a strict observance of all the duties of life; and if some old Romans had been styled gods while living, it would not have been such gross flattery as was afterwards practised in honouring the emperors with an Apotheosis. Their inflexible honesty was their perpetual boast, and their virtue was their pride. This high idea of a perfect character among the ancients naturally urged them to lift themselves to an invidious superiority above the rest of the world: while the modest moderns, by taking all the vices, instead of the virtues, into their notion of a fine gentleman, endeavour to let themselves down to a level with the lowest of their species, and have laid the surest foundation for humility. Fine gentlemen are so far from being proud, that they are never guilty of any thing, which gives them the least reason to be so: and our fine ladies have none of the disgusting haughtiness of virtue, though indeed they are seldom known to be ashamed.

It is impossible to devise any one method of lowering the good opinion a man might possibly conceive of himself, that has not been put in practice. No fine gentleman ever aimed at acquiring any excellence: and if any natural perfections might give some little occasion for pride, the greatest pains have been taken to destroy them. Good parts have been often drowned in taverns, and a strong constitution sweated away in bagnios; and in the mean time learning has been totally neglected, lest improvement should bring on pedantry and literary pride. The most shining parts in the character of a fine gentleman are, that he drinks deep, dresses genteelly, rides well, can shoe his own horse, and is possessed of some other qualifications, which nobody can ever suspect, that a mind, the least given to ambition, would ever labour to acquire. For my part I am so far from agreeing with our satirist, that the love of fame is the universal passion, that when I observe the behaviour of our fine gentlemen, I am apt to think it proceeds from the lowest and humblest turn of mind. Indeed, their singular modesty appears to me the only means of accounting for their actions, which commonly tend to place them in the meanest and most contemptible light.

Nothing but this invincible modesty, and fear of seeming to aim at excellence, could ever give rise to certain habits, not only ridiculous,

but ungraceful. Good eyes, for instance, are universally acknowledged to give lustre to the whole countenance; yet fashion and humility have blinded the whole town. The beau draws his eyes out of his pocket, and the beauties kill us through spying-glasses. It has been known to be the vogue for persons of fashion to lose the use of their legs, and limp along as if they were crippled: this practice I daily expect to be revived; for I take it for granted, that the tall staves now carried about must naturally dwindle into crutches. An inarticulate lisp even now infects the delivery in polite conversation. It is not at all unfashionable to pretend deafness; and unless the ladies object to it, I do not despair of seeing the time, when the whole modish world shall affect to be dumb.

This humble way of thinking has been carried so far, that it has even introduced a new species of hypocrisy. Fine gentlemen, fearing lest their good qualities should in their own despite overbalance their bad ones, claim several vices, to which they have no title. There is something very admirable and ingenious in this disposition among our young people, who not only candidly discover all their frailties, but accuse themselves of faults, which they never intended to commit. I know a young fellow, who is almost every morning complaining of the head-ache, and cursing the last night's Champagne at the St. Alban's, when I am well assured he passed his evening very soberly with his maiden aunts in Cheapside. I am also acquainted with another gentleman, who is very fond of confessing his intrigues, and often modestly takes shame to himself for the great mischief he does among the women; though I well know, he is too bashful even to make love to his laundress. He sometimes laments publicly the unlucky consequences of an amour, and has more than once, been discovered to send pill-boxes and gallipots directed for himself, to be left at the bar of neighbouring coffee-houses. The same humble turn of mind induces the frugal to appear extravagant; and makes many a religious young fellow deny his principles, brave his conscience, and affect the character and conversation of an atheist. To say the truth, the generality of the gay world are avaricious hypocrites in their vices, and appear to be worse than they really are. Many of our pretended bloods are, in fact, no more drunkards, whoremasters, or infidels, than a bully is a man of courage; and are as little sincere in their boasts of vice, as statesmen or beauties in their mutual professions of friendship.

That part of the female world, which composes the order of fine ladies, have as much humility as their counterparts, the fine gentlemen. There is something so charming in the fair sex, that we should almost adore them, if they did not lay aside all the pride of reputation, and by

some good-natured familiarities reduce themselves to an equality with us. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe, with what diligence our polite ladies pare off the excellences from their characters. When we see them almost as naked as the Graces, it is natural to suppose them as warmly devoted to Venus; and when we hear them talk loosely and encourage double meaning in conversation, we are apt to imagine their notions of honour not very strict or severe. But after all, this is frequently mere hypocrisy, and the effect of humility. Many a lady, very wanton in appearance, is in reality very modest; and many a coquet has lost her reputation without losing her virtue. I make no doubt, but that several ladies of suspicious characters are not so bad as they seem, and that there are honourable persons among the gayest of our women of quality.

To return whence I set out, the extraordinary modesty of the moderns, so averse to the arrogant pride of the ancients, claiming all virtues and good qualities whatsoever, is the only key to their behaviour. Vice, or at least the appearance of vice, becomes absolutely requisite to pass through the world with tolerable decency, and the character of a man of spirit. As Sir John Brute says, 'they were sneaking dogs, and afraid of being damned in those days;' but we are better informed, and fear nothing but the appearance of too much virtue. To secure the nobility, gentry, and others from so shocking an imputation, a friend of mine will speedily present the world with a curious piece, compiled from the practice and principles of the present times, entitled, *A New Treatise on Ethics; or a System of Immoral Philosophy*. In this work he has treated at large of modern modesty, shown the excellence and utility of immorality, and considered drinking, whoring, fighting, and gaming, as the four cardinal vices, or in other words, the principal constituents of bucks, bloods, and fine gentlemen. O.

No. 75.] THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

Non tu corpus eras sine pectore.

HOR.

Without a mind a man is but an ape,
A mere brute body in a human shape.

GOOD-NATURE is to the mind, what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable disposition creates a love and esteem for us in the rest of mankind, as a handsome person recommends us to the good graces of the fair sex. It may be further observed, that any little defect in point of figure is sooner overlooked, than a sourness in the temper; and we conceive a more lasting disgust at a

morose churlishness of manners, than at a hump-back or a pair of bandy legs. Good-nature is, indeed, so amiable a qualification, that every man would be thought to possess it : and the ladies themselves would no more like to be accused of a perverse turn of mind, than of an unhappy cast of features. Hence it proceeds, that those unfortunate stale virgins, usually called old maids, have both these heavy censures thrown upon them ; and are at once condemned as ugly and ill-natured.

Some persons are (according to the strict import of the phrase itself) born good-natured. These fortunate people are easy in themselves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, constitutionally pleasing ; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in conversation, than a Hamilton or a Coventry can be otherwise than beautiful or charming. Yet it is the duty even of those, who are naturally endowed "with the soft parts of conversation," to be careful not to deprave or abuse them. They must not rely too confidently on their native sweetness of disposition : for we should no more esteem a man, who discovered a negligence of pleasing, than we should admire a beauty, who was an intolerable slattern. Nor on the other hand, should they let their good-nature run to an excess of compliment and extravagant civility ; for an engaging temper has been as often spoiled by this troublesome politeness, as a fine shape has been squeezed into frightful distortions by tight stays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But if this care is requisite even in those few, who are blessed with this native complacency and good humour, how necessary is it for the generality of mankind to labour at rectifying the irregularities in their temper ? For this purpose it would be fully sufficient, if they would employ half the art to cultivate their minds, that is daily used to set off their persons. To this important end, not only the female delicacies of paint and essence are called in as auxiliaries to the embroidered suits and French perukes, but this anxiety to supply any personal defect has set the invention of artificers to work with so much earnestness, that there is scarce any external blemish, which may not be removed or concealed : and however unkindly nature may have dealt with you, you may by their assistance be made a model for a statuary, or a pattern for a painter to study. If you want an inch in height, your shoemaker can supply it : and your hosier can furnish you with a pair of calves, that may put an Irishman to the blush. An irregularity in your shape can be made invisible by your tailor, or at least by the artist near the Hay-market, who daily gives notice, that he makes steel stays for all those who are inclined to be crooked. There are various beautifying lotions and cosmetics, that will cure spots and freckles

in the complexion ; and combs and unguents, that will change red hair to the finest brown. Do you want an eye ? Taylor will fill the vacant socket with as bright a piercer, as the family of the Pentweazles can boast. Or is your mouth deficient for want of teeth ? Paul Jullion (to use his own phrase) will rectify your head, and will fix a set in your gums as even and as white as ever adorned the mouth of a chimney-sweeper. These, and many other inventions no less curious and extraordinary, have been devised : and there are no operations, however painful, which have not been submitted to with patience to conquer personal deformities. I know a gentleman, who went through the agony of having his leg broke a second time, because it had been set awry : and I remember a lady, who died of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by the application of repelling plasters to keep back her milk, that the beauty of her neck might not be destroyed. I most heartily wish the same resolution was discovered in improving the disposition. Tully, in that part of his Offices where he speaks of grace, tells us "that it is destroyed by any violent perturbations either of the body or mind." It is a pity that mankind cannot be reconciled to this opinion ; since it is likely they would spare no pains in cultivating their minds, if it tended to adorn their persons. Yet it is certain, that a man makes a worse figure with an ignorant pate, than an unpowdered peruke ! and that knowledge is a greater ornament to the head, than a bag or a smart cocked hat ; that anger sits like a blood-shot in the eyes, while good nature lights them up with smiles, and makes every feature in the face charming and agreeable.

The difficulty of being convinced that we want this social turn, is the grand reason that so little pains are taken to acquire and perfect it. Would a man once be persuaded of any irregularity in his temper, he would find the blemishes of the mind more easily corrected and amended, than the defects and deformities of the body : but alas ! every man is in his own opinion sensible and good humoured. It is, indeed, possible to convince us, that we have a bad complexion or an awkward deportment, which we endeavour to amend by washes and a dancing master : but when the mind is accused, self-adulation, the most fatal species of flattery, makes us cajole ourselves into a belief, that the fault is not in our own disposition, but in that of our companions ; as the mad inhabitants of Moorfields conclude all, that come to visit them, out of their senses. This foolish flattery it is, that makes us think ourselves inflexibly in the right, while we are obstinately wrong, and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleasure in society. A whimsical person complains of the fickleness of his acquaintance, and constantly accuses them of fancy and caprice : and there never was an instance of a positive untoward man, that

did not continually rail at the perverseness and obstinacy of the rest of the world. A modern buck damns you for a sullen fellow, if you refuse a pint bumper, and looks upon you as a sneaking scoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not choose to lie all night in the round-house. The untractable humorist, while he disgusts all that are about him, conceives himself to be the person affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the conversation, though he is himself the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that 'the eye sees not itself:' but when this blind partiality is carried so far, as to induce us to believe those guilty of the folly, who make us sensible of it, it is surely as absurd as to imagine, that the hair-lip or carbuncled nose, a man sees in the glass, belongs to the figure in the mirror, and not to his own face.

Perfection is no more to be expected in the minds of men than in their persons: natural defects and irregularities in both must be overlooked and excused. But then equal attention should be paid to both; and we should not be anxious to clothe the person, and, at the same time let the mind go naked. We should be equally assiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are completely dressed, we should take care that good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole: which will throw the same grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine clothes receive from being cut according to the fashion. In order to acquire these good qualities, we should examine ourselves impartially, and not erect ourselves into judges, and treat all the rest of mankind like criminals. Would it not be highly ridiculous in a person of quality to go to court in a ruff cloak, a pair of trunk-hose, and the habit worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and while he strutted about in this antiquated garb, to accuse all the rest of the world of being out of the fashion.

I cannot conclude better than with a passage from Swift's Tale of a Tub, where the strict analogy between the clothing of the mind and the body is humorously pointed out. "Man," says he, "is a Micro-coat. As to his body there can be no doubt; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not Religion a cloak, Honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, Self-love a surtout, Vanity a shirt, and Conscience a pair of breeches, which though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both."

O.

No. 76.] THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1755.

*Vomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri
Cessit amor: recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses:
Classica jamque sonant: it bello tessera signum.*

VIRG.

The scythe neglected, and forgot the plough,
The rustic knits his politician brow:
His grandsire's rusty sword he longs to wield,
While guns, drums, trumpets, call him to the field.

THE British Lion, who has for a long time past been a passive couchant beast, or at most been heard to growl and grumble, now begins to roar again. His tremendous voice has roused the whole nation, and the meanest of the people breathe nothing but war and revenge. The encroachments of the French on our colonies are the general topic of conversation, and the popular cry now runs, New England for ever! Peace or war has been the subject of bets at White's as well as the debates at the Robin-Hood; and "a fleet roasting, new world's new dress, the colonies in a rope," &c. were last Sunday the subject of a prayer and lecture at the Oratory in Clare-Market. The theatres also, before they closed the season, entertained us with several warlike dramas. The Press-Gang was exhibited at Covent-Garden; and at Drury-lane, the same sea that rolled its canvas billows in pantomime at the beginning of the season to carry Harlequin to China, was again put in motion to transport our sailors to North America. At present the streets ring with the martial strains of our ballad-singers, who are endeavouring like Tyrtæus of old, to rouse their fellow-countrymen to battle; while all the polite world are hurrying to Portsmouth to see mock-fights, and be regaled with pickled-pork and sea-biscuit on board the Admiral.

This posture of affairs has occasioned politics, which have been long neglected as studies useless and impertinent, to become once more fashionable. Religion and politics, though they naturally demand our constant attention, are only cultivated in England by fits. Christianity sleeps among us, unless roused by the apprehensions of a plague, an earthquake, or a Jew-Bill; and we are alarmed for a while at the sudden news of an invasion or a rebellion; but as soon as the danger is over, the Englishman, like the soldier recovered from his fright occasioned by Queen Mab's drumming in his ear, "swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again." To preach up public spirit, is at some seasons only blowing a dead coal; but at others, an accidental blast kindles the embers, and they mount into flame in an instant. The reign of politics seems at present to be re-commencing. Our newspapers contain dark hints and shrewd conjectures from the Hague, Paris, and Madrid; and the lie of the day is artfully contrived to influence the rise

and fall of the money-barometer in 'Change Alley. This is the present state of politics within the bills of mortality; of which I shall now take no further notice, but submit to the perusal of my readers the following letter from cousin Village on the same important subject.

Dear Cousin, —, June 30, 1755.

War, though it has not laid our fields waste or made our cities desolate, engrosses almost all the attention of this place. Every farm-house swarms with politicians, who lay their wise heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's shop in town, while the half quarters of tea are weighed out, the balance of Europe is adjusted. The preparations now making by sea and land are as popular subjects as the price of corn or the broad-wheel act. Success to our noble admirals, and a speedy war, are also as common toasts over a mug of ale as God speed the Plough, or a good harvest; though it must be owned, that some selfish country squires, who have not an equal share of public spirit and love of their country with their fellow rustics, are somewhat apprehensive of the influence which a war may have upon the Land-tax.

I am at present on a visit to Sir Politic Hearty, who is one of those country gentlemen who so much prefer the public welfare to their own private interest, that they are more anxious about the affairs of the nation than the care of their own estates. Sir Politic is miserable three days in the week for want of intelligence; but his spirits revive at the sound of the post-horn, when the mail brings him the London Evening Post, and a long letter of news from his nephew at the Temple. These Sir Politic himself reads after dinner to me, the curate of the parish, and the town apothecary, whom he indulges with the run of his table for their deep insight into the proceedings of the government. He makes many shrewd remarks on every paragraph, and frequently takes the opinion of the two doctors (for he honours both the curate and apothecary with that title) on the asterisks, dashes, and italics. Nothing at first puzzled the honest baronet, and his privy council, so much as the new seat of war. They very well knew the situation of Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other scenes of action in Flanders; but Virginia, the Ohio, Oswego, &c. (to use a common phrase) were quite out of their latitude. But this difficulty is at length surmounted by the Templar having transmitted to his uncle one of D'Anville's maps, by the help of which the baronet sometimes delineates the progress of the French up the Ohio in meanders of port winding along the table, and sometimes demolishes the forts lately raised by the enemy in different parts of our colonies. At present writing, I am but just withdrawn from the taking of Crown Point,

represented by a cork, and stormed by Sir Politic at the head of an army of cherry-stones.

Sir Politic has, indeed, studied Monsieur D'Anville thoroughly: he has also been very much taken up of late with the perusal of the History of the Six Nations; so that he has scarce one idea in his head, that does not bear some relation to the West Indies. We had some boiled beef the other day for dinner; when the good knight observed, that he should be glad to partake of a buttock, boiled in the war-kettle; and he had no sooner lighted his pipe, than the first puff of the tobacco threw him into some reflections on the danger of Virginia. "By the bye," said the baronet, "I am a great admirer of the Indian oratory; and I dare say old Hendrick the Sachem would have made a good figure in the House of Commons. There is something very elegant in the Covenant-Belt; but pray what a pox are those damned Strings of Wampum? I cannot find any account of them in Chambers's Dictionary." He then entered into a dissertation on the war-whoop; and turning to the apothecary, "Doctor," said he, "what do you think of scalping?" The doctor replied, "that for his part he imagined it to be somewhat in the nature of an epispastic or blister." "Ay," said the other reverend doctor, shaking his head, "it is a very barbarous custom indeed; though it is no wonder, since they have only had a few Jesuits among them; so that they have very little notion of Christianity."

War never fails of producing groundless and contradictory reports; and if Fame is a lying jade in town, she is the idlest gossip that ever spoke in the country. We have gained several victories in Virginia, and taken several forts, but lost them all back again the next post. At one time we burnt, sunk, took, and destroyed the whole French fleet, though it had not stirred out of Brest harbour: and but last week we shot off poor Boscaven's legs, and made him fight, like Witherington, on his stumps; till a letter from Sir Politic's nephew confuted this report, and set the admiral on his legs again.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

T.

No. 77.] THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1755.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.

HOR.

Wisdom with periwigs, with cassocks grace,
Courage with swords, gentility with lace.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I READ your late paper, showing the close analogy which clothing the body bears to adorning

the mind, and am thoroughly persuaded, that the generality of mankind would be as glad to embellish their minds as to set off their persons, if they could procure knowledge, virtue, and good-nature, with the same ease that they can furnish themselves with the ornaments of the body. The clown in rug or duffle, can, at a moment's warning, be furnished with a complete suit of lace or embroidery from Monmouth-street; his long lank greasy hair may be exchanged in Middle-Row for a smart bag or a jemy scratch; and his clouted shoes, with the rough hobnails in the heel and sole clumping at every step, may be transformed into a pair of dancing pumps at the Yorkshire warehouse, or the old Crispin in Cranbourn-alley. The draggled street-walker can rig herself with a clean smock, a linen gown, and a hat smartly cocked up behind and before, in Broad St. Giles's; or if she can afford it, every pawnbroker will let out a gold watch with coronets, a tissue or brocaded sack, and all the paraphernalia of a countess. But where, Mr. Town, can these people go to clothe their minds, or at what shops are retailed sense and virtue? Honour and honesty are not to be purchased in Monmouth-street; knowledge is not infused into the head through the powder-puff; and, as good wine needs no bush, sense is not derived from the full-bottomed periwig. The woman of the town, vamped up for show with paint, patches, plumpers, and every external ornament that art can administer, knows no method to beautify her mind. She cannot, for any price, buy chastity in Broad St. Giles's, or hire honesty from the pawnbroker's.

Seeing, therefore, at one view, the difficulty in obtaining the accomplishments of the mind, and the exact analogy they bear to dress, I have been labouring this week past to remedy that inconvenience, and have at length devised a scheme, which will fully answer that purpose. In a word, then, I shall next winter open a shop or warehouse in the most public part of the town, under the name of a Mind-and-Body Clothier; two trades which, though never yet united, are so far from being incompatible, that they are in their nature inseparable. I shall not only supply my friends with a suit or a single virtue, but furnish them with complete habits of mind and body from head to foot; and by a certain secret art, in the form and texture of the things sold, the required virtues shall be as inherent in them as the materials of which they are composed. That such virtues may be transfused by clothes, is evident from experience. In the narrow extent of my reading, Mr. Town, I remember to have met with an account of Fortunatus's wishing-cap, by which he could transport himself in an instant from one place to another: it is also well known, that the famous Jack the Giant-killer possessed a Sword of Sharpness, Shoes of Swiftmess, and a Coat of Invisibility. Why then

may not I sell a surtout of patriotism, or a sword of honour, and retail modesty and chastity to fine ladies in tuckers and aprons.

No one who duly considers the natural influence which clothes commonly have upon their wearers, will object to my scheme as utterly impracticable. That a person can put on or throw off the internal habits of his mind together with his coat or his periwig, is plain in very numerous instances. The young counsellor, who every morning in term-time takes the measure of Westminster-Hall with the importance of a judge upon the circuit, at once divests himself of his gravity with the starched band and long robe, and resumes the spirit of a buck together with the sword and bag-wig. In the same manner the orthodox vicar once a week wraps himself up in piety and virtue with his canonicals; which qualities are as easily cast off again as his surplice; and for the rest of the week he wears the dress as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patron. We may learn the disposition of a man by his apparel, as we know the trade of the carpenter by his leathern apron, or a soldier by his red coat. When we see a snuff-coloured suit of ditto with bolus buttons, a metal headed cane, and an enormous bushy grizzle, we as readily know the wearer to be a dispenser of life and death, as if we had seen him pounding a mortar or brandishing a clyster-pipe. The different affections of the mind have been distinguished by different colours; as scarlet has been made to represent valour, yellow to denote jealousy, and true blue to signify integrity. Thus we may likewise discover all the virtues and vices lurking in the different parts of the apparel. When at a city feast I see the guests tucking their napkins into their shirt collars, as if they were all of them going to be shaved, I very well know that their thoughts wear a different dress than when in the Alley: and when the antiquated toast is laying on her complexion at the toilette, and repairing the ruins of beauty, what is she doing but patching her mind with pride and conceit? In a word, I can discover impudence staring from the bold cock of a Kavenhuller, parsimony skulking in a darned stocking, coquetry spread out in a hoop-petticoat, and foppery dangling from a shoulder-knot. I often please myself with thus remarking the various dresses of the mind; and by the clue you have already given us, I have been able to unfold the inmost linings of the heart, and discover 'the very stuff of the thoughts.'

It must, however, be owned, that in these matters the nicest penetration may be imposed on; since, in the present random method of dressing, many persons appear in masquerade. This inconvenience, among others, will be remedied by my project; for, as whoever deals with me, will at once clothe his mind and his body, the whole town will be dressed in character. Thus if

a chimney-sweeper or a ploughboy put on a suit of embroidery, a sword, bag-wig, &c. they will at the same time invest themselves with the internal dignity of a person of quality: my lady's youngest son may buy courage with his regimentals, and orthodoxy may be purchased at the same time with a gown and cassock by the young smarters from the universities. My scheme also further recommends itself, by laying open the only path to virtue and knowledge, that the world will choose to follow: for, as my clothes will always be cut according to the newest and most elegant manner, these qualifications of the mind, inherent in them, must necessarily come into fashion. Thus our fine gentlemen will learn morality under their valet de chambre; and a young lady of fashion will acquire new accomplishments with every new riband, and become virtuous as well as beautiful at her toilette. I depend on your readiness to promote my scheme; but what I most earnestly intreat of you, Mr. Town, is to use your utmost interest with the polite world, but especially with the ladies, not to discard clothes entirely; as by such a resolution my scheme must be defeated: and, indeed, it will not be in the power of man to give them virtue, if they determine to go naked.

As knowledge and virtue can never be sufficiently diffused, my warehouse will be calculated for general use, and stored with large assortments of all kinds of virtues and dress, that I may suit persons of whatever denomination. Physicians may be furnished from my shop with gravity and learning in the ties of a periwig; sergeants at law may be fitted with a competent knowledge of reports under a coif; and young counsellors may be endued with a sufficient fund of eloquence for the circuits, in a smart tie between a bob and a flow, contrived to cover a toupet. I shall sell religion to country parsons in pudding-sleeves, and to young town curates just come from the university, in doctors' scarfs and full grizzles: I shall have some pious ejaculations, whinings, and groans, ready cut out in leathern aprons and blue frocks, for the preaching fraternity of carpenters, bricklayers, tallow-chandlers and butchers, at the Tabernacle and Foundry in Moorfields. For our military gentlemen designed to go abroad, I shall have several parcels of true British courage woven in a variety of cockades and sword-knots; and for our fine gentlemen, who stay at home, I have provided a proper quantity of French Bagatelle, in cut velvet, lace and embroidery, neat as imported.

As the ladies, I suppose, will all of them to a woman, be desirous of purchasing beauty with every branch of the female apparel, I am afraid I shall not be able to answer their demands; but I shall have several dresses, which will make up for the want of it. I shall have neatness

done up in a great variety of plain linen; decency and discretion in several patterns for mobs, hoods, and nightgowns; together with modesty disposed into tuckers, kerchiefs for the neck, stays that almost meet the chin, and petticoats that touch the ground. I shall also have a small portion of chastity knit into garters, and twisted into laces for the stays, very proper to be worn at masquerades and assemblies.

I had almost forgot to mention, that authors, who are often in equal want of sense and clothes shall be fitted out by me with both at once on very reasonable rates. As for yourself, Mr. Town, I shall beg leave to present you with an entire suit of superfine wit and humour, warranted to wear well, and appear creditable, and in which no author would be ashamed to be seen.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

W.

EUTRAPELUS TRIM.

No. 78.] THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores. HOR.

What foibles wait on life through every stage!
Our youth a wild-fire, and a frost our age!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

NOTHING is more necessary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverseness in our opinions, than mixing with persons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whosoever confines himself entirely to the society of those who are engaged in the same pursuits, and whose thoughts naturally take the same turn with his own, acquires a certain stiffness and pedantry of behaviour, which is sure to make him disagreeable, except in one particular set of company. Instead of cramping the mind by keeping it within so narrow a circle, we should endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accomplishment; and temper each qualification with its opposite, as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The necessity of this free conversation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the consequences, which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in wholly engrosses his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar dye, which shows itself in all the operations of it, unless prevented by natural good sense or a liberal education. The physician, the lawyer, and the tradesman, will appear in company, though none of those occupations are the subject of discourse; and the clergyman will grow morose and severe, who seldom or never converses with the la-

ity. If no particular profession has this influence over us, some darling passion or amusement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious, or at least ridiculous. Fine ladies, for instance, by despising the conversation of sensible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, assemblies, birth-day suits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the same reason, of almost nothing at all. In like manner, the furious partisan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a scoundrel; and the sectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all those who will not go to heaven in the same road with himself, under the guidance of Whitfield, Wesley, or Count Zinzendorf. To the same cause we owe the rough country squire, whose ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horses, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diversions. His hall must be adorned with stags' heads, instead of busts and statues; and in the room of family pictures; you will see prints of the most famous stallions and race-horses: all his doors open and shut with foxes' feet; and even the buttons of his clothes are impressed with the figures of dogs, foxes, stags, and horses. To this absurd practice of cultivating only one set of ideas, and shutting ourselves out from any intercourse with the rest of the world, is owing that narrowness of mind, which has infected the conversation of the polite world with insipidity, made roughness and brutality the characteristics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the most fatal consequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is so necessary to remove any impressions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amusement, what precautions ought to be used, in order to remedy the inconveniences naturally brought on us by the different ages of life! It is not certain, that a person will be engaged in any profession, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleasure; but the mind of every man is subject to the inclinations arising from the several stages of his existence, as well as his body to chronic distempers. This indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cause of my writing to you; for it has often given me great concern to see the present division between the young and the old; to observe elderly men forming themselves into clubs and societies, that they may be more securely separated from youth; and to see young men running into dissipation and debauchery, rather than associate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from such a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be instructed by the experience of age, and lose much of that levity which they retain too long; while, at the same time,

the wrinkled brow of the aged would be smoothed by the sprightly cheerfulness of youth,—by which they might supply the want of spirits, forget the loss of old friends, and bear with ease all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that those young men are the most worthy and sensible, who have kept up any intercourse with the old; and that those old men are of the most cheerful and amiable disposition, who have not been ashamed to converse with the young.

I will not pretend to decide which party is most blameable in neglecting this necessary commerce with each other, which, if properly managed, would be at once so beneficial and delightful; but it undoubtedly arises from a certain selfishness and obstinacy in both, which will not suffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their dispositions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we see the least degree of society preserved between a father and son! a shocking reflection, when we consider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one side, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and son as seldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as a husband or wife; and chiefly for the same reason; for though they are both joined under the same yoke, yet they are each tugging different ways. A father might as well expect his son to be as gouty and infirm as himself, as to have the disposition which he has contracted from age; and a son might as reasonably desire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gayety and diversions, in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is absolutely requisite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable stubbornness so frequently dissolves; or, at least, if it does not disturb the affection, it constantly destroys the society between father and son.

This unhappy and unnatural division is often the subject of complaint in persons of both ages; but is still unremedied, because neither reflect on the cause whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, because they do not admire and court their company; which, indeed, is no wonder, since they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect such a slavish deference to their years, as destroys that equality by which cheerfulness and society subsist. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle; but though they do not choose to be corrected by their grave seniors like school-boys, they would be proud to consult them as friends; which the injudicious severity of old age seldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with

so great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, shun the company of age, complaining of the small regard and respect paid to them, though they often act with so little reserve and such unbecoming confidence, as not to deserve it. Suppose the old were pleased with the natural flow of spirits and lively conversation of youth, still some respect may be challenged as due to them; nor should the decency and sobriety of their characters ever be insulted by any improper or immodest conversation.

I am an old man myself, Mr. Town, and I have an only boy, whose behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite subject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would strive to soften the rigour of age, and remember that his son must naturally possess those qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the son would in return endeavour to suit himself to those infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally study to be agreeable to each other, the father would insensibly substitute affection in the room of authority, and lose the churlish severity and peevishness incident to his years: while the son would curb the unbecoming impetuosity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a constant attention to please, and remit much of his extreme gayety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever such a turn of mind is encouraged, there must be happiness and agreeable society: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compose the surest cement of affection; as colours of the most opposite tints, by a skilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain shades, will form a picture, the most heightened and exquisite in its colouring.

I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

JOHN BEVIL.

No. 79.] THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

*O te, Bollane, cerebri
Felicem! aiebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret.—*

HOR.

Silent I said, O happiest head of cit,
With brain uncumber'd, and the load of wit!
From street to street still rambling up and down,
While all his talk was still of London town.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

I HAVE been very much diverted with your observations on the honest tradesmen, who make weekly excursions into the villages about town;

and I agree with you, that the generality of your citizens seldom dare trust themselves out of the sight of London smoke, or extend their travels further than with their wives and children in the Wandsworth double post-chaise, or the Hampton long coach. But we may now and then pick up a stray citizen, whom business has dragged beyond the bills of mortality, as it happened to myself the other day about forty mile from London; and as I was mightily pleased with his behaviour and conversation, I have taken the liberty to send you an account of it.

Being caught in a shower upon the road, I was glad to take shelter at the first inn I came to; which, if it had not been called the New Inn, I should have thought, from its antique appearance, had been a house of entertainment in the time of our great grandfathers. I had scarce alighted, when a strange figure, (driven thither, as I supposed, on the same account with myself,) came soberly jogging into the yard, dripping wet. As he waited for the steps before he would venture to get off his horse, I had the opportunity of surveying his whole appearance. He was wrapped up in an old thread-bare weather-beaten surtout, which I believe had once been scarlet; the cape was pulled over his head, and buttoned up close round his face; and his hat was flapped down on each side, and fastened about his ears with a list garter tied under his chin. He wore upon his legs something that resembled spatterdashes, which (as I afterwards learned) were cut out of an old pair of boots; but his right shoe was considerably larger than the other, and had several slits in the upper leather. He had spurs on, indeed, but without rovells; and by way of whip, a worm-eaten cane, with a bone head studded with brass pins, hung from his wrist by a string of greasy black leather.

I soon found I was nobody: for the gentleman, it seems, took up the whole attention of the maid, mistress and hostler, who all of them got round him, and with much difficulty, by the assistance of the steps, helped him down. My landlady, before it was possible for her to see any part of him but his nose, told him "he looked brave and jolly;" and when she had led him into the kitchen, she fetched a large glass of what she called "her own water," which (she said) would drive the cold out of his stomach. All hands were now busied in drawing off his surtout, which discovered underneath a full-trimmed white coat, and a black velvet waistcoat with a broad gold lace very much tarnished. The surtout was hung to dry by the fire as well as his coat, the place of which was supplied by a long riding-hood of my landlady: and as the gentleman complained of having suffered by loss of leather, the maid was despatched to the doctor's for some diachylon. The usual question now succeeded, concerning dinner; and as he

observed I was all alone, he very courteously asked me to join company, which I as readily agreed to.

The important business of dinner being settled, we adjourned into a private room, when my fellow-guest told me of his own mere act and motion, that he lived in London; that for these twenty years he had always come to the town we were now in, once a year, to receive money, and take orders for goods; and that he had always put up at this house. He then run on in the praises of the landlady; and tipping me a wink, "Ay," says he, "she has been a clever woman in her time, before she bore children." He added, that for his part he did not like your great inns; for that they never looked upon any thing under a coach and six. He further informed me, that he was married to his present wife in the first mayoralty of Alderman Parsons, and in the very waistcoat he had on; "but," says he, "I now wear it only on a journey; because, you know a bit of lace commands respect upon the road." On inquiring about his family, I found he had three boys; one of whom was bound 'prentice to himself; the other was sent to sea, because he was a wild one; and the youngest he designed to make a parson, because he was grave, and his play-fellows at Poule's school used to call him Bishop.

All this while he had sat in my landlady's riding-hood, with a linen night-cap on his head tied on the top with a piece of black riband, which (he told me) he always rode in, because it was cooler than a wig. But the saddle-bags were now ordered in; and out of one of them he drew a large flowing grizzle carefully buckled, which he combed out himself, borrowing some flower from the kitchen drudger. His spatter-dashes were next taken off, and his shoes wiped with a wisp of hay; when being assured by the landlady herself, that his coat was dry enough to put on, he completely equipped himself, in order to wait on several tradesmen, with whom he had dealings, after dinner. As this was not quite ready, we took a walk to the stables to see his mare: and though the beast seemed as lean and as harmless as Sancho's ass, he assured me he had much ado to ride her, she was so frisky; "for she had not run in the chaise these two Sundays past."

Being summoned to dinner, we sat down to a repast of mutton chops and sheep's hearts, which last he declared to be the wholesomest eating in the world. He objected to wine, because there was not a drop good for any thing to be got upon the road; but he vastly recommended my landlady's home-brewed, which he affirmed to be better than Hogsden ale, or the Thatch beer at Islington. Our meal being ended, my companion took his pipe; and we laid our heads together for the good of the nation, when we mauled the French terribly both by land and sea. At last, among

other talk, he happened to ask me, if I lived in the city? As I was desirous of hearing his remarks, I answered, that I had never seen London. "Never seen it?" says he, "Then you have never seen one of the finest sights in the whole world. Paris is but a dog-hole to it." There luckily hung a large map of London over the chimney-piece, which he immediately made me get from my chair to look at. "There," says he, "there's London for you.—You see it is bigger than the map of all England." He then led me about, with the end of his pipe, through all the principal streets from Hyde-Park to Whitechapel.—"That," says he, "is the River Thames.—There's London Bridge.—There my Lord Mayor lives.—That's Poule's.—There the monument stands; and now, if you was but on the top of it, you might see all the houses and churches in London." I expressed my astonishment at every particular: but I could hardly refrain laughing, when pointing out to me Lincoln's-Inn Fields—"There," says he, "there all the noblemen live." At last, after having transported me all over the town, he set me down in Cheapside, "which," he said, "was the biggest street in the city."—"And now," says he, "I'll show you where I live.—That's Bow-Church—and thereabouts—where my pipe is—there—just there my shop stands." He concluded with a kind invitation to me to come and see him; and pulling out a book of patterns from his coat pocket, assured me that if I wanted any thing in his way, he could afford to let me have a bargain.

I promised to call upon him; and the weather now clearing up, after settling the balance of our reckoning with the landlady, we took leave of each other: but just as I had mounted my horse, and was going to set forward, my new acquaintance came up to me, and shaking me by the hand,—"Harkye," says he, "if you will be in town by the twenty-fifth of this instant July, I will introduce you to the Cockney's Feast: where, I assure you, you'll be mighty merry, and hear a great many good songs."

T. I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

No. 80.] THURSDAY, AUG. 7, 1755.

*Nulla viri cura intered, nec mentio fiet
Dammorum.*_____

JUV.

What though the spouse be ruin'd, where's the sin,
By madam's friends, so dear, so near akin?

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

If polygamy was allowed in this country, I am sure I might maintain a seraglio of wives at less expense, than I have brought upon myself by

marrying one woman. One did I say? Alas! I find it, to my cost, that a wife, like a polypus, has the power of dividing and multiplying herself into as many bodies as she pleases. You must know, Mr. Town, I took a woman of small fortune, and made her my own flesh and blood: but I never thought, that all her relations would likewise fasten on me with as little ceremony as a colony of fleas. I had scarce brought her home, before I was obliged to marry her mother; then I was prevailed upon to marry her two maiden sisters; after that I married her aunts; then her cousins; in short, I am now married to the whole generation of them. I do not exaggerate matters, when I say that I am married to them all; for they claim as much right to every thing that is mine, as the person whom the world calls my wife. They eat, drink, and sleep with me: every room in my house is at their command, except my bed-chamber: they borrow money of me; and since I have the whole family quartered upon me, what signifies which of them takes upon her my name,—my wife, her sister, or her twentieth cousin?

O, Mr. Town! I never sit down to table without the lamentable prospect of seeing as much victuals consumed as would dine a whole vestry. So many mouths constantly going at my expense!—And then there is such a variety of provisions! for cousin Biddy likes one dish; my aunt Rachel is fond of another; sister Molly cannot abide this; and mother could never touch that; though I find they are all of them unanimous in liking the best of every thing in season. Besides, I could entertain a set of jolly toppers at a less rate than it costs me in light wines for the women. One of them drinks nothing but Lisbon; with another nothing goes down but Rhenish and Spa; a third swallows me an ocean of Bristol Milk, with as little remorse as she would so much small beer: my eldest aunt likes a glass of dry Mountain; while the other thinks nothing helps digestion so well as Madeira. It was but last week that my wife expressed a desire of tasting some Claret, when immediately all my good-natured relations had a mighty longing for it; but with much ado I at last prevailed on them to compound with me for a chest of Florence.

You may imagine, that my house cannot be a very small one; and I assure you there are as many beds in it, as in a country inn. Yet I have scarce room to turn myself about in it; for one apartment is taken up by this relation, another by that; and the most distant cousin must have more respect shown her, than to be clapped up in a garret with the maid-servants; so that poor I have no more liberty in my own house than a lodger. Once, indeed, I in vain endeavoured to shake them off, and took a little box in the neighbourhood of town, scarce big enough to hold my own family. But alas! they stuck

as close to it as a snail to her shell: and rather than not lie under the same roof with their relation, they contrived to litter together like so many pigs in a sty. At another time, thinking to clear my house at once of these vermin, I packed up my wife and mother, and sent them to her uncle's in the country for a month. But what could I do? There was no getting rid of those left behind: my wife had made over to them the care of the household, allotting to each of them her particular employment during her absence. One was to pickle walnuts, another to preserve sweetmeats, another to make Morella brandy; all which they executed with the notableness peculiar to good housewives, who spoil and waste more than they save, for the satisfaction of making these things at home. At last my wife returned; and all that I got by her journey, was the importation of two new cousins fresh out of the country, who she never knew before were the least related to her:—but they have been so kind as to claim kindred with me by hanging upon me ever since.

One would imagine, that it were sufficient for these loving relations to have the run of my table, and to make my house in every respect their own: but not content with this, they have the cunning to oblige me in a manner to find them in clothes likewise. I should not repine, if any of my worthy relations were humble enough to put up with a cast-off suit of my wife's; but that would be robbing the maid of her just dues, and would look more like a dependent than a relation. Not but that they will condescend now and then to take a gown, before it is half worn out (when they have talked my wife into a dislike of it)—because it is too good for a common servant. They have more spirit than to beg any thing: but—if my wife has a fancy to part with it—they will wear it, purely for her sake. A cap, an apron, or a handkerchief, which I am told, looks hideous upon her, I always find is very becoming on any other of the family: and I remember, soon after we were married, happening to find fault with the pattern of a silk brocade my wife had just bought, one of her sisters took it from her, and told me she would have it made up for herself, and wear it on purpose to spite me.

You must know, Mr. Town, that upon my marriage I was indiscreet enough to set up my chariot: and since my family has increased so prodigiously, this has given them a pretext to have a coach likewise, and another pair of horses. This also furnishes them with a pretence for running about to public diversions, where I am forced to treat them all: for they are so very fond of each other's company, that one will hardly ever stir out without the other. Thus at home or abroad, they constantly herd together: and what is still more provoking, though I had rather have a rout every week at

my house, my wife makes a merit of it, that she keeps little or no company.

Such is the state of my family within doors : and though you would think this sufficient for one man, I can assure you I have other calls upon me from relations no less dear to me, though I have never yet had the happiness to see them. A third cousin by my wife's father's side was set up in the country in a very good way of business ; but by misfortunes in trade must have gone to jail, if my wife had not teased me into being bound for him, and for which I was soon afterwards arrested, and obliged to pay the money. Another, a very promising youth, was just out of his time, and only wanted a little sum to set him up ; which as soon as I had lent him, he run away, and is gone to sea. One of the aunts, who is now with me, (a widow lady) has an only daughter, a sober discreet body, who lived as a companion with an old gentlewoman in the country ; but the poor innocent girl being drawn aside by a vile fellow that ruined her, I have been forced to support the unhappy mother and child ever since, to prevent any reproach falling on our family. I shall say nothing of the various presents, which have travelled down to my wife's uncle, in return for one turkey and chine received at Christmas ; nor shall I put to account the charge I have been at in the gossips' fees, and in buying corals, anodyne necklaces, &c. for half a dozen little nephews, nieces, and cousins, to which I had the honour of standing godfather.

And now, Mr. Town, the mention of this large circumstance makes me reflect with a heavy heart on a new calamity, which will shortly befall me. My wife, you must know, is very near her time : and they have provided such a store of clouts, caps, forehead cloths, biggins, belly-bands, whittles, and all kinds of child-bed-linen, as would set up a lying-in hospital. You will conclude, that my family wants no further increase : yet, would you believe it ? I have just received a letter, acquainting me, that another aunt, and another cousin, are coming up in the stage coach to see their relation, and are resolved to stay with her the month. Indeed, I am afraid, when they have once got footing in my house, they will resolve to stay with her, till she has had another and another child.

T. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

No. 81.] THURSDAY, AUG. 14, 1755.

— *Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis*
Durius.

LUCRET.

A hardy race of mortals, train'd to sports,
The field their ioy, unpolish'd yet by courts.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

A MERE country squire, who passes all his time

among dogs and horses, is now become an uncommon character ; and the most awkward loobly inheritor of an old mansion-house is a fine gentleman in comparison to his forefathers. The principles of a town education, formerly scarce spread themselves beyond the narrow limits of the bills of mortality ; but now every London refinement travels to the remotest corner of the kingdom, and the polite families from the town duly import to their distant seats the customs and manners of Pall-mall and Grosvenor-square.

I have been for this fortnight past at Lord Courtly's, who for about four months in every year leads a town life at the distance of above two hundred miles from London. He never leaves his bed till twelve or one o'clock ; though, indeed, he often sees the sun rise ; but then that only happens when, as the old song says, he has "drank down the moon." Drinking is the only rural amusement he pursues ; but even that part of his diversions is conducted entirely in the London fashion. He does not swill country ale, but gets drunk with Champagne and Burgundy ; and every dish at his table is served up with as much elegance as at White's or Ryan's. He has an excellent pack of hounds ; but, I believe, was never in at the death of a fox in his life. yet strangers never want a chase, for the hounds are out three times a week with a younger brother of Lord Courtly, who never saw London, and who, if he was not indulged with a place at his lordship's table, might naturally be considered as his whipper-in or his game-keeper.

The evening walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at Lord Courtly's ; for, though situated in a very fine country, he knows no more of the charms of purling streams and shady groves, than if they had never existed but in poetry or romance. As soon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the company is conducted into a magnificent apartment, illuminated with wax candles, and set out with as many card-tables, as the rout of a foreign ambassador's lady. Here Faro, Whist, Brag, Lansquenet, and every other fashionable game, make up the evening's entertainment. This piece of politeness has often fallen heavy on some honest country gentlemen, who have found dining with his lordship turn out a very dear ordinary : and many a good lady has had occasion to curse the cards, and her ill-starred connections with persons of quality ; though his lordship is never at a loss for a party ; for as several people of fashion have seats near him, he often sits down with some of his friends of the club at White's. I had almost forgot to mention, that her ladyship keeps a day, which is Sunday.

This, dear Cousin, is the genteel manner of living in the country ; and I cannot help observing, that persons polite enough to be fond of such

exquisite refinements, are partly in the same case with the mechanic at his dusty villa. They both, indeed, change their situation; but neither find the least alteration in their ideas. The tradesman, when at his box, has all the notions that employ him in his counting-house; and the nobleman, though in the furthest part of England, may still be said to breathe the air of St. James's.

I was chiefly induced to send you this short account of the refined manner, in which persons of fashion pass their time at Lord Courtly's, because I think it a very striking contrast to the character described in the following transcript. I hope your readers will not do either you or me the honour to think this natural portraiture a mere creature of the imagination. The picture of the extraordinary gentleman here described is now at the seat of Lord Shaftsbury at St. Giles's, near Cranborn in Dorsetshire, and this lively character of him was really and truly drawn by Anthony Ashly Cowper, first Earl of Shaftsbury, and is inscribed on the picture. I doubt not, but you will be glad of being able to communicate it to the public, and that they will receive it with their usual candour.

THE CHARACTER OF THE HONOURABLE W. HASTINGS,

OF WOODLANDS, IN HAMPSHIRE;

SECOND SON OF

FRANCIS, EARL OF HUNTINGDON;

In the year 1638 lived Mr. Hasting: by his quality son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age; or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

He was low, very strong, and very active; of a reddish flaxen hair. His clothes always green cloth, and never all worth (when new) five pounds.

His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large Park well stocked with deer; and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen: many fish ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed. They used round sand bowls; and it had a banquetting house like a stand, built in a tree.

He kept all manner of sport hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger. And hawks, long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the new Forest, and the manor of Christ-church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish. And indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters; there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a

yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular; always speaking kindly to the husband, brother or father: who was, to boot, very welcome to his house, whenever he came. There he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty. A house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes: the great hall strowed with marrow-bones, full of hawk's perches, hounds, spaniels and terriers: the upper side of the hall hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixed: game-keepers and hunters' poles in great abundance.

The parlour was a large room as properly furnished. On a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner; and a little white stick of fourteen inches lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows (which were very large) served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room full of the best close hunting and lawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons; the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him with them.

The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes, were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses: that being the rule of the house exactly observed. For he never exceeded in drink or permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, that was never used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pye with thick-crust, extremely baked.

His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best salt-fish (as well as other fish) he could get;

and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with "my part lies therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gilliflower in his sack: and had always a tun glass, without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer which he often stirred with rosemary.

He was well-natured but soon angry, calling his servants bastards, and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge; and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be a hundred; never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

No. 82.] THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1755.

Nôse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis. TER.

All these to know, is safety to the youth.

THOUGH the following letter was originally written for the instruction of a young gentleman going to the university; yet as it contains several just and sensible reflections, which may be of use to many of my readers, I have willingly complied with the request of my correspondent in making it the entertainment of to-day.

DEAR SIR,

As you are now going to the university, I would not be thought to pay so ill a compliment to your own natural good sense, as to suppose that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in some measure apply yourself to study; otherwise the time you spend there will be entirely lost: for (as Swift very justly remarks) "all ornamental parts of education are better taught in other places." At the same time I do not mean, that you should commence pedant, and be continually poring on a book; since that will rather puzzle, than inform the understanding. And though I know many sprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to despise it altogether, it will be necessary to learn something of logic; I mean in the same manner one would learn fencing—not to attack others, but to defend one's self. In a word, you will find it a great unhappiness, when you return hither, if you do not bring with you some taste for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no society in books, will have little else to do, besides following his sports, but to sit, as squire of the company, tipling among a parcel of idle wretches, whose understandings are nearly on the level with his dogs and horses.

It has been an established maxim that the world will always form an opinion of persons according to the company they are known to keep. In the university, as well as in other places, there are people, whom we ought to avoid, as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmost consequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or sink gradually into indolence and stupidity, I shall point out some of these pests of society in as few words as possible.

The first person I would caution you against, is the wretch that takes a delight to turn religion into ridicule: one who employs that speech, which was given him by God to celebrate his praise, in questioning his very being. This, as it is impious in itself, is likewise the height of ill manners. It is hoped, there are but few of them to be met with in a place of sound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much as possible: and if they will force themselves into our company, they should be used with the same contempt with which they have the hardness to treat their Maker. And this, I can assure you, may be done safely; for I never knew any body, who pretended to be above the fear of God, but was under the most terrible apprehensions whenever attacked by man.

The next character, whom I would advise you to shun, is the gamester, in some respects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his shrine, and fortune his deity; nor does he ever speak or think of any other, unless by way of blasphemy, oaths, and curses, when he has had a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the least notion of friendship; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himself. He, indeed, professes himself your friend; but that is only with a design to draw you in; for his trade is inconsistent with the principles of honour or justice, without which there can be no real friendship. It should, therefore be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with such people, whose acquaintance he cannot enjoy, without giving up his estate.

The next person, whom you ought to beware of is a drunkard; one that takes an unaccountable pleasure in sapping his constitution, and drowning his understanding. He constantly goes senseless to bed, and rises mawkish in the morning; nor can he be easy in body or mind, till he has renewed his dose, and again put himself beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, intreat you by all means to avoid a habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellects. It is a misfortune, that society should be esteemed dull and insipid without the assistance of the bottle to enliven it: so that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glass, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in

talking, we ought always to "keep a watch over the doors of our lips."

A lounge is a creature, that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the streets, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the sot, to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence both in body and mind. He would be as inoffensive as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one, with whom he happens to come in contact.

It were also best to forbear the company of a wrangler, or a person of a litigious temper. This sometimes arises, not from any great share of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of showing one's parts, or skill in argumentation. It is frequently observed of young academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a dispute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practised by any man of sense, that has seen much of the world. I have sometimes known a person of great sauciness, and volubility of expression, confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his syllogism broken at the same time.

I need not point out to you the profligate rake or the affected coxcomb, as persons from whose company you can reap no sort of benefit. From the first the good principles already instilled into you, will doubtless preserve you; and I am sure you have too much real sense, not to despise the absurd fopperies of the latter. Noted liars are no less to be avoided, as the common pests of society. They are often of a mischievous disposition, and by their calumnies and false suggestions, take a pleasure in setting the most intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmless and improbable lies, their acquaintance must frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we should venture to repeat after them, I am sure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourselves.

But above all, I must advise you never to engage, at least not with any degree of violence, in any party. Be not transported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots beyond the sober dictates of reason and justice; nor let the insinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry satisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwise, you will certainly be despised by all. Perhaps, indeed, if you should hereafter engage in elections, and spend your own money to support another's cause, the person in whose interest you are may shake you by the hand, and swear you are a very honest gentleman; just as but-

chers treat their bull-dogs, who spit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be tossed and torn by the horns of their antagonist.

After having guarded you against the evil influence of your own sex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I shall pass over their faults, only hoping, that their excellences will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though "endowed with every accomplishment requisite to make the marriage state happy." In these hasty and unequal matches it sometimes happens, that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may, perhaps, too late repent of our bargain: and though repentance be an excellent visiting friend, when she reminds us of our past miscarriages, and prescribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet she is a most troublesome companion, when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, &c.

H. A.

No. 83.] THURSDAY, AUG. 28, 1755.

*Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari.*_____

Juv.

Rough repetition roars in rudest rhyme,
As clappers chinkle in one charming chime.

SINCE genius is the chief requisite in all kinds of poetry, nothing can be more contrary to the very essence of it, than the adopting, as beauties, certain arts, which are merely mechanical. There are daily arising many whimsical excellences, which have no foundation in nature, but are only countenanced by the present mode of writing. With these it is as easy to fill our compositions, as to dress ourselves in the fashion; but the writer who puts his work together in this manner is no more a poet than his tailor. Such productions often betray great labour and exactness, but show no genius; for those who sit down to write by rule, and follow "dry receipts how poems should be made," may compose their pieces without the least assistance from the imagination; as an apothecary's 'prentice, though unable to cure any disease, can make up medicines from the physician's prescription, with no more knowledge of physic than the names of the drugs. Thus the muse, that ought to fly, and "ascend the brightest heaven of invention," walks in leading strings, or is supported by a go-cart.

Among the many poetical tricks of this sort, none have been more successfully practised, or

had more advocates and admirers, than a certain fantastical conceit, called alliteration, which is nothing more than beginning two, three, or perhaps every word in a line with the same letter. This method of running divisions upon the alphabet, and pressing particular letters into the service, has been accounted one of the first excellences in versification, and has, indeed, received the sanction of some of our best poets; but wherein the beauty of it consists, is something difficult to discover, since Quarles or Withers might practise it with as much adroitness as Dryden or Spenser. It is one of those modern arts in poetry which require no fancy, judgment, or learning in the execution: for an author may huddle the same letters on each other again and again, as mechanically as the printer selects his types, and ranges them in whatsoever order he pleases.

This partial attachment to particular letters is a kind of contrast to the famous Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, where every letter in the alphabet was in its turn excluded; and the alliterator must be as busily employed to introduce his favourite vowel or consonant, as the Greek poet to shut out the letter he had proscribed. Nothing is esteemed a greater beauty in poetry, than a happy choice of epithets; but alliteration reduces all the elegances of expression to a very narrow compass. Epithets are culled, indeed, with great exactness; but the closest relation they are intended to bear to the word to which they are joined, is that the initials are the same. Thus the fields must be flowery, beauty must be beaming, ladies must be lovely; and in the same manner must the "waves wind their watery way," the "blustering blasts blow," and "locks all loosely lay," not for the sake of the poetry, but the elegance of the alliteration. This beauty has also taken possession of many of our tragedies; and I have seen ladies wooed and heroes killed in it; though I must own I never hear an actor dying with deadly darts and fiery flames, &c. but it always puts me in mind of the celebrated pippin woman in Gay's *Trivia*, whose head, when it was severed from her body, rolled along the ice crying pip, pip, pip, and expired in alliteration.

The same false taste in writing, "that wings display'd and altars rais'd," also introduced alliteration; and acrostics in particular are the same kind of spelling-book poetry. It is, therefore, somewhat extraordinary, that those sublime writers who have disgraced their pages with it, did not leave this as well as the other barbarous parts of literature to the Goths in poetry, since it is a whimsical beauty, below the practice of any writer, superior to him who turned the *Æneid* into monkish verses. Shakspeare, who was more indebted to nature than art, has ridiculed this low trick with great hu-

mour, in his burlesque tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Besides that noted passage,

With blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

He before introduces a mock rant, which Bottom calls *Ercles' vein*, which is not only rank rustian, but is also remarkable for its alliteration. "To make all split the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates—and Phibbus' car shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates." In this strange style have whole poems been written; and every learned reader will recollect on this occasion the *Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Pelagium Poetam*, which I wish some of our poetasters would translate, in the true spirit of the original, and praise pigs and pork with all the beauties of alliteration.

The advocates and admirers of this practice have asserted, that it adds significance and strength of expression to their verses: but I fear this boasted energy seldom appears to the reader. The alliteration either remains unregarded, or, if it is very striking, disgusts those who perceive it; and is often in itself, from such a disagreeable cluster of the same letters, harsh and uncouth. There are many instances, where alliteration, though studiously introduced, renders the versification rough and inharmonious; and I will appeal to the greatest lovers of it, whether the following line, where the repetition was scarce intended, is one of the most pleasing in all Virgil's works;

Ncupatrise Validus in Viscera Vertite Fires.
Wound not with Vigour Vast the Vitals of the Weal.

It must be acknowledged, that there is something very mechanical in the whole construction of the numbers in most of our modern poetry. Sound is more attended to than sense, and the words are expected to express more than the sentiment. There are set rules to make verses run off glibly, or drawl slowly on; and I have read many a poem with scarce one tolerable thought in it, that has contained all these excellences of versification: for which reason, I must confess myself no friend to those critics who analyze words and syllables, and discover latent beauties in every letter, when the author intended that the whole should be taken together. Poetry should seem at least to flow freely from the imagination, and not to be squeezed from the droppings of the brain. If we would endeavour to acquire a full idea of what we mean to describe, we should then, of course, express ourselves with force, elegance, and perspicuity; and this native strength of expression would have more true energy than elaborate phrases, and a quaint and studied combination of words and letters. Fine numbers are

undoubtedly one of the chief beauties in poetry ; but to make the sound echo to the sense, we should make the sense our chief object. This appears to me to have been the manly practice of the ancients, and of our own Shakspeare, Milton, &c. who breathed the true spirit of poetry, without having recourse to little tricks and mean artifices, which only serve to disgrace it. A good writer who would be above trifling even with a thought, would never pursue words, and play with letters, but leave such a childish employment for the small fry of rhymers, who amuse themselves with anagrams and crambo. The true poet trusts to his natural ear and strong conception, and knows that the versification is adapted to the sentiment, without culling particular letters, and stringing them on his lines ; as he is sure that his verses are just measure, without scanning them on his fingers.

There are almost daily published certain Lilliputian volumes, entitled *Pretty Books for Children*. A friend of mine, who considers the little rhymers of the age as only "children of a larger growth," that amuse themselves with rhymes instead of rattles, proposes to publish a small pocket volume for the use of our poetasters. It will be a *Treatise on the Art of Poetry* adapted to the meanest capacities, for which subscriptions will be taken, and specimens may be seen, at George's and the Bedford coffee-houses. It will contain full directions how to modulate the numbers on every occasion, and will instruct the young scribbler in all the modern arts of versification. He will here meet with infallible rules how to soften a line and lull us to sleep with liquids and diphthongs ; to roughen the verse and make it roar again with reiteration of the letter R ; to set it hissing with semi-vowels ; to make it pant and breathe short with a hundred heavy aspirates ; or clog it up with the thickest double consonants and monosyllables : with a particular table of alliteration containing the choicest epithets, disposed into alphabetical order ; so that any substantive may be readily paired with a word beginning with the same letter, which (though a mere expletive) shall seem to carry more force and sentiment in it, than any other of a more relative meaning, but more distant sound. The whole to be illustrated with examples from the modern poets. This elaborate work will be published about the middle of the winter, under the title of *The Rhymers' Play-thing, or Poetaster's Horn Book* ; since there is nothing necessary to form such a poet, except teaching him his letters.

T.

No. 84.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1755.

—Tu, dum tua navis in alto est,
Hoc age.—

HOR.

Think, sailors, think, though landmen are your hate,
Who likes a mere tarpaulin but his mate?

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

You obliged the world some time ago with a few reflections on the gentlemen of the army : at the present juncture, a word or two on our sea-officers would not be unseasonable. I do not mean, that you should presume to direct them how to behave in their several stations, but rather to remark on their conduct and conversation in private life, as far as they are influenced by their maritime characters. There is a certain unfashionable dye, which their manners often take from the salt water, that tinctures their whole behaviour on shore. If you could assist in blotting out these stains, and give a new colour to their conduct, you would add grace and politeness to their ordinary conversation, and would be of as much service to our naval commanders in this point, as he was to navigation in general, who first invented the compass.

As the conversation of those fair-weather foplings, many of whom may be met with in the three regiments of guards, is usually flat and insipid, that of our sea-officers is turbulent and boisterous : and as a trip to Paris has, perhaps over-refined the coxcomb in red, a voyage round the globe frequently brutalizes the seaman, who comes home so rough and unpolished, that one would imagine he had not visited any nation in the world, except the Savages or the Hottentots. The many advantages he has received from having seen the customs and manners of so many different people, it is natural to suppose, would render his conversation very desirable, as being in itself particularly instructive and entertaining ; but this roughness, which clings to the seaman's behaviour like tar to his trowsers, makes him unfit for all civil and polite society. He behaves at an assembly, as if he was upon deck ; and his whole deportment manifestly betrays, that he is, according to the common phrase, quite out of his element. Nor can you collect any more from him concerning the several nations he has visited, than if he had been during the whole time confined to his cabin ; and he seems to know as little of them as the fine gentleman of his travels after the polite tour, when he has, for the sake of improvement, rid post through all Europe.

That our ordinary seamen, who are many of them draughted from the very lowest of the populace, should be thus uncivilized is no wonder. The common sailor's education in Tottenham Court, or at Hockley in the Hole, has not qualified him to improve by just reflections on what he sees during his voyage ; and going on board a man of war is a kind of university education, suitably adapted to the principles imbibed in the

polite seminaries, which he came from. A common sailor too is full as polite as a common soldier, and behave as genteelly to a Wapping landlady, as the gentleman soldier, at a suttlng-house. But surely there ought to be as much difference in the behaviour of the commander and his crew, as there is in their situation; and it is beneath the dignity of the British flag to have an admiral behave as rudely as a swabber, or a commodore as foul-mouthed as a boatswain.

It may perhaps be alleged in excuse, that the being placed among such a boisterous set of people as our common sailors, must unavoidably wear off all politeness and good manners: as it is remarkable, that all those who are employed in the care of horses grow as mere brutes as the animals they attend; and as we may often observe those justices, whose chief business is the examination of highwaymen, house-breakers, and street-walkers, become as vulgar and foul-mouthed as a pick-pocket. As there may be some truth in this, the commander should therefore be still more on his guard to preserve the gentleman in his behaviour, and like the sea itself, when the storm is over, grow smooth and calm. It is accounted a piece of humour on the Thames to abuse the other passengers on the water; and there are certain set terms of abuse, which fly to and fro from one boat to another on this occasion. A wag might perhaps amuse himself with this water-language in his voyage to Vauxhall, but must be a very silly fellow indeed, to think of carrying the joke on shore with him. In the same manner some roughness may perhaps be necessary to keep the crew in order; but it is absurd for an officer to retain his harshness in polite company; and in a manner tying his friends up to the yard-arm, and disciplining his acquaintance with the cat-of-nine tails.

But the worst part of this maritime character is a certain invincible contempt, which they often contract for all mankind, except their fellow-seamen. They look on the rest of the world as a set of fresh-water wretches, who could be of no service in a storm or an engagement; and from an unaccountable obstinacy are particularly deaf to any proposals of new improvements in navigation: though experience daily teaches them the great use of the discoveries already made, and how much room there is for more. They have no notion, how studious men can sit at home, and devise charts and instruments to direct them in their course; they despise those ingenious persons, who would assist them in their undertakings, while they consider them with the utmost contempt, as going round the world in their closets, and sailing at sea in their elbow chairs. It is no less shameful than true, that the ventilator, one of the most beneficial inventions that ever was devised, was first offered to the service of our men of war, and rejected. It was first used in foreign ships, then by our

merchantmen, and last of all among our men of war, to whose use it was first recommended. This is a strong proof of that fatal obstinacy, which our sea-commanders are too apt to contract; and as a further instance of it, I have been told of an admiral's indignation on this subject, venting itself in the following manner: "A pack of blockheads," said he, "sit poring, and pretend to make improvements for our use. They tell you that they discover this, and discover that; but I tell you they are all fools.—For instance now, they say the world is round; every one of them says the world is round;—but I have been all round the world, and it is as flat as this table."

The unpolished behaviour of our sea officers is in a great measure owing to their being often sent to sea very young, with little or no education beyond what they have received at the academy of Woolwich or Portsmouth. A lad of good family, but untoward parts, or mischievous disposition, who has been flogged for a-while at the grammar school, or snubbed by his parents and friends at home, is frequently clapped on board a ship in order to tame him, and to teach him better manners. Here perhaps he at first messes with the lowest of the seamen; and all that the young gentleman can learn from his jolly mess-mates in the course of two or three voyages, is to drink flip, sing a bawdy catch, and dance a hornpipe. These genteel accomplishments he is sure to retain, as he grows old in the service; and if he has the good fortune to rise to a command, he is as surly and brutal when advanced to the cabin, as when he was tugging before the mast.

After all it is but justice to confess, that there are many among our sea-officers, who deservedly bear the character of gentlemen and scholars; and it is easy to perceive, with how much better grace they appear in the world than the rest of their brethren, who, when laid up and taken out of service, are as mere logs as the main mast. An officer who has any relish for reading, will employ the many vacant hours, in which he is relieved from duty, much more to his improvement and satisfaction, than in sauntering between the decks, or muddling over a bowl of punch. I would, therefore, seriously recommend it to these young sailors, who have the happiness to launch forth with a genteel and liberal education, not to suffer every trace of it to be washed away, like words written on the sands; but that, when they return from sea, they may be fit to be admitted at St. James's, as well as at Wapping or Rotherhithe.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave to say a word or two concerning our sea-chaplains. The common sailors are known to have, when on board, a very serious regard for religion; and their decent behaviour at prayers, and sedate attention to the sermon upon quarter-deck, might

shame a more polite audience at St. James's Church. For this reason a truly religious chaplain, of good morals and sober conversation, will necessarily have as much influence on their behaviour, as a mild and prudent commander. Nor can a clergyman be too circumspect in this point; since, if he does not act in every respect conformable to his function, his place might be as well supplied by any one of the unbeneficed doctors of the Fleet. In a word, if a chaplain will so far divest himself of his sacred character, as to drink, swear, and behave in every respect like a common sailor, he should be obliged to work in the gang-way all the rest of the week, and on Sundays, be invested with a jacket and trowsers instead of his canonicals.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

O. T. FORE-CASTLE.

No. 85.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1755.

Animorum

Impulsu, et cæca magna cupidine.

HOR.

As the frail dame now love, now reason guides,
The magic mixture rises or subsides.

So long ago as my fourth number (the reader perhaps may not remember) I made mention of a female thermometer, constructed by my ingenious friend Mr. James Ayscough, optician, on Ludgate-hill; and I then informed the public, that "the liquor contained within the tube was a chemical mixture, which being acted upon by the circulation of the blood and animal spirits, would rise and fall according to the desires and affections of the wearer." But I have now the further satisfaction to acquaint my fair readers, that after several repeated trials and improvements we have at length brought the instrument to so great a degree of perfection, that any common by-stander may, by a proper application of it, know the exact temperature of a lady's passions. The liquor, among other secret ingredients, is distilled *secundum artem* from the herbs lady's love and maiden hair, the wax of virgin bees, and the five greater hot and cold seeds: and the properties of it are so subtle and penetrating, that immediately on its coming within the atmosphere of a lady's affections, it is actuated by them in the same manner, as the spirits are by the impulse of the air in the common thermometer.

It was not without some difficulty, that we could settle the different degrees of heat and cold in a lady's desires, which it would be proper to delineate on our thermometer; but at last we found, that the whole scale of female characters might be reduced to one or other of the following, viz.

Abandoned IMPUDENCE.

. . . . Gallantry.
. . . . Loose Behaviour.
. . . . Innocent Freedoms.
. . . . Indiscretions.
Inviolable MODESTY.

From these degrees, which we have accurately marked on the side of the tube, we have been able to judge of the characters of several ladies, on whom we have made the experiment. In some of these we have found the gradations very sudden; and that the liquor has risen very fast from the lowest point to the highest. We could likewise discover, that it was differently affected according to the different station and quality of the subject; so that the same actions, which in a lady of fashion scarce raised the liquor beyond indiscretions, in another caused it to mount almost to impudence. Much also depended upon the air and temperature of the place, where we made our trials: and even the dress had some influence on our thermometer; as we frequently observed, that the rise and fall of the liquor in the tube bore an exact proportion to the rise and fall of the stays and petticoat.

I shall now proceed to give a succinct account of the many repeated experiments, which we have made on different subjects in different places. During the winter season we had frequent opportunities of trying the effects, which the play-house, the opera, and other places of diversion might have on the thermometer.

At the play-house we always found the liquor rise in proportion as the drama was more or less indecent or immoral: at some comedies, and particularly the Chances, its elevation kept pace exactly with the lusciousness of the dialogue, and the ripening of the plot; so that it has often happened, that with some subjects, at the opening of the play, the liquor has struggled awhile, and rose and sunk about the degrees just above modesty; before the third act it has stood suspended at the middle point between modesty and impudence; in the fourth act it has advanced as far as loose behaviour; and at the conclusion of the play it has settled at downright impudence. At public concerts, and the opera especially, we observed that the thermometer constantly kept time (if I may say so) with the music and singing; and both at the opera and the play-house, it always regulated its motions by the dancer's heels. We have frequently made trials of our instrument at the masquerades in the Hay-market; but the temperature of that climate always proved so exceeding hot, that on the moment of our coming into the room the liquor has boiled up with a surprising effervescence to abandoned impudence.

During the summer season we have not failed to mark our observations on the company

at the public gardens. Here we found, indeed, that with some raw unpolished females, who came only to eat cheese-cakes and see the cascade and fire-works, the liquor did not stir beyond modesty; with many it has crept up to indiscretions; and with some it has advanced to loose behaviour. We had no opportunity to try our thermometer in the dark walks; but with some subjects we have plainly perceived the liquor hastening up towards innocent freedoms, as they were retiring to these walks from the rest of the company; while with others, who have gone the same way, it has only continued to point (as it did at the beginning of our observations) at gallantry. One young lady in particular we could not help remarking, whom we followed into Vauxhall, gallanted by an officer. We were glad to see, at her first going in, that the liquor, though it now and then faintly aspired towards indiscretions, still gravitated back again to modesty: after they had taken a turn or two in the walks, we perceived it fluctuating between innocent freedoms and loose behaviour: after this we lost sight of them for some time; and at the conclusion of the entertainment (as we followed them out) we could not without concern observe, that the liquor was hastily bubbling up to a degree next to impudence.

Besides the experiments on those ladies, who frequent the public places of diversion, we have been no less careful in making remarks at several private routs and assemblies. We were here at first very much surprised at the extreme degree of cold, which our thermometer seemed to indicate in several ladies, who were seated round the card-tables; as we found not the least alteration in it either from the young or old; but we at last concluded, that this was owing to their love of play, which had totally absorbed all their other passions. We have, indeed, more than once perceived, that when a lady has risen from cards after so much ill luck as to have involved herself in a debt of honour to a gentleman, the thermometer has been surprisingly affected; and as she has been handed to her chair, we have known the liquor which before was quite stagnate, run up instantaneously to the degree of gallantry. We have also been at the trouble to try its efficacy in the long rooms at Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, &c. and we have found, that these places have brought about surprising changes in the constitutions of those sick ladies, who go thither for the benefit of the waters.

Having thus sufficiently proved the perfection of our thermometer, it only remains to acquaint my readers, that Mr. Ayscough will be ready to supply the public with these useful instruments, as soon as the town fills. In the meantime I would advise those ladies, who have the least regard for their characters, to

reflect that the gradations, as marked on our thermometer, naturally lead to each other; that the transitions from the lowest to the highest are quick and obvious; and that though it is very easy to advance, it is impossible to regulate their passions in such a manner, as that their conduct may be always consistent with decency and honour, and (as Shakspeare says) "not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty." I shall conclude with observing, that these thermometers are designed only for the ladies: for though we imagined at first, that they might serve equally for the men, we have found reason to alter our opinion; since, in the course of several fruitless experiments on our own sex, there has scarce appeared any medium in them between modesty and impudence.

No. 86.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1755.

— *Via sacrâ, sicut meus est mos,*
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in ill's. HOR.

I range in quest of knowledge every street,
And study arts at Ludgate or the Fleet.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

It has been generally imagined, that learning is only to be acquired in the closet, by turning over a great number of pages: for which reason men have been assiduous to heap together a parcel of dusty volumes, and our youth have been sent to study at the universities; as if knowledge was shut up in a library, and chained to the shelves together with the folios. This prejudice has made every one overlook the most obvious and ready means of coming at literature: while (as the wise man has remarked) "wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, and no man regardeth her." Every lane teems with instruction, and every alley is big with erudition: though the ignorant or incurious passer-by shuts his eyes against that universal volume of arts and sciences, which constantly lies open before him in the highways and bye-places, like the laws of the Romans, which were hung up in the public streets.

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am a very hard student; and have perhaps gleaned more knowledge from my reading, than any of your poring fellows of colleges, though I was never possessed of so much as a horn-book. In the course of my studies I have followed the example of the ancient Peripatetics, who used to study walking; and as I had not the advantage to be brought up a scholar, I have been

obliged, like the Lacedæmonian children, to the public for my education. My first relish for letters I got by cunning over those elegant monosyllables, which are chalked out upon walls and gates, and which (as pretty books for children are adorned with cuts) are generally enforced and explained by curious hieroglyphics in caricature. I soon made a further progress in the alphabet by staring up at the large letters upon play-bills, and advertisements for stage coaches and waggons; till at length I was enabled to make out the inscriptions upon signs, bills on empty houses, and the titles on rubric posts. From these I proceeded gradually to higher branches of literature; and my method has since been to visit the philobiblic libraries, and other learned stalls, and the noble collections at Moor-fields; in which choice repositories I have with infinite pleasure and advantage run over the elaborate systems of ancient divines, politicians, and philosophers, which have escaped the fury of pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. As for the modern writings of pamphleteers and magazine compilers, I make it my business to take my rounds every morning at the open shops about the Royal Exchange; where I never fail to run through every thing, fresh as it comes out. Thus, for example, I make a shift to squint over the first page of the *Connoisseur*, as it lies before me, at Mrs. Cooke's; at the next shop I steal a peep at the middle pages; at another, proceed on to the fourth or fifth; and perhaps return again to conclude it at Mrs. Cooke's. By the same means I am myself become a *Connoisseur* likewise; and you will be surprised when I assure you, that I have a great variety of the finest prints and paintings, and am master of a more curious set of nicknacks, than are to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's collection. For, as I constantly survey the windows of every print-shop, and attend every auction, I look upon every curiosity as actually in my possession: and you will agree with me, that while I have the opportunity of seeing them, the real owners cannot have more satisfaction in locking them up in cabinets and museums.

It is recorded of Democritus, that he transcribed a system of ethics from the columns of Aeciarus in Babylonia: in like manner you will conclude, that the knowledge which I have thus picked out of the streets, has been very extensive. I have gone through a complete course of physic by perusing the learned treatise of Dr. Rock, and other eminent practitioners, pasted up at the entrance of alleys and bye places. I have learned at every corner, that the scurvy is a popular disease,—that the bloody flux cannot be cured by any of the faculty, except the gentlewoman at the Blue Posts in Haydon-yard; that nervous diseases were never so frequent, and that the royal family and most of our nobility are troubled with corns. I was completely

grounded in politics by stopping at Temple-bar every morning to read the *Gazetteer*, which used to be stuck up there to the great emolument of the hackney-coachmen upon their stands. But above all, I have acquired the most sublime notions of religion by listening attentively to the spirited harangues of our most eminent field-preachers: and I confess myself highly obliged to the itinerant missionaries of Whitfield, Wesley, and Zinzendorf, who have instructed us in the New Light from empty barrels and joint-stools. Next to these, I have received great improvements from the vociferous retailers of poetry; as I constantly used to thrust myself into the circle gathered round them, and listen to their ditties, till I could carry away both the words and the tune. I have likewise got some notion of the drama by attending the theatres; though my finances were too scanty for me ever to get admittance even among the gods in the upper regions of the twelpenny gallery. I therefore had recourse to the following practice: I would contrive to hear one act at the outside of one of the pit doors; the next act I took my stand at the other; and as the author generally rises in the middle, I could catch the most tearing parts during the third act in the passage to the two-shilling gallery; in the fourth act the rants came tolerably loud to my ear at the entrance of the upper gallery; and I very attentively listened to the pathetic, at the conclusion of the play, with the footmen in the lobby.

Endowed with so much learning, you will doubtless be curious to know to what purposes I have turned it. Almost before I could read at all, I got into the service of a very eminent doctor of physic, who employed me in sticking up his bills and slipping them slyly into the hands of spindle-shanked young fellows, as they passed by. After this, by closely studying these elegant compositions, I got together a sufficient set of medical phrases, which (by the help of Bailey's Dictionary) enabled me to draw up bills and affidavits for those doctors who are not so happy as to be able to write or read. I was next promoted to the garret of a printer of bloody murders, where my business was to invent terrible stories, write Yorkshire tragedies, and occasionally to put the ordinary of Newgate's account of dying speeches into lamentable rhyme. I was afterwards concerned in works, that required a greater fund of erudition, such as bog-house miscellanies, and little books for children: and I was once engaged as the principal compiler of a three half-penny magazine. Since that I followed the occupation of an eaves-dropper, or collector of news for the daily papers; in which I turned a good penny by hunting after marriages and deaths, and inventing lies for the day. Once indeed, being out of other business, I descended to the mean office of a ballad-singer, and hawked my own verses; but not having a good ear to music,

and the tone of my voice being rather inclined to whining, I converted my ballads into penitential hymns, and took up the vocation of methodist preacher. In this station I made new converts every day among the old women by my sighs and groans, who in return contributed their half-pence, which I disposed of in charity to myself: but I was at last beat off the field by a journeyman shoemaker, who fairly out-whined me; and finding myself deserted by my usual audience, I became settler to a Fleet parson.

My employment now was to take my stand at the end of Fleet-market, and whenever I saw any gaping young couple staring about them, to whisper them softly in the ear, and ask them whether they wanted to be married. Whenever the ceremony was performed, I officiated as clerk and father to give away the bride; and when my master the doctor died, I made a shift to purchase his entire stock in trade, (consisting of a rusty cassock, an old grizzle wig, and one lappet of a band) and succeeded him in his benefice of the Hand-and-Pen chapel. I now got a more comfortable subsistence than many regularly ordained curates in the country; but the marriage act soon after taking place, I was flung out of employ; and as the primate of May-fair, the reverend Dr. Keith, is forced to sell snuff in the Fleet-prison, I have been obliged to retail gin in a night-cellar.

Thus, Mr. Town, have I set before you the progress I have made in literature, as well as the particular circumstances of my life, in hopes they will induce you to recommend me to the notice of the public. As the parliament has not thought fit to make any provision for the poor distressed clergy of the Fleet, I intend to open a new oratory chapel in Fleet-market, to be conducted on the same principles with that established in Clare-market; and for which I flatter myself, I shall appear no less qualified by my education, than the renowned Henley or any of his butchers. I shall, therefore, beg leave to subscribe myself, hoping for your countenance and protection,

Your very humble Servant,

T.

ORATOR HIGGINS.

No. 87.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1755.

Quid dignum tanto tibi ventre guaque precabor?

MART.

So wide a swallow, and so vast a pannch,
Say, what shall cram! a turbot, or a haunch?

EATING and drinking being absolutely requisite to keep our crazy frames together, we are obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and

satisfy the regular cravings of the appetite; though it is, in truth, but a very small part of the world that eat because they are hungry, or drink because they are dry. The common day labourer may, indeed, be glad to snatch a hasty meal with his wife and children, that he may have strength to return to his work; and the porter finds it necessary to refresh himself with a full pot of entire butt, while he rests his load upon the bulk at the ale-house door. But those who have more leisure to study what they shall eat and drink, require something more in their food, than what is barely wholesome or necessary: their palates must be gratified with rich sauces and high-seasoned delicacies; and they frequently have recourse to whetters and provocatives, to anticipate the call of hunger, and to enable their stomach to bear the load they lay on it. There are a sort of men, whose chief pride is a good taste (as they call it) and a great stomach; and the whole business of their lives is included in their breakfast, dinner and supper. These people of whatever rank and denomination, whether they regale on turtle, or devour shoulders of mutton and peck loaves for wagers, whether a duke at White's, or a chairman at the Blue-Posts, are certainly of the number of those "whom nature," as Sallust tells us, "has made, like the brutes, obedient to their bellies," and, indeed, partake in some measure of the sentence passed on the serpent, "to be cursed above all cattle, and to go for ever on their bellies."

There are many vices and follies which men endeavour to hide from the rest of the world; but this, above all others, they take a pride in proclaiming, and seem to run about with the cap and bells, as if they were ambitious to be ranked among the sons of folly. Indeed, as the politeness of the French language has distinguished every glutton by the title of *Bon Vivant*, and the courtesy of our own has honoured their beastly gluttony by the name of Good Living, the epicure thinks to eat and drink himself into your good opinion, and recommend himself to your esteem by an exquisite bill of fare. However this may be, it is remarkable, that as the fox-hunter takes delight in relating the incidents of the chase, and kills the fox again over a bowl of punch at night, so the *Bon Vivant* enjoys giving an account of a delicious dinner, and chews the cud of reflection on his exquisite entertainment.

I have been led into these thoughts by an acquaintance which I have lately made with a person, whose whole conversation is, literally speaking, table-talk. His brain seems to be stuffed with a hodge-podge of ideas, consisting of several dishes, which he is perpetually serving up for the entertainment of the company. As it was said of I o n i n u s, that he was a walking library, in the same manner I consider this

gentleman as a walking larder: and as the orations of Demosthenes were said to smell of the lamp, so my friend's whole conversation savours of the kitchen. He even makes use of his stomach as an artificial memory; and recollects every place he has been at, and every person he has seen, by some circumstances relating to the entertainment he met with. If he calls to mind a particular inn, he adds, "for there the cook spoiled a fine turbot:" another house is recollected, "because the parson took all the fat of the haunch of venison:" he remembers a gentleman you mention, "because he had the smallest stomach he ever knew:" or one lady, "because she drank a great deal of wine at supper:" and another, "because she has the best receipt for making her pickled cucumbers look green."

His passion for eating also influences all his actions, diversions, and studies. He is fond of hare-hunting, as he says his pursuit is animated by the hopes of seeing puss smoking on the table; but he wonders how any man can venture his neck in a chase after a fox, which, when it is got, is not worth eating. He has had occasion, on account of the disorders which his ruling passion has brought upon him, to visit the several Wells in the kingdom; but these he considers not as places where persons go to drink the waters, but where they go to eat; and in this light he gives a character of them all. "Bath," says he, "is one of the best markets in the world: at Tunbridge you have fine mutton, and most exquisite wheat-ears: but at Cheltenham, pox take the place, you have nothing but cow-beef, red veal, and white bacon." He looks upon every part of England in the same light; and would as soon go to Cheshire for butter, and Suffolk for cheese, as miss eating what each particular town or county is famous for having the most excellent in its kind. He does not grudge to ride twenty miles to dine on a favourite dish; and it was but last week, that he appointed a friend in Buckinghamshire to meet him at Uxbridge, "which," says he, in his letter, "is the best place we can settle our business at, on account of those excellent rolls we may have for breakfast, and the delicious trout we are sure to have at dinner."

Mr. Cramwell, for that is his name, is so unfortunate as to want a purse adequate to his taste; so that he is obliged to have recourse to several artifices to gratify his appetite. For this purpose he has with great pains constituted a club, consisting of persons most likely to promote good living. This society is composed of members, who are all of some trade that can furnish it with provisions, except one country squire, who supplies it with game: and they are obliged to send in the best of whatever their trade deals in, at prime cost: by which wise management the club is supplied with every delicacy the season affords, at the most reasonable rates. Mr.

Cramwell, on account of his extraordinary proficiency in the science of eating, is honoured with the office of perpetual caterer; and he has arrived to such a pitch of accuracy in the calculation of what is sufficient, that he seems to gauge the stomachs of the club, as an exciseman does a cask: so that, when all the members are present, they seldom send away three ounces of meat from the table. Upon any vacancy, much care and deliberation is used in electing a new member. A candidate's being able to devour a whole turkey with an equal proportion of chine, or eat one haunch of venison with the fat of another as sauce to it, would be no recommendation: on the contrary, there never was more caution used at the death of a Pope, to elect a successor who appears the most likely to be short-lived, than by this society of epicurean hogs to admit nobody of a stomach superior to their own. A captain of a ship trading to the West-Indies has been admitted an honorary member, having contracted to bring over, as a present to them, a cargo of turtle every voyage; and a few days ago I met Cramwell in prodigious high spirits, when he told me, that he was the happiest man in the world. "Now," says he, "we shall have ortolans as plenty as pigeons; for it was but yesterday, that we balloted into our society one of the Flanderkin-Bird-Merchants."

This association for the preservation of elegant fare gratifies my friend Cramwell's luxury at a cheap rate: and that he may make as many good meals as possible, he often contrives to introduce himself to the tables of persons of quality. This he effects by sending my lord or her ladyship a present of a Bath cheese, or a ruff or land-rail from his friends in Lincolnshire or Somersetshire; which seldom fails to procure him an invitation to dinner. He then plays his part as lustily, as if he had kept Lent, or were not to make a dinner again for a fortnight. He never suffers the smallest side-dish to escape him: for one is so exceeding good; another looks so tempting; another is so great a rarity: and though he declares he cannot touch a bit more, he will make shift to find room for this or that dainty because he never tasted it in his life. Wherever he goes, he always takes care to secure to himself the best share of every nicer dish, without the least regard to the rest of the company: he will help himself to a whole bird, though there are but a brace; and for fear any titbit should be snapped up before him, he snatches at it as greedily, as a hungry Frenchman at an ordinary. It once happened, that dining with an alderman his appetite so far got the better of his good-breeding, that he shaved off all the outside of a plum pudding, and he has ever since been talked of in the city by the name of skin-pudding.

As all his joy and misery constantly arises from his belly, he thinks it is the same with

others; and I heard him ask a perfect stranger to him, who complained that he was sick, whether he had over-eat himself. It is no wonder that Cramwell should be sometimes troubled with the gout: I called upon him the other morning, and found him with his legs wrapped up in flannel, and a book lying open before him upon the table. On asking him what he was reading, he told me he was taking physic; and on inquiring whose advice he had, "Oh," says he, "nobody can do me so much good as Mrs. Hannah Glasse. I am here going through a course of her Art of Cookery, in hopes to get a stomach: for indeed, my dear friend," added he, with tears in his eyes, "my appetite is quite gone; and I am sure I shall die, if I do not find something in this book, which I think I can eat." O.

No. 88.] THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1755.

— Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragodos.
 In vacuo latus sessor plausorque theatro.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque reffectus
 Expulit helleboro morbum bilemque mcraco,
 Et rediit ad sese:—Pol me occidistis, amici,
 Non scrvâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
 Et desumptis per vin mentis gratissimus error. HOR.

A wight there was, whose mad distemper'd brain
 Convey'd him every night to Drury-Lane:
 Pleased and transported in th' ideal pit
 At fancied tragedies he seem'd to sit.
 Now to his wits by sage Monro restored,
 No thanks, but curses on his friends he pour'd.
 Ye fools; (he cried) the dear delusion lost,
 My pleasure fled, you've cured me to my cost:
 Seized with such whims, with frenzy so diverting,
 Cruel! to close the scene, and drop the curtain.

HORACE, in the passage quoted at the head of my paper, tells us (after Aristotle) of a man, who used to sit in the empty theatre and fancy that he saw real exhibitions on the stage. We have the like account, in another ancient author, of a person that used to wait with great solicitude the coming of ships into the harbour, believing them to be his own property. The end of these madmen was also similar; they were both cured—and both complained that they were deprived of the satisfaction, which they before enjoyed of the pleasing error of their minds.

That the happiness and misery of the far greater part of mankind depend upon the fancy, need not be insisted on: *Crede quod habes et habes*, Think that you have, and you have, is a maxim not confined to those only within the walls of Bedlam. I remember a humorist, who would frequently divert himself in the same manner with the madmen above-mentioned, and supply his real wants by the force of his imagination. He would go round the markets, and

suppose himself to be cheapening the most dainty provisions; and when he came home to his scanty meal, by the same ideal contrivance he would convert his trotters into turbot, and his small beer into the most delicious Burgundy. As he was a barber by trade, he would put on the air and manners of his customers, while he combed out their wigs: with every bag he would conceive himself going to court or an assembly; and once when he was sick, he got together three or four of the largest ties, placed them upon blocks round his bed-side, and called them a consultation of physicians.

But of all others, there are none, perhaps, who are more obliged to the imagination for their ideal happiness, than the fraternity of which I am an unworthy member. There is no set of people, who are more ambitious to appear grand in the world, and yet have less means, than those gentlemen whom the world has styled authors. Wit and pride as often go hand in hand together, as wit and poverty: but though the generality of writers are by the frowns of fortune debarred from possessing a profuse share of the good things of this world, they are abundantly recompensed by enjoying them in speculation. They indulge in golden dreams, at the time that they have not sixpence in their pockets; and conjure up all the luxuries of Pontac's before them, though they are at a loss perhaps where to get a dinner. Thus a critic, by a kind of magic, will transport himself to the theatres in an imaginary chariot, and be seated at once in the front boxes; when in reality he has waited for two hours in Vinegar-yard before the opening of the doors, to secure himself a corner in the twelve-penny gallery. Hence it also happens to most authors, that though their way of life be ever so mean, their writings savour of the most unbounded magnificence; and, as they have nothing to bestow, a most surprising generosity always accompanies every action of the quill. A novelist, for example, is remarkably lavish of his cash on all occasions; and spares no expense in carrying on the designs of his personages through ever so many volumes. Nothing, indeed, is more easy than to be very profuse upon paper: an author, when he is about it, may erect his airy castles to what height he pleases, and with the wave of his pen may command the mines of Peru; and, as he deals about his money without once untying his purse-strings, it will cost him the same whether he throws away a mite or a million; and another dip of ink, by the addition of two or three gratis cyphers, may, in an instant, convert a single ten into as many thousands.

But it must be confessed, that we essay-writers, as we are the greatest egotists, are consequently most vain and ostentatious. As we frequently find occasion to prate about ourselves, we take abundant care to put the reader constantly in

mind of our importance. It is very well known, that we keep the best company, are present at the most expensive places of diversion, and can talk as familiarly of White's as if we had been admitted to the honour of losing an estate there. Though the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life may perhaps be denied us, we readily make up for the want of them by the creative power of the imagination. Thus, for instance, I remember a brother essayist, who took a particular pride in dating his lucubrations, "From my own Apartment;" which he represented as abounding with every convenience: though at the same time he was working three stories from the ground, and was often forced, for want of other paper, to scribble upon wrappers of tobacco. As to myself, I make no doubt but the reader has long ago discovered, without my telling him, that I loll at my ease in a crimson velvet chair, rest my elbow on the polished surface of a mahogany table, write my essays upon gilt paper, and dip my pen into a silver standish.

Indeed, though I have taken upon me the title of Connoisseur, I shall not presume to boast, that I am possessed of a museum like Sloane's, or a library equal to Mead's. But as Pliny, and after him our countryman Mr. Pope, have left us a description of their elegant villas, I hope it will not be thought arrogance in me, after what I have said, if I set before the reader an account of my own study. This is a little edifice situated at some distance from the rest of the house, for the sake of privacy and retirement. It is an ancient pile of building, and hangs over a small rivulet; and as the entrance into it is shaded by a thick hedge of ever-green, which casts a kind of awful gloom about it, some learned antiquaries have been led to conjecture, that it was formerly a Temple, or rather a Chapel of Ease, dedicated to one of the heathen goddesses. This goddess, they inform me, was worshipped by the Romans, and was probably held in no less veneration by the Egyptians, Chaldees, Syrians, and other nations. However this be, the walls on the inside are decorated with various inscriptions, alluding to the religious rites performed there, and hung round with the rude rhymes of ancient bards.

To this study I retire constantly every morning after breakfast, and at other parts of the day, as occasion calls. Here I am at liberty to indulge my meditations uninterrupted, as I suffer no one to break in upon my privacy: and (what will perhaps surprise my readers) I find in myself the greatest inclination to visit it after a hearty meal. In this place I made a very rapid progress in literature, and have gone through several very learned volumes, which otherwise I should never have looked into. I have here travelled leaf by leaf through the works of many worthy, but neglected ancient divines, critics,

and politicians; and have turned over many a modern pamphlet or poem with equal satisfaction. I must not forget to mention, that (like the scrupulous Mahometans) I have often picked up the fragments of several learned writers, which have come from the chandlers, and lodged them, among others no less valuable, in my study.

I may safely boast, that I am indebted for many of my best thoughts in the course of these papers, to the reflections I have had the leisure to make in this study; which probably has the same influence on my mind, as the stewed prunes had upon Bayes, which he tells us he always took when he wrote. But if my study serves to inspire me sometimes with agreeable ideas, it never fails on the other hand to remind me of the mortality of writers; as it affords repeated proofs, that we may justly say of our works, as well as of ourselves,

Scribs aut citius sedem properamus ad unam!

OVID.

O lamentable chance! to one vile seat
Sooner or later we must all retreat!

T.

No. 89.] THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1755.

*Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum!
Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ;
Passer deliciæ meæ puellæ;
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.*

CATULL.

Weep, ye belles, ye beaux, deplore!
Pretty, pretty Poll's no more!
Poll, the dear delight, the fancy,
Poll, the darling of my Nancy!
Pretty Poll, whom she did love
'Bove her eyes, O far above.

GOING the other day to visit Mrs. Penelope Doat, after I had waited some time in the parlour, the maid returned with her mistress's compliments, and informed me, that as she was extremely busy, she begged to be excused coming down to me, but that she would be very glad to see me in the nursery. As I knew she was a maiden lady, I was a good deal startled at the message: but however I followed the servant up stairs to her mistress; whom I found combing a little spotted dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the settee where she sat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens on the other corner of it. The whole room, which was a very large one, was indeed a nursery for all kinds of animals, except those of the human species. It was hung every where with cages, containing parrots, macaws, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, and goldfinches; on the

chairs were several cats reposing on soft cushions; and there were little kennels, in the Chinese taste, in almost every corner of the room, filled with pugs, fidos, and King Charles's breed. As soon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewling of the cats, which my entrance occasioned, began to cease,—“You find me here, Sir,” said the lady, “tending my little family, the only joy of my life. Here's a dear pretty creature!” holding up the dog she was combing, “a beauty! what a fine long-eared snub-nosed beauty! Lady Faddle advertised three quarters of a year, and could not get the fellow to it. Ah, bless it, and love it, sweet soul;”—— And then she stroked it, and kissed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all those inarticulate sounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addressed to dogs, cats, and children, and may be styled the language of the nursery. Upon observing me smile at the embraces she bestowed on her little motley darling, “I am afraid,” said she, “you don't love these pretty creatures. How can you be so cruel! Poor dumb things! I would not have them hurt for all the world. Nor do I see why a lady should not indulge herself in having such sweet little company about her, as well as you men run out estates in keeping a pack of filthy hounds.” Then she laid Pompey on his cushion by the fire-side; and railed at the barbarity of the human species to the rest of the creation, and entered into a long dissertation on tenderness and humanity.

A humane disposition is, indeed, so amiable either in man or woman, that it ought always to be cherished and kept alive in our bosoms; but at the same time we should be cautious not to render the first virtue of our nature ridiculous. The most compassionate temper may be sufficiently gratified by relieving the wretches of our own species; but who would ever boast of their generosity to a lap-dog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey? or would any lady deserve to be celebrated for her charity, who should deny support to a relation or a friend, because she maintains a litter of kittens? For my part, before I would treat a Dutch puppy with such absurd fondness, I must be brought to worship dogs, as the Egyptians did of old; and ere I would so extravagantly doat upon a monkey, I would, as Iago says on a different occasion, “exchange my humanity with a baboon.”

Yet there have been many instances, besides my female friend, of this fondness for the brute creation being carried to very ridiculous lengths. The grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulse of a lap-dog, and inspect the urine of a squirrel; nay, I am myself acquainted with a lady, who carried this matter so far, as to discharge her chaplain, be-

cause he refused to bury her monkey. But the most solemn piece of mummery on these occasions is the making provisions for these animals by will; which absurd legacies as little deserve the title of humanity, as those people merit being called charitable, who in a death-bed fright, starve their relations by leaving their estates to found an hospital. It were indeed to be wished, that money left in trust for such uses were subject to some statute of mortmain; or at least that the gentlemen of the long robe would contrive some scheme to cut off the entail from monkeys, macaws, Italian greyhounds, and tabby-cats.

That a stage coachman should love his cattle better than his wife or children, or a country squire be fond of his hounds and hunters, is not so surprising, because the reason of their regard for them is easily accounted for: and a sea-captain has, upon the same principles, been known to contract an affection for his ship. Yet no coachman would, like Caligula, tie his horses to a golden rack; but think he shows sufficient kindness by giving them a good feed and clean straw: and the country sportsman takes care to provide his hounds with a warm kennel and horse flesh; but would never think of placing them on cushions before the fire, and cramming them with fricasees, or breed them with as much care as the heir to his estate.

This irregular passion, (if I may so call it) is most frequently to be met with among the ladies. How often has the slighted gallant envied the carresses given to a lap-dog, or kisses bestowed on a squirrel! and “I would I were thy bird!” has been the fond exclamation of many a Romeo. But it is remarkable, that this affection for birds and beasts generally wears off after marriage, and that the ladies discard their four-footed darlings and feathered favourites, when they can bestow their endearments on a husband. Wherefore, these dry nurses to pugs and grimalkins are mostly to be met with among those females, who have been disappointed in the affairs of love, and have, against their will, retained the flower of virginity, till it has withered in their possession. It often happens that there is some kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved, and the animal on which they afterwards fix their affections: and I remember an instance of a lady's passion for a lawyer being converted into dotage on a parrot; and have an old maiden aunt, who once languished for a beau, whose heart is now devoted to a monkey.

But I should not so much quarrel with these humane ladies, who choose to settle their affections on the brute species, if their love for these pretty creatures was not troublesome to others, who are not so sensible of the charms of a snub-nose, or cannot discover any beauty in the grey eyes of a cat. A doating mother would never

forgive you, if you did not call her brat a fine child, and dandle it about, and prattle with it, with as much seeming rapture as herself; in like manner, a lady would take it as an affront to her own person, if you did not pay your addresses equally to her pug or parrot. I know a young fellow, that was cut off with a shilling by an old maiden aunt, on whom he had great dependance, because he gave poor Veny a kick, only for lifting up his leg against the gentleman's stocking: and I have heard of another, who might have carried off a very rich widow, but that he could not prevail upon himself to extend his caresses to her dormouse. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that the embraces and endearments bestowed on these rivals of the human species should be as private as the most secret intrigues; and I would have lap-dogs, like fretful and squalling children, confined to bark and growl only in the nursery. We may often see a footman following his lady to church with a large common-prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other. I have known a grave divine forced to stop short in the middle of a prayer, while the whole congregation has been raised from their knees to attend to the howling of a non-conforming pug; and I once saw a tragedy monarch disturbed in his last moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a discerning critic of King Charles's black breed, who jumped out of the stage box, and fastened upon the hero's perriwig, brought it off in his mouth, and lodged it in his lady's lap.

It will not appear strange, after what has been said, that these ladies, or lady-like gentlemen, should be as solicitous to preserve the breed of their favourite animals, as a sportsman of his hounds and horses. I have known a gentleman in St. James's street send his little Cupid in a sedan chair as far as Grosvenor-square, to wait upon a lady's Veny for this very purpose: and I shall never forget a card, which was sent to another lady on a like occasion, expressed in the following terms:—"Mr. ———'s compliments to Lady Betty ———, is glad to hear Miss Chloe is safely delivered, and begs it as a particular favour, that her ladyship would be pleased to set him down for a puppy." O.

No. 90.] THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1755.

—*Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid prosit, video, ingenium.*—

HOR.

Ah, what can application do,
Unless we have a genius too?
Or genius how have cultivation,
Without due pains and application?

If we consider that part of our acquaintance, whom we remember from their infancy, we

shall find, that the expectations we once entertained of their future abilities are in many instances disappointed. Those who were accounted heavy dull boys, have by diligence and application made their way to the first honours, and become eminent for their learning and knowledge of the world; while others, who were regarded as bright lads, and imagined to possess parts equal to any scheme of life, have turned out dissolute and ignorant; and quite unworthy the title of a genius, except in the modern acceptance of the word, by which it signifies a very silly young fellow, who from his extravagance and debauchery has obtained the name of a genius, like *lucus a non lucendo*, because he has no genius at all.

It is a shocking drawback from a father's happiness when he sees his son blessed with strong natural parts and quick conception, to reflect that these very talents may be his ruin. If vanity once gets into his head and gives it a wrong turn, the young coxcomb will neglect the means of improvement, trust entirely to his native abilities, and be as ridiculously proud of his parts, as the brats of quality are taught to be of their family. In the meantime, those whom nature threw far behind him, are by application enabled to leave him at a distance in their turn; and he continues boasting of his genius, till it subsists no longer, but dies for want of cultivation. Thus vanity and indolence prevent his improvement; and if he is to rise in the world by his merit, take away the means of success, and perhaps reduce him to very miserable distresses. I know one of these early geniuses, who scarce supports himself by writing for a bookseller; and another, who is at leisure to contemplate his extraordinary parts in the Fleet prison.

If we look into the world, we shall find that the mere genius will never raise himself to any degree of eminence without a close and unrewarded application to his respective business or profession. The Inns of Court are full of these men of parts, who cannot bear the drudgery of turning over dry cases and reports; but, though they appear ever so eloquent in taverns and coffee-houses, not the nearest relation will trust them with a brief: and many a sprightly physician has walked on foot all his life, with no more knowledge of his profession than what lies in his periwig. For whatever opinion they themselves may have of their own parts, other persons do not choose to be bantered out of their estates or joked out of their lives; and even in trade, the plodding men of the Alley would foretell the bankruptcy of any wit among them, who should laugh at the labour of accounts, or despise the Italian method of book-keeping. Thus we see, that parts alone are not sufficient to recommend us to the good opinion of the world; and if not roused and called forth by study and application, they would become torpid, and use-

less : as the race-horse, though not put to drag a dray or carry a pack, must yet be kept in exercise. But I shall enlarge no further on this subject, as I would not anticipate the thoughts contained in the following elegant little fable ; which is written by the same ingenious hand, that obliged the public with the verses on Imitation, inserted in my sixty-seventh number.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

GENIUS, blest term of meaning wide !
(For sure no term so misapplied),
How many bear the sacred name,
That never felt a real flame !
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'd Inclination.

But yet, suppose a Genius true ;
Exempli gratiâ, me or you ;
Whate'er he tries with due intention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension :
Surmounting every opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
Should he presume alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts ?
Sure of success whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise ?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value sake,
Its springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true :
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear ?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays
Perhaps within our bosom plays :
O how the purer rays aspire,
If Application fans the fire !
Without it genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise :
Nay, Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail ;
And now, to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds conversed as well as sung,
And use of speech was not confined
Merely to brutes of human kind ;
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The Genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd ;
For Geniuses are ever proud.
His flight, he'd boast, 'twere vain to follow,
For horse and dog, he'd beat them hollow ;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength
Outstript his brethren half a length.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation :—
" O Puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match,—nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial."

'Twas done and done,—all fair—a bet—
Judges prepared, and distance set.
The scampering Hare outstripp'd the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.

" Friend Tortoise," cries the jeering Hare,
" Your burthen's more than you can bear :
To help your speed, it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell ;
Jog on a little faster prithee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."
So said, so done,—and safely sure ;
For say, what conquest more secure ?
Whene'er he waked (that's all that's in it),
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard the taunting jeer,
But still resolved to persevere ;
Still drawl'd along, as who should say
I win, like *Fabius*, by delay ;
On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets are won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake :
" Puss, though I own thy quicker parts
Things are not always won by starts :
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow and steady* wins the race."

No. 91.] THURSDAY, OCT. 23, 1755.

Omnia Castor emit ; sic fiet, ut omnia vendet.

MART.

Such bargains purchased by his dear,
Her taste at auctions showing,
Himself must turn an auctioneer—
A going, a going, agoing.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I AM married to a woman of the most notable disposition, who values herself upon going the nearest way to work in every thing, and laying out her money to more advantage than any body else. But her economy is so strangely expensive, and her savings attended with such ridiculous extravagance, that she has almost undone me by her frugality.

In the first place, my wife is particularly proud of being an excellent market-woman. She understands this business so well, it seems, that she buys every thing better of its sort, and at a cheaper rate, than any other person ; for which reason she always undertakes it herself, and trudges to market with all the notable air and housewifely appearance of an old butter-woman. Here she flatters herself that she has the art of beating down every thing so very low, that she cannot resist the temptation of buying such extraordinary pennyworths ; and after spending the whole morning at twenty different shops, and four or five different markets, she comes home with provisions enough to support the first duke's family in the kingdom for a week. Though the natural consequence of this housewifery is, that above half her marketings stink and grow musty before we can use them, yet she is highly delighted with her management ;

and entertains all the good ladies of her acquaintance with an account of her economy, and the complaints of the tradesmen, that there was no dealing with her, that she is too hard for them, and that they shall be ruined by selling her such bargains.

I should tell you, Sir, that soon after we were married, my wife over-persuaded me to take a house in the country; and she assured me, that we should save more than the rent of it, by the advantages of breeding our own poultry, and feeding our own cattle, for the supply of our table. I accordingly hired a little box about twenty miles from town, with a piece of ground adjoining to it, and my wife took upon her the whole management of the estate; for the ordering of which she had collected together so many excellent rules, that she was sure to save cent. per cent. in every article. The consequence of this was, that our chickens, being fed with rye, instead of barley and wheat, died of the pip; our turkeys were crammed with bran and buttermilk, to save the expense of corn, and were most of them carried off by a looseness; our geese were fattened with acorns instead of oats, and were as poor as their plucked brethren in the fens of Lincolshire. Our hogs cost us nothing in a manner for their keeping, as they lived upon turnip-parings and cabbage-stalks, pease and bean-shells, scalded crab-apples, and bull's blood and liver; in consequence of which our bacon was rancid, and our pork measly. We had two cows for the use of our dairy; but the very first winter, being fed, for cheapness, with nothing but collard leaves and chopt straw, they gave no milk for half the year, and at last died of the distemper among the horned cattle. Even our poor mare, which used to run in the chaise, fared no better than the miller's horse, as she was kept chiefly upon bran, and very seldom indulged with the luxury of oats and beans; so that the poor creature, after a journey somewhat harder than usual, dropped down dead between the shafts. We had scarce better luck in the management of our garden; for though my wife prided herself on her notable skill in these matters, our fruit trees could never be brought to bear; and when cucumbers were to be had for a penny a dozen, and pease for a groat a peck, we had the pleasure of gathering them fresh from our own garden, after they had stood us in more than ten times their value in the raising.

Among her other housewifely accomplishments, my wife was possessed of the original receipts of her grandmother for all sorts of made wines, which nobody could distinguish from those of a foreign growth. She therefore set about making a large quantity of Port and Claret from elder-berries, and Mountain and Frontinac from raisins and brown sugar: but when these had been kept to a proper age, and were fit

to be drank, we had this only consolation, that they were the best vinegar that could be used for our pickles. Our October, which she contrives to brew with as much bran as malt, and mug-wort instead of hops, grew dead in the casks, before it had sufficiently fermented; and when we had bottled it off, it burst above twenty dozen bottles, and the remainder was sour. My wife also bought a still, with its whole apparatus, that she might make Plague and Hysterical Water, for her own use, and to give away among her poor neighbours: but at one time the head of the still flew off, and laid her under the surgeon's hands for three months; and at another, it took fire, and had like to have burnt the house down. To this account I should likewise set down the charge of our apothecary's shop, in preparing ointments for scalds, salves for burns, and other family medicines; in all which I know to my cost, the old saying was inverted, and we lost elevenpence out of a shilling.

You must know, Sir, that (besides her domestic economy) my provident dear is a most passionate admirer of a pennyworth in any shape; and is one of those prudent good ladies, who will purchase any thing, of which they have no need, merely because they can have it a bargain. It would be doing much service to many other poor gentlemen as well as to me, if you could convince these thrifty females, that to purchase useless commodities at any price, can never be good housewifery, and that however nearly they may drive their bargains, there is just so much money flung away as the purchase costs. We have as much linen by us as would set up a piece-broker, which my wife has purchased under prime cost of the Scotch pedlars that came to our door; and I am sure we have cast-off clothes sufficient to furnish a sale-shop, which she has bought of ladies' maids for a mere trifle. She is a frequent customer to pretended smugglers, that whisper in your ear, and offer you right India handkerchiefs made at Spitalfields. But above all, she constantly attends the several Auctions of the Stock in Trade of eminent Tradesmen, that were never heard of, and the household furniture, plate, china, &c. of Baronets and Squires, that never existed but in the brain of the auctioneer. Here she meets with such excellent pennyworths, that as my pantry is stored with more provisions than we can dispense with, every room in my house is crammed up with useless beds, tables, chests of drawers, curiosities, peruke-pated beaux and fine ladies (beauties of their times), that are good for nothing but to hide the bare walls of a garret. In short, Sir, unless you can prevail with her to forego the wonderful advantages of making such exquisite purchases, as (she says) all the world would jump at, I shall very soon be quite a beggar: for if she goes on at this rate,

buying things for nothing, as she calls it, I shall shortly have nothing to buy withal.

As these valuable purchases are daily multiplying upon my hands, and as my house is become a repository for the refuse of sales and auctions, the only method I can think of at present to get rid of them, is to make an auction myself. For this purpose I have drawn out a catalogue; and have sent you the following specimen, that by it you may judge of the rest of my curiosities.

CATALOGUE,

OF THE CHOICE AND VALUABLE EFFECTS OF MR. ———,
LEAVING OFF HOUSEKEEPING.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

In the First Day's Sale (among other Particulars equally curious) will be included,

A whole sheet print of King Charles on horseback, by Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured. Mary Queen of Scots, by the same master, done after the life, and painted upon glass; the right eye cracked, and the nose a little scratched.

A capital picture of Adam and Eve in cross-stitch.

Noah's Ark, in tent-stitch, its companion.

Fair Rosamond's Bower, in Nun's work by the same hand.

A lively representation of Chevy Chase, in lignum vitæ, rose-wood, and mother of pearl, curiously inlaid.

Several lesser pieces of birds, beasts, fruits, and flowers; copied from nature in coloured silks, stained feathers, and painted straw.

Merlin's Cave, in shell work; composed of above a thousand beautiful shells, with a cascade of looking-glass playing in the middle.

A most curious Tea-table of rare old japan; with the edges broke off, and one of the legs standing.

A most rare and inestimable collection of right old china; consisting of half a punch-bowl, three parts of a dish, half a dozen plates joined together with wires drilled through their middles, a sugar-dish with a piece broke off the side, a tea-pot without a spout, another without a handle, and five odd cups and saucers, the cracks neatly joined with white paint.

Some large and elegant jars and vases in *papier machee*.

Several figures of dogs, monkeys, cats, parrots, mandarins, and bramins, of the Chelsea and Bow manufactory.

To which will be added,

A SMALL, BUT WELL-CHOSEN COLLECTION
OF

MODERN BOOKS,

CONSISTING OF

Pope's Works, and all our best authors—pub-

lished in ink-stands, tea-chests, and quadrille-boxes for fishes and counters.

Miss in her Teens—The Fool in Fashion—All for Love—The Way to win him—She would if she could—Much ado about Nothing—bound together, for the use of the fair sex, in a complete set of dressing-boxes.

A new form of Self-examination—in a snuff-box, with a looking-glass in the lid of it.

The Spiritual Comfort, or Companion for the Closet—in a small pocket volume, containing a bottle of cordial water.

The Posthumous Works of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke—in a close stool.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

T.

No. 92.] THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1755.

*O nata mecum Consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum;
Descende. ———*

HOR.

Brisk wine some hearts inspires with gladness,
And makes some droop in sober sadness;
Makes politicians sound to battle,
And lovers of their mistress prattle;
While with "potations pottle deep"
It lulls the serious sot to sleep.

DRINKING is one of those popular vices, which most people reckon among their venial failings; and it is thought no great blot on a man's character, to say he takes his glass rather too freely. But as those vices are most dangerous and likely to prevail, which, if not approved, are at least commonly excused, I have been tempted to examine, whether drinking really deserves that quarter it receives from the generality of mankind: and I must own, that after a strict attention to the principal motives, that induce men to become hard drinkers, as well as to the consequences which such excesses produce, I am at a loss to account for the received maxim, that "in good wine there is truth;" and should no more expect happiness in a full bowl, than chastity in the bar of a tavern.

The incentives to this practice are some of them very shocking, and some very ridiculous; as will perhaps appear from the following characters.

Poor Heartly was blest with every noble qualification of the head and heart, and bade fair for the love and admiration of the whole world: but was unfortunately bound in a very large sum for a friend, who disappeared, and left him to the mercy of the law. The distresses, thus brought upon him by the treachery of another, threw him into the deepest despair: and he had at last recourse to drinking, to benumb (if possi-

ble) the very sense of reflection. He is miserable, when sober; and when drunk, stupified and muddled: his misfortunes have robbed him of all the joys of life; and he is now endeavouring wilfully to put an end to them by a slow poison.

Tom Buck, from the first day that he was put into breeches, was always accounted a boy of spirit; and before he reached the top of Westminster school, knew the names and faces of the most noted girls upon town, tossed off his claret with a smack, and had a long tick at the tavern. When he went to Oxford, he espoused the Tory party, because they drank deepest; and he has for some years been accounted a four bottle man. He drank for fame; and has so well established his character, that he was never known to send a man from his chambers sober, but generally laid his whole company under the table. Since his leaving the University nobody ever acquired more reputation by electioneering; for he can see out the stoutest freeholder in England. He has, indeed, swallowed many a tun in the service of his country; and is now a sounder patriot by two bottles, than any man in the country.

Poor Would-be became a debauchee through mere bashfulness, and a foolish sort of modesty, that has made many a man drunk in spite of his teeth. He contracted an acquaintance with a set of hard drinkers; and though he would as soon choose to swallow a dose of physic, has not courage to refuse his bumper. He is drunk every night, and always sick to death the next morning, when he constantly resolves to drink nothing stronger than small beer for the future; but at night the poor fellow gets drunk again through downright modesty. Thus Would-be suffers himself to be pressed into the service; and since he has commenced a jolly fellow, is become one of the most miserable wretches upon earth.

Honest Ned Brimmer is at present the most dismal object that ever fell a sacrifice to liquor. It was unluckily his first ambition to promote what is called good fellowship. In this undertaking he has in a very few years entirely ruined his constitution; and now stalks up and down in so piteous a condition, as might inspire his companions with more melancholy reflections than an empty bottle. He has quite lost all appetite; and he is now obliged to keep up a weak artificial heat in his body, by the same means that destroyed the natural warmth of his constitution.—Rum, Brandy, and Usquebaugh, are his diet-drinks: and he may perhaps linger a few months, before he falls a martyr to good fellowship.

Having thus taken a short view of the unhappy motives that induce men to become hard drinkers, few perhaps will think such reasons any recommendation to drunkenness. Nor can I imagine they will grow more fond of it, by

observing what strange creatures they are during their intoxication. Shakspeare calls it "putting a devil into their mouths, to steal away their brains:" and, indeed, a cup too much turns a man the wrong side out; and wine, at the same time it takes away the power of standing from the legs, deprives the mind of all sense and reflection. It is whimsical enough to consider the different effects, which wine produces on different tempers. Sometimes, like love, it makes a fool sensible, and a wise man an ass; and seems to imbibe a new quality from every different body, as water takes a tincture from the ground it runs through.

Horace has with great pleasantry recapitulated the various effects of wine, in a stanza, which I have placed at the head of this paper. One man grows maudlin and weeps; another becomes merry and facetious; a third quarrels, throws a bottle at his companion's head, and could run his dearest friend through the body; a fourth is mad for a girl, and falls in love with a street-walker; while to a fifth, the liquor serves as an opiate, and lulls him to sleep. Shakspeare has also shown this variety of characters with great humour. Cassio cries, "let's to business," and immediately begins to hiccup his prayers, and belches out his hopes of salvation: Justice Silence, who does not speak a word while he is sober, has no sooner swallowed the rousing cup, than he roars out a catch, and grows the noisiest man in the company. It is reported to have been one of the most exquisite entertainments to the choice spirits, in the beginning of this century, to get Addison and Steele together in company for the evening. Steele entertained them till he was tipsy; when the same wine that stupified him, only served to elevate Addison, who took up the ball just as Steele dropped it, and kept it up for the rest of the evening. They who have never been present at a scene of this kind, may see the whole group of drunken characters, displayed at one view with infinite humour, in Hogarth's *Modern Midnight Conversation*.

Thus excess of drinking verifies all the transformations recorded in the fable of Circe's cup; and perhaps the true reason why Bacchus is always painted with horns, is to intimate, that wine turns men into beasts. Indeed, if none were to indulge themselves in drinking, except those, who (like Steele and Addison) could be witty and agreeable in their cups, the number of hard drinkers would be very happily diminished. Most men have so little right to plead an excuse of this sort in vindication of their drunkenness, that wine either makes them very rude, very stupid, or very mad. It is a vulgar error to suppose that liquor only shows ill qualities since it also frequently creates them; and engenders notions in the mind quite foreign to its natural disposition, which are the mere effects of wine, and

break out like blotches and carbuncles on the face. The disgusting appearance which most people make when they are drunk, was what induced the Spartans to intoxicate their slaves, and show them to their children, in order to deter them from so odious a vice. In like manner let the choice spirit, who is often seen snoring in an armed-chair in a tavern, or hanging his head over the pot, reflect what a shocking figure he must have made, when he sees the drunken beggar sleeping on a bulk, or rolling in the kennel!

Whoever thus considers the motives that generally induce men to give in to these excesses, and how ridiculous and unhappy they are often rendered by the effects, will hardly be tempted by the charms of a bottle: and, indeed, hard drinking is frequently one among the many evils that arise from want of education. The dull country squire, who has no taste for literary amusements, has nothing, except his dogs and horses, but his bumper to divert him; and the town squire sits soaking for the same reason in a tavern. These are the common herd of Bacchus's swine: but nothing is more shocking than to see a man of sense thus destroying his parts and constitution. It not only makes a terrible innovation in his whole frame and intellects, but also robs him of the society of those like himself, with whom he should associate, and reduces him to the level of a set of wretches; since all may be admitted to his company and conversation, who are able to toss off a bumper.

These considerations are sufficient to convince us of the evils which result from hard drinking; but it will shock us still more, if we reflect, how much it will influence our life and conduct. Whoever is engaged in a profession, will never apply to it with success, while he sticks so close to his bottle; and the tradesman, who endeavours to make business and pleasure compatible, will never be able to make both ends meet. Thus, whether health, fame, or interest is regarded, drunkenness should be avoided: and we may say with Cassio, "every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil."

O.

No. 93.] THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1755.

*Hæu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
Te Deus! ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
Humanis!* —————

Hor.

Why, Fortune, serve us such a cruel prank,
To turn thy wheel, and give us blank, blank, blank!

I CANNOT but admire the ingenious device prefixed to the advertisements of Hazard's Lottery-Office, in which Fortune is represented hovering

over the heads of a great number of people, and scattering down all kinds of prizes among them. What Mr. Hazard has here delineated, every adventurer in the late lottery had pictured to himself: the Ten Thousand constantly floated before his eyes, and each person had already possessed it in imagination. But, alas! all our expectations are now at an end: the golden dream is at length vanished; and those, whose heads were kept giddy all the while that the wheel of Fortune was turning round, have now leisure soberly to reflect on their disappointment. How many unhappy tradesmen must now trudge on foot all their lives, who designed to loll in their chariots! How many poor maidens, of good family but no fortune, must languish all their days without the comforts of a husband and a coach and six! Every loser thinks himself ill used by Fortune: and even Mrs. Betty, the possessor of a single sixteenth, flies to the office, pays her penny, and receives the tidings of her ill luck with surprise: goes to another office, pays her penny, hears the same disagreeable information, and can hardly, very hardly persuade herself, that Fortune should have doomed her still to wash the dishes, and scrub down the stairs.

Thus the views of every adventurer are directed to the same point, though their motives for engaging in the lottery may be different. One man puts in because he is willing to be in Fortune's way; another, because he had good luck in the last; and another because he never got any thing before: this indulges in the prospect of making a fortune; and that comforts himself with the pleasing hopes of retrieving his desperate circumstances. Every one, however, thinks himself as sure of the Ten Thousand, as if he had it in his pocket; and his only concern is how to dispose of it. We may, therefore, consider every adventurer, as having been in actual possession of this treasure; and out of fifty thousand people, who have been blest within this fortnight with such ideal good fortune, I shall select the following instances, which fell within my own notice.

Joseph Wilkins of Thames-street, Esquire, Common Councilman and cheesemonger, got the £10,000. He could not bear the foggy air and dingy situation of the city: he, therefore, resolved to take a house at the St. James's end of the town, and to fit up a snug box at Hampstead in the Chinese taste, for his retirement on Sundays. A chariot was absolutely necessary, to carry him to and from 'Change every morning: but he intended to have it made according to the modern fashion, that it might occasionally be converted into a post chaise, to wheel him on a Saturday night to his country seat, and back again on the Monday morning. He designed to be chose alderman the first vacancy; after that to be made sheriff, receive the honour of knighthood, and perhaps get into parliament: and whenever he

passed by the Mansion-house, he could not but look upon it with pleasure, as the future residence of his lordship. Nothing was now wanting but a careful plodding partner, who should take upon himself the whole drudgery of the shop; so that the squire might have no further trouble, than to receive his dividend of the profits. But while he was considering on whom this important favour should be conferred, his ticket was drawn—Blank: and squire Wilkins is contented with his greasy employment of cutting out penny-worths of Cheshire cheese.

Jonathan Wildgoose of Cheapside, silk-mercer, had too much taste to be confined to dirty business, which he neglected for the more agreeable pursuits of pleasure. Having therefore met with great losses in trade, he was obliged to embark the remains of his shattered fortune in the lottery, and by purchasing a number of tickets secured to himself the £10,000. He had determined to keep his success secret, bilk his creditors by becoming bankrupt, turn the whole into an annuity for his life, and live abroad like a gentleman upon the income. But unluckily his creditors came upon him too quickly: and before he could know that he had not got the Ten Thousand, hurried him to jail, where he now lies, lamenting that the Act of insolvency had not been postponed till after the lottery.

John Jones, of Ludlow, in the county of Salop, Esquire, dealer and chapman, got the £10,000. This gentleman was fore-warned of his success by several indisputable tokens. His lady had dreamed of a particular number four nights together: and while the bells were ringing on his being chose bailiff of the corporation, they spoke in as plain words as ever Whittington heard, "Mr. John Jones will get ten thousand pound—Mr. John Jones will get ten thousand pound." He and his lady, therefore, came up to London; and not being able to meet with the particular number at Hazard's or Wilson's, or any other office always remarkable for selling the Ten Thousands, they advertised it in the papers, and got the great prize, only paying a guinea more for their ticket than the market-price. As Mrs. Jones knew a good deal of the world, having lived for some years in quality of an upper servant in a great house, she was determined that Mr. Jones should take the opportunity, now they were in town, of learning how to behave himself as he should do when he came to his fortune. She, therefore, introduced him to the best company in all the house-keepers' and stewards' rooms in the best families where she was acquainted: and as Mr. Jones was so deficient in politeness, as not even to know how to make a bow in coming into a room, he had private lessons from Mr. Aaron Hart, who undertakes to teach grown gentlemen to dance. Mrs. Jones herself was very busy in consulting with the milliner and man-

tua-maker about the newest fashion, when the long looked-for Ten Thousand came up; and directly after the hey-gee-o, carried them down again to Salop, with this only consolation, that their ticket was within one of the fortunate number.

Sir Humphry Oldcastle, having greatly dipped his estate by being chosen into parliament on the Tory interest, mortgaged all he had left, and put himself in the way of the £10,000 for the good of his country. This seasonable recruit fixed him a staunch patriot; and he declared he would stand another election against all opposition. But, however it happened, the finishing of the lottery has induced him to change his sentiments; and Sir Humphry, in lieu of the £10,000 has accepted a place.

Jemmy Lister, an attorney's clerk, was carried into the lottery by pure disinterested love. He had conceived a violent passion for his master's daughter; but the prudent old gentleman could not be prevailed on to give her away to a handsome young fellow without a penny. This enraged him so much, that he immediately sold the reversion of a small estate after the death of his grandmother, and by laying out the purchase-money, as far as it would go, in shares and chances, got the £10,000. He was for some time in doubt, whether he should bestow his good fortune on the young lady, or employ it more fashionably in keeping a girl. However, his hopes soon sunk to one of the £5000 prizes, which he generously determined to settle upon her together with his person. But in this too he was unhappily disappointed; and at last, like a true lover, contented himself with the thoughts of maintaining her very prettily (even though the father should give her nothing) on the income of one or other of the inferior prizes which he was sure would fall to his lot. Fortune, alas! is no less blind a deity than love: they both conspired to disappoint him; and the unsuccessful gallant, having received a positive refusal from his mistress, out of mere spite directly married the maid.

Captain Mac Mullen, a decayed gamester, made shift to purchase the chance of a sixteenth, which (notwithstanding the great odds against him) came up £10,000. The first thing to be done was to purchase a genteel suit of clothes with his part of the prize, hire an equipage, pass himself off for a man of quality, and snap up a rich dowager or heiress: after which it was very easy for him to dupe all the raw gamesters at Arthur's out of their estates, and to take in all the knowing-ones on the turf at Newmarket. He accordingly bespoke his liveries, settled the fashion of his chariot, and had already pitched upon the lady whose good luck it should be to fall in love with him: but so uncertain is the state of a gamester, that since the drawing of the lottery he has advertised for

charitable contributions to a distressed gentleman, who knows the world, and has had the honour to be intimate with most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom.

I need not point out any particular instances among the other sex, with respect to their disposal of the Ten Thousand; which every lady had secured by choosing the ticket herself, taking particular care, that the number should be an odd one. The married ladies have sufficient calls for even double this sum, to supply them with the necessaries of dress, and to answer the expenses of frequenting public diversions; and as to the unmarried ladies, they very well know the truth of that maxim in the ballad, that "in ten thousand pounds ten thousand charms are centred." Some ancient maiden ladies, who could never be brought to think of a husband, or to give in to the vanities of the world, were resolved to live retired upon their prize in the country, and leave proofs of their good dispositions behind them, by swelling out their wills with a long list of items to this or that charity or hospital.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the great generosity of my own publisher upon getting the £10,000. As his success was owing to his laying out in the lottery all the profits, which had already risen from the publication of this Paper, he had determined to circulate my future numbers gratis; and had even designed to keep open house for the reception of poor authors. Unhappily for the public, as well as my brother-writers, Fortune has frustrated his disinterested scheme: even I myself am admitted to eat his mutton but once a week; and (instead of giving away my papers) he has advertised, that the twelfth edition of the *Connoisseur* will be published on Tuesday the 25th of this instant November, in two pocket volumes, price six shillings bound.

No. 94.] THURSDAY, Nov. 13, 1755.

—*Militavi non sine gloriâ.*

HOR.

I too from martial feats may claim renown,
The censor and dictator of the town.

As I was going through Smithfield the other day, I observed an old fellow with a wooden leg, dressed in a sailor's habit, who courteously invited the passer-by to peep into his raree-show, for the small price of a halfpenny. His exhibitions, I found, were very well suited to the times, and quite in character for himself; for among other particulars, with which he amused the little audience of children that surrounded his box, I was mightily pleased to hear the following:—"There you see the British fleet

pursuing the French ships which are running away—There you see Major-General Johnson beating the French soldiers in America, and taking Count Dieskau prisoner—There you see the Grand Monarque upon his knees before King George, begging his life." As the thoughts of the public are now wholly turned upon war, it is no wonder that every method is taken to inspire us with a love of our country, and an abhorrence of the French king: and not only the old seaman with his raree-show, but the public theatres have likewise had a view to the same point. At Drury-Lane we have already been entertained with the Humours of the Navy; and I am assured, that at Covent-Garden Mr. Barry will shortly make an entire conquest of France, in the person of that renowned hero Henry the Fifth. And as the English are naturally fond of bloody exhibitions on the stage, I am told that a new pantomime, entitled the *Ohio*, is preparing at this last house, more terrible than any of its hells, devils, and fiery dragons; in which will be introduced the Indian manner of fighting, to conclude with a representation of the grand scalping dance with all its horrors.

While this warlike disposition prevails in the nation, I am under some apprehensions lest the attention of the public should be called off from the weighty concerns of these papers. I already perceive, that the common newspapers are more eagerly snatched up in the public coffee-houses than my essays; and the *Gazette* is much oftener called for than the *Connoisseur*. For these reasons I find it necessary to lay open my own importance before the public, to show that I myself am acting (as it were) in a military capacity, and that Censor-General Town has done his country no less service as a valiant and skilful commander at home, than Major-General Johnson in America. Authors may very properly be said to be engaged in a state of literary warfare, many of whom are taken into pay by those great and mighty potentates, the booksellers; and it will be allowed, that they undergo no less hardships in the service, than the common soldiers who are contented to be shot at for a groat a day.

It has been my province to repel the daily inroads and encroachments made by vice and folly, and to guard the nation from an invasion of foreign fopperies and French fashions. The town has been principally the scene of action; where I have found enemies to encounter with, no less formidable than the Tquattotquaws or the Chickchimuckchis of North America. But as the curiosity of the public is so much engaged in attending to the enterprises of old Hendrick the Sachem, and the incursions of Indians who have taken up the hatchet against our colonies, I am afraid that my exploits against the Savages which infest this metropolis, will be wholly

overlooked. I have, therefore, resolved to give my readers fresh advices from time to time of what passes here, drawn up in the same warlike style and manner as those very alarming articles of news which are commonly to be met with in our public papers.

Thursday, November 13, 1755.

We hear from White's, that the forces under Major-General Hoyle, which used to encamp at that place, are removed from thence, and have fixed their winter quarters at Arthur's. The same letters say, that an obstinate engagement was fought there a few nights ago, in which one party gained a great booty, and the other suffered a considerable loss. We are also informed, that an epidemical distemper rages among them, and that several of the chiefs have been carried off by a sudden death.

They write from Covent-Garden, that last week a body of Irregulars sallied out at midnight, stormed several forts in that neighbourhood, and committed great outrages; but being attacked by a detachment from the allied army of watchmen, constables, and justices, they were put to flight, and several of them taken prisoners. The plague still rages there with great violence, as well as in the neighbouring territories of Drury.

We hear from the same place, that the company commanded by Brigadier Rich has been reinforced with several new-raised recruits, to supply the place of some deserters who had gone over to the enemy; but his chief dependence is on the light armed troops, which are very active, and are distinguished, like the Highlanders, by their party-coloured dress. The enemy, on the other hand, have taken several Swiss* and Germans into pay, though they are under terrible apprehensions of their being set upon by the critics. These are a rude, ignorant, savage people, who are always at war with the nation of authors. Their constant manner of fighting is to begin the onset with strange hissings and noises, accompanied with a horrid instrument, named the cat-call, which like the war-whoop of the Indians, has struck a panic into the hearts of the stoutest heroes.

We have advice from the Butcher-Row, Temple-Bar, that on Monday night last the Infidels held a grand council of war at their head-quarters in the Robin Hood, at which their good friend and ally, the Mufti of Clare-Market, assisted in person. After many debates, they resolved to declare war against the Christians, and never to make peace, till they had pulled down all the churches in Christendom, and established the Alcoran of Bolingbroke in lieu of the Bible.

* Alluding to the dancers employed in the entertainment of the Chinese Festival, at Drury Lane theatre.

All our advices from the city of London agree in their accounts of the great havoc and slaughter made there on the Festival, commonly called my Lord Mayor's Day. All the companies in their black uniform, and the trained bands in their regimentals, made a general forage. They carried off vast quantities of chickens, geese, ducks, and all kinds of provisions. Major Guzzledown of the ward of Bassishaw distinguished himself greatly, having with sword in hand gallantly attacked the out-works, scaled the walls, mounted the ramparts, and forced through the cover-way of a large fortified custard, which seemed impregnable.

The inhabitants of Sussex have lately been alarmed with the apprehensions of an invasion; as the French have been very busy in fitting out several small vessels laden with stores of wine and brandy, with which it is thought they will attempt to make a descent somewhere on our coasts. The independent companies of Smugglers in the service of France are to be sent on this expedition: but if the fleet of Custom-house smacks, &c. do not intercept them at sea, we are preparing to receive them as soon as they are landed.

From divers parts of the country we have advice, that the roads are every where crowded with ladies, who (notwithstanding the severity of the weather) are hurrying up to London, to be present at the meeting of the Female Parliament. At this critical juncture, the fate of the nation depends entirely on the deliberations of this wise assembly; and as there are known to be many disinterested patriots in the House, it is not to be doubted, but that proper measures will be taken by them for the good of their country. Many salutary laws are already talked of, which we could wish to see put in execution: such as—A bill for prohibiting the importation of French milliners, hair-cutters and mantuamakers—A bill for the exportation of French cooks and French valets de chambre—A bill to restrain ladies from wearing French dresses—And lastly a bill to restrain them from wearing French faces. W.

No. 95.] THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1755.

Melle soporatum et medicatis frugibus offam
Obijcit.———

VIRG.

The honey'd cake will lose its sweetness soon,
And prove a bitter in the honey-moon.

As every marriage is a kind of family festival, the wedding-day is honoured with various celebrities, and distinguished, like the fifth of November, the birthdays of the royal family, or any other public day, with many demonstra-

tions of joy : the happy couple are drest in their richest suits, the bells ring all day, and the evening is concluded with the merry ceremony of throwing the stocking. But these festivities are not always so religiously observed in town ; where many a pair of quality are tacked together with the utmost privacy, and immediately after sneak out of town, as if they were ashamed to show their faces after what they had done. In the country, when the squire or any other person of distinction is married, the honey-moon is almost a continued carnival : and every marriage is accounted more or less likely to be prosperous, in proportion to the number of deer, oxen, and sheep, that are killed on the occasion, and the hogsheads of wine and tuns of ale, with which they are washed down. By the last post I received an account from my cousin Village, of the wedding of a near relation, with a particular detail of the magnificence of the entertainment, the splendour of the ball, and the universal joy of the whole manor. At the same time I received compliments from the new married couple, with a large slice of the bride-cake ; the virtues of which are well known to every girl of thirteen. I was never in possession of this nuptial charm before ; but I was so much delighted with this matrimonial token, and it excited in my mind so many reflections of conjugal happiness, that (though I did not lay it under my pillow) it gave occasion to the following dream.

I found myself in the middle of a spacious building, which was crowded with a variety of persons of both sexes ; and upon inquiry was told, that it was the temple of the god of marriage ; and that every one, who had an inclination to sacrifice to that deity, was invited to approach a large altar, which was covered with a great number of cakes of different shapes and appearance. Some of these were moulded into the form of hearts ; and others were woven into true lovers' knots : some were strewed with sugar, and stuck about with sweet-meats ; some were covered with gold ; some were stamped with coronets ; and others had their tops embellished with glittering toys, that represented a fine house, a set of jewels, or a coach and six. Plutus and Cupid were busily employed in distributing these cakes (which were all of them marked with the word Matrimony, and called bride-cakes) to different persons, who were allowed to choose for themselves, according to their different views and inclinations.

I observed several hasten to the altar, who all appeared to be variously affected by their choice. To some the cakes seemed of so delicious a flavour, that they imagined they should never be surfeited ; while others, who found the taste very agreeable at first, in a short time declared it to be flat and insipid. However, I could not help remarking, that many more (particularly among

the quality) addressed themselves to Plutus, than to Cupid.

Being desirous to take a nearer view of the company, I pushed through the crowd, and placed myself close to the altar. A young couple now advanced, and applying to Cupid, desired him to reach them one of the cakes, in the shape of a double heart pierced through with darts : but just as they were going to share it betwixt them, a crabbed old fellow, whom I found to be the girl's father, stepped up, broke the cake in two, and obliged the young lady to fix upon another, which Plutus picked out for her, and which represented the figure of a fine gentleman in gilt gingerbread.

An old fellow of sixty-two, who had stolen one day from the business of the alley, next came towards the altar, and seemed to express a strong desire for a cake. Plutus, who recollected him at first sight, immediately offered him one, which, though very mouldy and coarse, was gilt all over ; but he was astonished at the old gentleman's refusing it, and petitioning Cupid for a cake of the most elegant form and sweetest ingredients. The little god at first repulsed him with indignation, but afterwards sold it to him for a large sum of money ; a circumstance, which amazed me beyond expression, but which I soon found was very commonly practised in this temple. The old fellow retired with his purchased prize ; and though I imagined he might still have a colt's tooth remaining, after having for some time mumbled it between his old gums in vain, it lay by him untouched and unenjoyed.

I was afterwards very much disgusted with the many instances that occurred, of these delicate morsels being set up to sale : and I found, that their price rose and fell, like that of beef or mutton, according to the glut or scarcity of the market. I was particularly affected with the disposal of the two following. A young gentleman and lady were approaching the altar, and had agreed to take between them a cake of a plain form but delicious flavour, marked love and competence ; but a person of quality stepping forward persuaded the false female to join with him, and receive from Plutus one much more glittering, marked indifference and a large settlement. Another lady was coming up with a Knight of the Bath, being tempted by a cake with a red riband streaming from it, like the flags on a Twelfth-cake ; but was prevailed on by a person of greater rank and distinction to accept a more showy cake, adorned with a blue riband and a coronet.

A buxom dame of an amorous complexion came next and begged very hard for a cake. She had before received several, which suited her tooth, and pleased her palate so excessively, that as soon as she had despatched one, she constantly came to Cupid for another. She now seized her cake with great transport, and

retiring to a corner with it, I could discern her greedily mumbing the delicious morsel, though she had fairly worn out six-and-twenty of her teeth in the service. After this an ancient lady came tottering up to the altar, supported by a young fellow in a red coat with a shoulder-knot. Plutus gave him a stale cake marked with the word Jointure in large golden capitals, which he received with some reluctance, while the old lady eagerly snatched another from Cupid, (who turned his head aside from her) on which I could plainly discover the word Dotage.

A rich rusty bachelor of the last century then came bustling through the crowd. He brought with him a red cheeked country girl of nineteen. As he approached the altar, he met several coming from it with cakes, which he had refused; some of which were marked Riches, some Family, some Beauty, and one or two Affection. The girl he brought with him proved to be his dairy-maid, whom he had for some time past been in vain attempting to bring over to his wishes; but at last, finding his design impracticable, he came with her to the altar. He seemed, indeed, a little ashamed of his undertaking, and betrayed a good deal of awkwardness in his manner and deportment. However, as soon as he had taken his cake, he retired; and determined to spend the rest of his days with his milch-cow in the country.

To satisfy a modest longing, there now advanced a maiden lady in the bloom of threescore. She had, it seems, heretofore refused several offers from Cupid and Plutus: but being enraged to find that they had now given over all thoughts of her, she seized by the hand a young ensign of the guards, and carried him to the altar, whence she herself snatched up a cake, and divided it with her gallant. She was highly delighted with the taste of it at first; but her partner being very soon cloyed, she too late discovered, that the half which she held in her hand was signed Folly, and that which she had forced upon her paramour was marked Aversion.

A little, pert, forward miss, in a frock and hanging sleeves, ran briskly up to Cupid, and begged for a cake:—what it was she did not care; but a cake she must and would have, of one kind or another. She had just stretched out her hand to receive one from Cupid, when her mamma interposed, sent the child back again blubbering to the boarding school, and carried off the cake herself.

An old woman, fantastically dressed, then burst into the temple, and ran raving up to the altar, crying out, that she would have a husband. But the poor lady seemed likely to be disappointed; for, as she could prevail on no one to join hands with her, both Cupid and Plutus refused to favour her with a cake. Furious with rage and despair, she snatched one off the altar; and

seizing on the first man that came in her way, which unfortunately happened to be myself, she would have forcibly crammed it down my throat. As the least crumb of it was as disagreeable as a drench to a horse, I began to spawl, and sputter, and keck; and though the flurry of spirits which it occasioned awaked me, I thought I had the nauseous taste of it still in my mouth.

W.

No. 96.] THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1755.

— *Sex paratur aut decem sophos nummis.
Secreta quere carmina, et rudes curas,
Quas novit unus, scrinioque signatos
Custodit ipse virginis pater chartæ.
Mercare tales ab eo, nec sciet quisquam.*

MART.

Would you the name of author not refuse,
We've penn'orths for your penny, pick and choose:
We've plays or poems, ready made for sale;
With wit and humour, wholesale or retail.
On these the public breath has never blown;
Buy them, and fairly claim them for your own.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

Among the many register offices erected within these few years past, I am surprised that no scheme of the like nature has been thought of for the service of literature; and that no place has been set apart, where literary commodities of every sort might be disposed of; where men of learning might meet with employment; and where others, who want their assistance, might be sure to meet with men of learning. There is nothing of this kind in being at present, except among the booksellers; who, indeed, have made a monopoly of the trade, and engrossed the whole market to themselves. To remedy this inconvenience, my design is to set up a Literary Register Office: for which purpose I intend to hire the now useless theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and convert it into a mart for the staple commodities of the literary commonwealth. I shall here fit up apartments for the reception of my authors, who will be employed from time to time in supplying the public with the requisite manufactures. This scheme will, I doubt not, meet with great encouragement, as it is of general utility: and I do not remember any design of the same nature, except at a barber's on the other side the water, who has hung out a board over his shop with the following inscription—
Letters read and written for servants and others.

I shall always have a fresh assortment of goods in the best taste and newest fashion: as of novels for example, while the humour of reading them is prevalent among all ranks of people. For this branch I shall retain a very eminent master novelist, to cut out adventures and intrigues,

and shall employ a proper number of hands, to tack them together with all possible care and expedition: and if any ladies of quality, or others, choose to furnish their own materials for memoirs and apologies, they may have them done up, and be fitted exactly, at my office. Besides several others, which my men shall get up with the greatest despatch, I can assure you I have myself worked night and day, and have already finished six and thirty sheets of the history of Miss Sukey Sapling, written by herself.

Pamphlets of all sorts shall be composed, whenever any popular subject starts up, that is likely to engage the attention of the public. Every new play shall be followed by an examen or remarks; all riots at either playhouse will afford scope for letters to the managers; and every new actor or actress produce theatrical criticisms. Poetry, you know, Mr. Town, is a mere drug; but I shall always have a number of ready-made odes by me, which may be suited to any great man, dead or alive, in place or out of place. I shall also have a large bundle of Poems on several occasions, very proper for any gentleman or lady, who chooses to publish by subscription; besides a more ordinary sort of hymns to the morning, verses on the death of —, odes to Miss A. B. C., acrostics and rebusses, for the use of the magazines; to be sold a pennyworth, with allowance to those who take a great quantity.

With regard to law matters, as they have no sort of connection with wit or learning, I shall not concern myself with their unintelligible jargon; nor presume to interfere with those authors in parchment, who measure their words by the foot-rule, and sell their writings at so much per line. However, I shall furnish young students of the several inns of court with complete canons of criticism, and opinions on any new theatrical cases; on which they may argue very learnedly at a tavern, or plead at the bar of a coffee-house. For medical subjects, I shall procure a learned graduate by diploma from abroad, whose practice will not so much take up his time as to prevent his being at leisure to write occasional treatises, setting forth the virtues of any newly invented powder or newly discovered water. He shall also draw up the advertisements for medicines, that remove all diseases, and are never known to fail; he shall compile the wonderful accounts of their surprising cures; and furnish cases that never happened, and affidavits that were never made. With respect to divinity, as I have reason to believe that controversial writings will be often called for, I intend to bargain with the Robin Hood society to undertake in the lump to furnish my office with defences of Lord Bolingbroke, &c. and till I can procure some poor curate out of the country, or servitor from the university, to write the manuscript sermons of eminent divines lately deceased, warranted originals, I

must make shift with the Fleet-Parsons now out of business.

Though I shall not keep any dramatic works ready made by me, (as these commodities are apt to grow stale and out of fashion,) yet either of the theatres may be served with tragedy, comedy, farce, or the like, by bespeaking them, and giving but three days' notice. For the comic pieces I shall employ a poet, who has long worked for the drolls at Bartholomew and Southwark fairs, and has even printed a comedy, as it was half acted at Drury-lane. My tragedies will be furnished by a North Briton, who walked up to London from his native country with a most sublime tragedy in his coat-pocket, and which is now to be disposed of to the best bidder. Any old play of Shakspeare or Ben Jonson shall be pieced with modern ones according to the present taste, or cut out in airs and recitative for an English Opera. Songs for pantomimes may be had, to be set to the clack of a mill, the tinkling of a tin cascade, or the slaps of Harlequin's wooden sword. The proprietors of our public gardens, during the summer season, may be also supplied from my office with love-ditties to a new burthen, or comic dialogues in Crambo; and words shall at any time be fitted to the music, after the tunes are composed.

As I propose to make my office of general utility, every thing that bears the least affinity to literature will be naturally comprehended in my scheme. Members of Parliament may be supplied with speeches on any political subject; and country Justices may, on directing a letter (post-paid) to the office, have charges to the Jury at the quarter-sessions sent down to them by the first coach or waggon. Addresses on particular occasions shall be drawn up for the worshipful mayor and aldermen of any city or corporation: laws, rules, regulations, or orders, shall be formed for the Anti-Gallicans, Ubiquarians, Gregorians, or any other private clubs and societies. N. B. The free Masons may depend upon secrecy.

Many advantages may likewise accrue to the polite world from the establishment of my office. Gentlemen and ladies may have *billet-doux* written for them with the most soft and languishing expressions: message cards, and invitations to routs, shall be filled up and circulated at so much per hundred, or undertaken in the gross at a fixed price all the year round. Beaux may be accommodated with letters of gallantry to send to their laundresses, or have them copied out in a fashionable female scrawl, and directed to themselves. Gentlemen who love fighting, but cannot write, may have challenges penned for them in the true style and spirit of a modern blood.

There are many other conveniences arising from such an office, which it would be too tedious to

enumerate : and it will be found to be no less beneficial to you authors, Mr. Town, than those other Register-offices are to men and maid servants. If an author (for example) wants employment, or is out of place, he has nothing to do but to enter his name with me, and I shall presently get him work ; or if a bookseller wants a hand for any particular job, (as a translation-spinner, a novel-weaver, a play-writer, a verse turner, or the like) upon searching my books he will be sure to meet with a man fit for the business. In short, any composition, in prose or rhyme, and on any subject, may be procured at a minute's warning, by applying to my office : and I dare say, you yourself, Mr. Town, will be very glad now and then to purchase a Connoisseur of me, whenever the idle fit seizes you. If that should happen to come upon you this week, and you have nothing better, you will oblige me by laying the scheme here set before your readers ; and in return, you shall have the credit of publishing your papers at my office, as soon as it is opened, and welcome.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
J. WITSELL.

No. 97.] THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1755.

De te penditis, te respicientis amici.

HON.

Your friend, your pimp, your hanger-on, what not ?
Your lacquey, but without the shoulder-knot.

I REMEMBER to have heard a cousin of mine, who was formerly at Cambridge, often mentioning a sect of philosophers, distinguished by the rest of the collegians under the appellation of Tuft-Hunters. These are not the disciples of the Stoics or Epicureans, or the advocates for the old or new philosophy, but the followers (literally speaking) of the fellow-commoners, noblemeu, and other rich students, whom, it seems, the courtesy of the university has honoured with a cap adorned with a gold tassel. These gold threads have almost as much influence in the university, as a red or blue riband at court ; and always draw after the wearer a train of humble companions, who will be at his call to breakfast, dine or sup with him whenever he pleases, will go with him any where, drink with him, wench with him, borrow his money, or let him pay their reckoning. They are, I am told, a sort of disease of the place, which a man of fortune is sure to catch as soon as he arrives there : and these fast friends stick so close to him, that he can never shake them off while he keeps his gown on his back.

The university of London is not without its tuft-hunters, who fasten, like leeches, on a young man of fortune, at his first coming to town.

They beset him as soon as he arrives, and when they have once surrounded him, seldom fail of securing him to themselves ; for no persons of character care to have any connections with him, when he has been frequently seen in such bad company. It is a great misfortune for any young gentleman to fall into their hands : though indeed, as a fool is the natural prey of knaves, the wealthy maintainers of this fraternity are generally none of the wisest : and as at the university, "where the learned pate ducks to the golden fool," the gentleman-student is distinguished by a cap with a gold tuft, I always consider these sons of folly in town, as adorned with a showy cap hung with bells, which serve at once to denote the depth of their parts, and to call their train about them.

The dialect of the town has very expressively characterized these humble dependents on men of fortune by the name of Hangers-on. They will, indeed, take such sure hold, and hang on a man so constantly, that it is almost impossible to drop them. Whenever the gentleman appears, the hanger-on is sure to be at his elbow. They will squeeze themselves into every party that is formed ; and I have known instances of their thrusting themselves into strange families, by sticking to their patron's skirts, and impudently introducing themselves where he has been invited to dinner—which, indeed, I think would not be an improper custom, provided they would submit to stand behind his chair. They will stick so closely, that all the adhesive quality of burs, pitch, &c. seem to be collected in them : and the line in Pope's *Odyssey*, so often ridiculed, may rather be considered as emphasis than tautology in speaking of them. The hanger-on clings to his fool as Ulysses did to the rock, and in Pope's words,

They stick adherent, and suspended hung.

The tenaciousness of a hanger-on is so very strong, that whoever is drawn into their snares, is so firmly limed that he can hardly ever loose himself from them. For as nothing but the lowest meanness of spirit could ever prevail on a man to submit to such dependence on another, it is in vain to think of getting rid of such abject wretches by treating them with contempt. They will take as much beating, provided you will allow them an equal degree of familiarity, as a spaniel. They will also submit to do any little offices, and are glad to make themselves useful, whenever they have an opportunity. They will go among the brokers to borrow money for you, pimp for you, or submit to any other such gentleman-like employment to serve their friend.

It must here be noted, that every hanger-on is a person of strict honour and a gentleman ; for though his fortune is (to be sure) somewhat inferior to yours, and he submits to make him-

self convenient on several occasions, yet on that account you are indebted to his infinite goodness; and all his endeavours to serve you proceed from his great regard for you. I remember one of these friendly gentlemen, who carried his esteem so far, that in a quarrel with his rich companion, in which he was favoured with several tweaks by the nose and kicks on the breech, he received all these injuries with patience, and only said with tears in his eyes, "Dear Jack, I never expected this usage from you. You know I don't mind fighting; but I should never have a moment's peace, if I was to do you the least injury. Come, Jack, let us buss and be friends." Their gentility is unquestionable; for they are seldom of any trade, though they are sometimes (being younger brothers perhaps) of a profession. I know one, who is a nominal lawyer; but though his friend has often fee'd him, our counsellor could never with any propriety consider him as a client: and I know another, who (like Gibbet in the play) is called Captain, whose elegant manner of living must be supported by his being on full pay with his patron, since he does not receive even the common soldier's groat a day from his commission. However, considering at one view the gentility of their profession, and the shortness of their finances, I often look upon them as a band of decayed gentlemen, the honourable pensioners of those they follow. The great men among the Romans had a number of these Hangers-on, who attended them wherever they went, and were emphatically called Umbrae, or shadows; and, indeed, this appellation conveys a very full idea of the nature of these humble retainers to the wealthy, since they not only follow them like their shadows, but "like a shadow prove the substance true:" for whenever you observe one or more of these Umbrae perpetually at the heels of any gentleman, you may fairly conclude him to be a man of fortune.

These faithful friends are so careful of every thing that concerns you, that they always inquire with the greatest exactness into your affairs, and know almost as well as your steward the income of your estate. They are also so fond of your company, and so desirous of preserving your good opinion, that a Hanger-on will take as much pains to keep you entirely to himself, and to prevent a rival in your affections, as a mistress: and as a convenient female is a very necessary part of the equipage of a person of fashion, these male companions must be a very agreeable part of the retinue of those high-spirited young gentlemen, who are fond of being the head of their company. It is only a more refined taste in expense to pay a man for laughing at your wit, and indulging your humour; and who will either drink his bottle with you at the tavern, or run to the end of the town for you on an errand.

I might also take notice of a humbler sort of Hangers-on, who fix themselves to no one in particular, but fasten upon all their friends in their turns. Their views, indeed, are seldom extended beyond a present subsistence; and their utmost aim perhaps is to get a dinner. For this purpose they keep a register of the hours of dining of all their acquaintance; and though they contrive to call in upon you just as you are sitting down to table, they are always with much difficulty prevailed upon to take a chair. If you dine abroad, or are gone into the country, they will eat with your family, to prevent their being melancholy on account of your absence; or if your family is out, they will breakfast, dine, and sup with you out of charity, because you should not be alone. Every house is haunted with these disturbers of our meals: and perhaps the best way to get rid of them would be, to put them, with the rest of your servants, upon board-wages.

But besides these dangles after men of fortune, and intruders on your table in town, the country breeds a race of lowly retainers, which may properly be ranked among the same species. Almost every family supports a poor kinsman; who happening to be no way related to the estate, was too proud of his blood to apply himself in his youth to any profession, and rather chose to be supported in laziness at the family-seat. They are, indeed, known perhaps to be cousins to the squire, but do not appear in a more creditable light, than his servants out of livery: and sometimes actually submit to as mean offices of drudgery, as the groom or whipper-in. The whole fraternity of Hangers-on, whether in town or country, or under whatever denomination, are the sons of idleness: for it will be found upon examination, that whenever a man, whose bread depends on his industry, gives himself up to indolence, he becomes capable of any meanness whatever; and if they cannot dig, yet, like our Hangers-on, to beg they are not ashamed.

O.

No. 98.] THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1755.

*Ut id ostenderem, quid te isti facilem putant,
Id non fieri ex verâ, vitâ, neque adde ex æquo et bono,
Sed ex assentando, indulgendo, et largiendo.*—

TER.

What shall we call it? folly, or good nature?
So soft, so simple, and so kind a creature!
Where charity so blindly plays its part,
It only shows the weakness of her heart!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I HAVE been some years married to one of the best women in the world. She possesses all the

virtues that can be named : but, alas ! she possesses some of them to excess. Those which I wish to particularize, and which are infinitely pernicious to me and my fortunes, are her superabundant good-nature, and her boundless generosity.

It is a little difficult perhaps to ascertain, what are, or ought to be, the exact bounds of good-nature ; which, of all virtues, seems to me most necessary to be confined, or at least mitigated in such a manner, as to hinder it from destroying its own excellence and utility. On the one hand, if it is restrained too close, the world will say, that it must entirely lose its essence : but, on the other hand, fatal experience has convinced me, that if it is permitted to enjoy a full unlimited sway, this amiable virtue becomes a ridiculous vice ; and brings with it, as in my wife's case, fruitless expenses, ill-judged concessions, and a kind of blind folly, that is always liable to contempt.

Generosity is the daughter of good-nature. She is very fair and lovely, when under the tuition of judgment and reason ; but when she escapes from her tutors, and acts indiscriminately, according as her fancy allures her, she subjects herself, like her mother, to sneer, ridicule, and disdain.

To illustrate these assertions by some examples from among the many mishaps, losses, and embarrassments, which have accrued to us in the course of our domestic affairs, give me leave to tell you, that some years ago, we had a foot-boy, who acted as butler, and had the custody of the little plate, which our small fortune could afford us. The fellow was awkward, and unfit for the station ; but my wife very good-naturedly was determined to keep him in our service, because he intended to marry the nursery-maid, and would undoubtedly make an excellent husband. The rascal was a thief : but as it is ill-natured to suspect people, before we have full proof of their knavery, several of his tricks and petty larcenies were attributed to the itinerant Jews and higglers, (we then living at Newington) who frequently called at our door. At last, however, after several rogueries, too evident to all, except the blindly good-natured, he went off with my wife's gold repeating watch, and a pair of our best silver candlesticks, with which he voluntarily transported himself, as we have been since told, to the West Indies ; leaving his mistress the nursery-maid big with child, and thereby giving great license to the neighbourhood to animadvert upon my wife's amazing prescience in foreseeing his excellences as a husband.

You must know, Sir, that my dear consort, in the full glow of her goodness, is never contented, unless her servants marry each other. All I can urge against so impolitic a custom, has been to no purpose : marriage (she says) prevents

vice, and saves souls from destruction. Perhaps it may : but are no unmarried servants to be found in Mr. Fielding's register office, or elsewhere, but what are vicious ? At least I am sure, that this piece of sanctity is very expensive in its effects, and is attended with many inconveniences. One of her maids, about two years ago, was discovered to be very intimate with my footman : my wife, to prevent ill consequences, hastened to have them married, and was present herself at the ceremony. She admired the modesty of the woman, and the sober gravity of the man, during the holy rites ; and was entirely convinced, that no harm could have happened from so decent a couple. In a short space after the marriage, Patty brought forth a swinging girl ; but as it was born almost six months before its time, my wife advised them to keep it the remaining half year in cotton. She did this purely from a motive of good-nature, to shield if possible the new-married woman's reputation ; but finding our neighbours flee at the incident, and smile contemptuously at the prescription of cotton, she contented herself in believing Patty's own account, that "in truth she had been married eight months before by a Fleet-parson, but was afraid to own it."

If my wife's indulging her domestics in matrimony was productive of no other ill consequence than merely their being married, it might, indeed, sometimes prove a benefit : but the chaster and more sober they have been before marriage, the greater number of children are produced in matrimony ; and my wife looks upon herself as in duty obliged to take care of the poor helpless offsprings, that have been begotten under her own roof ; so that, I assure you, Sir, my house is so well filled with children, that it would put you immediately in mind of the Foundling Hospital ; with this difference, however, that in my hospital not only the children are provided for, whether bastards or legitimate, but also the fathers and mothers.

Your office, Mr. Censor, requires and leads you to hear domestic occurrences ; otherwise I should scarce have troubled you with the records of a private family, almost ruined by excrescences of virtue. The same overflowing humanity runs through the whole conduct of the dear woman whom I have mentioned. Even in trifles she is full of works of supererogation. Our doors are perpetually surrounded with beggars, where the halt, the maimed, and the blind, assemble in as great numbers as at the door of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Lincoln's-inn-fields. She not only gives them money, but sends them out great quantities of bread, beer, and cold victuals ; and she has her different pensioners (as she herself calls them) for every day in the week. But the expense attending these out-door petitioners, many of whom have from time to time been discovered to be impos-

tors, is nothing in comparison to the sums that are almost daily drawn from her by begging letters. It is impossible to imagine a calamity, by which she has not been a sufferer, in relieving those who have extorted money from her by pretended misfortunes. The poor lady has been much hurt by losses in trade, sustained great damages by fire, undergone many hardships from sickness, and other unforeseen accidents; and it was but yesterday that she paid a long apothecary's bill, brought on by a violent fever. Thus, Sir, though my wife keeps but little company, and the family expenses are to all appearance very small, yet this dear woman's superabundant good-nature is such a perpetual drawback on her economy, that we run out considerably. This extravagant and ill-judged generosity renders all her numerous excellences of non-effect: and I have often known her almost destitute of clothes, because she had distributed her whole wardrobe among liars, sycophants, and hypocrites.

Thus, Sir, as briefly as I can, I have set before you my unhappy case. I am perishing by degrees: not by any real extravagance, any designed ruin, or any indulgence of luxury and riot, in the person who destroys me. On the contrary, no woman can excel my wife in the simplicity of her dress, the humility of her desires, or the contented easiness of her nature. What name, Sir, shall I give to my misfortunes? They proceed not from vice, nor even from folly; they proceed from too tender a heart; a heart that hurries away, or absorbs all judgment and reflection. To call these errors the fruits of good nature, is too mild a definition: and yet to give them a harsher appellation, is unkind. Let me suffer what I will, I must kiss the dear hand that ruins me.

In my tender hours of speculation I would willingly impute my wife's faults to our climate, or the natural disposition of our natives. When the English are good-natured, they are generally so to excess: and as I have not seen this particular character delineated in any of your papers, I have endeavoured to paint it myself: and shall draw to the conclusion of my letter by one piece of advice,—Not to be generous over-much. The highest acts of generosity are seldom repaid in any other coin but baseness and ingratitude; and we ought ever to remember, that, out of ten lepers cleansed, “one only came back to return thanks; the rest were made whole, and went their way.”

I am Sir, your most humble Servant,

TIMON OF LONDON.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AT this season of the year, while the streets resound with the cry of new almanacks, and every stall is covered with news from the Stars, Diaries, Predictions, Complete Ephemerides, &c. drawn up by Partridge, Parker, Vincent Wing, and the rest of the sagacious body of philomaths and astrologers, give me leave to acquaint you of my intentions of appearing annually in a like capacity. You must know, Sir, that having observed, that among the great variety of almanacks now published, there is not one contrived for the use of people of fashion, I have resolved to remedy this defect by publishing one every year under the title of the Court Calendar, calculated for the meridian of St. James's.

The plan which has been hitherto followed by our almanack-makers, can be of no use whatever to the polite world, who are as widely separated, in their manner of living, from the common herd of people as the inhabitants of the antipodes. To know the exact rising and setting of the sun, may serve to direct the vulgar tradesman and mechanic when to open shop or go to work; but persons of fashion whose hours are not marked by the course of that luminary, are indifferent about its motions! and, like those who live under the equinoctial line, have their days and nights of an equal degree of length all the year round. The red-letter-days, pointed out in our common almanacks, may perhaps be observed by some formal ladies, who regulate their going to church by them; but people of quality perceive no difference between the moveable or immoveable feasts and fasts, and know no use of Sunday, but as it serves to call them to the card-table. What advantage can a beau reap from Ryder's List of the Fairs, which can only be of service to his groom? Or what use can any gentleman or lady make of those Diaries now inscribed to them, which are filled with algebra and the mathematics? In a word, the present uncouth way of dividing the months into Saints' days, Sundays, and the like, is no more adapted to the present modes of polite life, than the Roman division into Ides, Nones, and Calends.

Instead of supposing, with the vulgar tribe of astronomers, that the day begins at sunrise, my day, which will commence at the time that it usually breaks in fashionable apartments will be determined by the rising of people of quality. Thus the morning dawns with early risers between eleven and twelve; and noon commences at four, when, at this time of the year, the dinner and wax-lights come in together. For want of a thorough knowledge of the distribution of the day, all who have any connection with the polite world might be guilty of many mistakes: and when an honest man from Cornhill intended a

No. 99.] THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1755.

Da veniam, servire tuis quod nolo Calendis. MART.

Thy works, O Wing, O Partridge, I despise,
And Robin's for the poor, and Ryder's for the wise.

nobleman a visit after dinner, he would perhaps find him sipping his morning chocolate. The inconveniences of the old style in our manner of reckoning the days were so manifest, that it was thought proper to amend them by act of parliament. I am resolved, in like manner, to introduce the new style of dividing the hours into my almanacks: for can any thing be more absurd than to fix the name of morning, noon, and evening, at present on the same hours, which bore those appellations in the reign of Queen Elizabeth! A dutchess is so far from dining at eleven that it often happens, that her Grace has not then opened her eyes on the tea-table; and a maid of honour would no more rise at five or six in the morning, as it was called by the early dames in Queen Bess's court, than she would, in imitation of those dames, breakfast upon strong beer and beef-steaks. Indeed, in those houses, where the hours of quality are observed by one part of the family, the impolite irregularity of the other, in adhering to the old style, occasions great disturbance; for, as Lady Townly says, "such a house is worse than an inn with ten stage coaches. What between the impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink of sleep all night."

The reformation which I have also made in respect to the red-letter-days is no less considerable. I have not only wiped away that immense catalogue of saints, which crowd the Popish calendar, but have also blotted out all the other saints, that still retain their places in our common almanacks: well knowing that persons of fashion pay as little attention to the apostles and evangelists, as to St. Mildred, St. Bridget, or St. Winifred. Indeed, I retain the old name of St. John, because I am sure that people of quality will not think of any body's being designed under that title, except the late Bolingbroke. Having thus discarded the saints, people whom nobody knows, I have taken care to introduce my readers into the best company: for the red-letters in my calendar will serve to distinguish those days, on which ladies of the first fashion keep their routs and visiting days: a work of infinite use, as well to the persons of distinction themselves, as to all those who have any intercourse with the polite world. That season of the year, commonly distinguished by the appellation of Lent, which implies a time of fasting, I shall consider, according to its real signification in the *beau monde*, as a yearly festival; and shall, therefore, mention it under the denomination of the Carnival. The propriety of this will be evident at first sight; since nothing is so plain as that, at this season, all kinds of diversion and jollity are at their height in this metropolis. Instead of the Man and the Almanack, I at first intended (in imitation of Mr. Dodsley's memorandum

book) to delineate the figure of a fine gentleman, dressed *a la mode*: but I was at length determined, by the advice of some ingenious friends, to suffer the old picture to remain there: since, as it appears to be run through the body in several places, it may not improperly represent that fashionable character, a duellist.

In the place which is allotted in other almanacks for the change of weather, (as hail, frost, snow, cloudy, and the like) I shall set down the change of dress, appropriated to different seasons, and ranged under the titles of hats, capuchins, cardinals, sacks, negligées, gauze handkerchiefs, ermine tippets, muffs, &c. and in a parallel column (according to the custom of other almanacks) I shall point out the several parts of the body affected by these changes; such as head, neck, breast, shoulders, face, hands, feet, legs, &c. And as Mr. Ryder accompanies every month with seasonable cautions about sowing turnips, raising cabbages, blood-letting, and the like important articles, I shall give such directions, as are most suitable to the *beau monde*; as a specimen of which I shall beg leave to lay before you the following

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE MONTH OF MAY.

If the season proves favourable, it will be proper at the beginning of this month to attend to the cultivation of our public gardens. Trim your trees, put your walks in order, look to your lamps, have ballads written, and set to music for the ensuing summer. Ladies and gentlemen must be careful not to catch cold in crossing the water, or by exposing themselves to the damp air in the dark walk at Vauxhall.

Towards the middle of this month the air at both play-houses will begin to be too close and sultry for ladies that paint, to risk the loss of their complexion in them.

About the end of this month it will be expedient for those ladies, who are apt to be hysterical when the town empties, to prepare for their removal to Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Scarborough, for the benefit of the waters.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

W. TYCHO COURTLY.

No. 100.] THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1755.

Illic parasiticæ arti maximam in malam crucem!

Abeo ab illis, postquam video me sic ludificari.

Pergo ad alios: venio ad alios: deinde ad alios: una res.
PLAUT.

Let Tyburn take the flatterers and their arts ;
To fools a maygame I, a man of parts :
Pull'd by the nose by one ; I'm kick'd by t'other ;
And each sworn fool, I swear, has his sworn brother.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I AM one of those idle people (of whom you have lately given an account) who, not being bred to any business, or able to get a livelihood by work, have taken up the servile trade of a hanger-on. But as you have only just touched on the many dangers and difficulties incident to this way of life, in order to illustrate this part of the character, give me leave to present you with a narrative of my own adventures.

I first served my time with an old nobleman in the country ; and as I was a distant relation of his lordship's, I was admitted to the honour of attending him in the double capacity of valet and apothecary. My business in the morning was to wait on him at dressing time : to hold the bason while he washed his hands, buckle his shoes, and tie on his neck-cloth : besides which, his lordship had such a regard for me, that nobody but myself was ever trusted with cutting his corns, or pairing his toe-nails ; and whenever he was sick, it was always my office to hold his head during the operation of an emetic, to attend him in the water-closet when he took a cathartic, and sometimes to administer a clyster. If his lordship had no company, I was, indeed, permitted to sit at table with him ; but when he received any visitors more grand than ordinary, I was equipped (together with some of the best looking tenants) in a tie-wig, full-trimmed coat, and laced waistcoat, in order to swell the retinue of his servants out of livery. I bore my slavery with the greatest degree of patience, as my lord would often hint to me, that I was provided for in his will : however, I had the mortification to find myself supplanted in his good graces by the chaplain, who had always looked upon me as his rival, and contrived at length to out-wheel, out-fawn, and out-crie me. In a word, my lord died :—and while the chaplain (who constantly prayed by him during his last illness) had the consolation of having a good benefice secured to him in the will, my name was huddled among those of the common servants, with no higher legacy than twenty guineas to buy mourning.

With this small pittance (besides what I had made a shift to squeeze out of the tenants and tradesmen, as fees for my good word, when I had his lordship's ear) I came up to town, and embarked all I was worth in fitting myself out as a gentleman. Soon after, as good luck would have it, the nephew and heir of my old lord came from abroad, when I contrived to get into his favour by abusing his deceased uncle, and fastened myself upon him. It is true, he sup-

ported me ; admitted me into an equal share of his purse ; but considering the dangers to which I was constantly exposed on his account, I regarded his bounties as only plasters to my sores. My head, back, and ribs, have received many a payment, which should have been placed to his lordship's account : and I once narrowly escaped being hanged for murdering a poor fellow, whom my lord in a frolic had run through the body. My patron, among other marks of his taste, kept a mistress ; and I, as his particular crou and a man of honour, was allowed to visit her. It happened, one evening, he unfortunately surprised us in some unguarded familiarities together ; but my lord was so far from being enraged at it, that he only turned madam down stairs, and very coolly kicked me down after her.

I was now thrown upon the wide world again ; but as I never wanted assurance, I soon made myself very familiarly acquainted with a young gentleman from Ireland, who was just come over to England to spend his estate here. I must own, I had some difficulty in keeping on good terms with this new friend ; as I had so many of his own countrymen to contend with, who all claimed a right of acquaintance with him, and some of them even pretended to be related to him. Besides, they all persuaded the young squire, that they had fortunes in different parts of Ireland ; though not one of them had any real estate more than myself : and, indeed, I also had a nominal £1500. per ann. in the West Indies. These furious fellows (for, Sir, they would all fight) gave me much trouble : however, I found out my young friend's foible, and in spite of his countrymen became his inseparable companion. He was not only very fond of women, but had a particular passion for new faces ; and to humour this inclination, I was perpetually on the look out to discover fresh pieces for him. I brought him mantuamakers, milliners, and servant maids in abundance ; and at length grew so great a favourite, by having prevailed on one of my own cousins to comply with his proposals, that I verily believe he would soon have made me easy for life in a handsome annuity, if he had not been unfortunately run through the body in a duel by one of his own countrymen.

I next got into favour with an old colonel of the guards, who happened to take a fancy to me one evening at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, for having carried off a pint bumper more than a lieutenant of a man of war, that had challenged my toast. As his sole delight was centered in the bottle, all he required of me was to drink glass for glass with him ; which I readily complied with, as he always paid my reckoning. When sober, he was the best humoured man in the world ; but he was very apt to be quarrelsome and extremely mischievous when in liquor.

He has more than once flung a bottle at my head, and emptied the contents of a bowl of punch in my face: sometimes he has diverted himself by setting fire to my ruffles, shaking the ashes of his pipe over my periwig, or making a thrust at me with the red-hot poker: and I remember he once soused me all over with the urine of the whole company, by clapping a large pewter jordan topsy-turvy upon my head. All these indignities I very patiently put up with, as he was sure to make me double amends for them the next morning: and I was very near procuring a commission in the army through his interest, when, to my great disappointment, he was suddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

You will be surprised when I tell you, that I next contrived to squeeze myself into the good opinion of a rich old curmudgeon, a city merchant, and one of the circumcised. He could have no objection to my religion, as I used to spend every Sunday with him at his country-house, where I preferred playing at cards to going to church. Nor could I, indeed, get any thing out of him beyond a dinner: but I had higher points in view. As he had nobody to inherit his fortune but an only daughter, (who was kept always in the country) I became so desperately in love with her, that I would even have turned Jew to obtain her: but instead of that, I very foolishly made a Christian of her; and we were privately married at the Fleet. When I came to break the matter to the father, and to make an apology for having converted her, he received me with a loud laugh. "Sir," says he, "if my child had married the devil, he should have had every penny that was her due. But, as she is only my bastard, the law cannot oblige me to give her a farthing."

This I found to be too true: and very happily for me, my Christian wife had so little regard for her new religion, that she again became an apostate, and was taken into keeping, (to which I readily gave my consent) by one of her own tribe and complexion. I shall not tire you with a particular detail of what has happened to me since: I shall only acquaint you that I have exactly followed the precept of "becoming all things to all men." I was once supported very splendidly by a young rake of quality for my wit in talking blasphemy, and ridiculing the Bible, till my patron shot himself through the head: and I lived at bed and board with an old methodist lady for near a twelvemonth, on account of my zeal for the new doctrine, till one of the maid servants wickedly laid a child to me. At present, Mr. Town, I am quite out of employ; having just lost a very profitable place, which I held under a great man in quality of his pimp. My disgrace was owing to the baseness of an old Covent-garden acquaintance, whom I palmed upon his honour for an innocent creature just come out of the country: but the hussy was so

ungrateful as to bestow on both of us convincing marks of her thorough knowledge of the town.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,
PETER SUPPLE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I have a little god-daughter in the country, to whom I every year send some diverting and instructive book for a New-Year's gift: I would therefore beg you to recommend to me one fit for the purpose; which will oblige,

Your humble Servant,
T— W—.

TO MR. T— W—.

SIR,

I know no book so fit for your purpose as the *Connoisseur*, lately published in two pocket volumes; which I would further recommend to all fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, godfathers and godmothers, to give to their sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, nephews and nieces, godsons and goddaughters;—as being undoubtedly the best present at this season of the year, that can possibly be thought of.

TOWN, *Connoisseur*.

N. B.—Large allowance to those who buy quantities to give away. T.

No. 101.] THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1756.

— *Janique bifrontis imago.*

[VIRG.

In two-faced Janus we this moral find;

While we look forward, we should look behind.

As the appointed time of our publication now happens to fall on New-Year's day, I cannot open the business of the year with a better grace, than by taking the present hour for the subject of this paper,—a subject, which pleases me the more, as it also gives me an opportunity of paying my readers the compliments of the season, and most sincerely wishing them all a happy new year, and a great many of them. But, in order to make these civilities of more consequence than a bare compliment, I will also endeavour to give them a little wholesome advice; by which they may be most likely to ensure to themselves that happiness, and to go through the ensuing year with ease and tranquillity.

No god in the Heathen Pantheon was expressed by more proper emblems, or more magnificently represented than Janus; whom we may fairly style, in our language, the god of the new year. The medals on which the image of this deity was engraved, bore two faces, not

ogling each other like those on the shillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl like the double visage on the coin of William and Mary, but turned from each other; one looking forwards, as it were into futurity, and the other taking a retrospective view of what was past. There cannot be devised a stronger, or more sensible lesson of moral instruction, than this figure teaches us. This double view comprehends in itself the sum of human prudence; for the most perfect reason can go no higher than wisely to guess at the future, by reflecting on the past; and morality is never so likely to persevere in a steady and uniform course, as when it sets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the new year by a recollection of the old, and at the same time making the succeeding a comment on the last.

Most of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miscarriages in their most favourite enterprises, will be found, upon examination, to result from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind guess, and rashly presuming on the future, without the least attention to the past. With these the impetuosity of the passions gives their reason no scope to exert itself, but neglecting the premises, they jump to a conclusion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous understanding, meditate so profoundly on the past, that they scarce take any notice either of the present or the future. To these two characters, whose misconduct arises from two such contrary sources, may indeed be added a third, whose wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixed principles, but proceeds from a total absence of thought and reflection. These easy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themselves with what has been, what is, or what will be; and, as the image of Janus seems to bear two heads, these thoughtless vacant animals may almost be said to have no head at all.

But that the necessity of taking this comprehensive view of our affairs may appear in the stronger light, let us consider the many difficulties, in which men of any of the above characters are involved, from a total neglect or partial survey of matters that should influence their conduct. The first sort of men, who nourish great expectations from the future, and suffer hope to lay their prudence to sleep, are very common; indeed, almost every man, like the dairy-maid with her pail of milk, pleases himself with calculating the advantages he shall reap from his undertakings. There is scarce a servitor at either university, who, when he takes orders, does not think it more than possible he may one day be a bishop, or at least head of a college, though perhaps at first he is glad to snap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our

hospitals flatters himself that a few years will settle him in high practice and a chariot: and among those few gentlemen of the inns of court, who really deserve the name of students, there is hardly one who sits down to Lord Coke without imagining that he may himself, some time or other, be Lord Chancellor. At this early period of life these vain hopes may perhaps serve as spurs to diligence and virtue; but what shall we say to those people, who in spite of experience and repeated disappointments, still place their chief dependence on groundless expectations from their future fortune? This town swarms with people who rely almost solely on contingencies: and our gaols are often filled with wretches, who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes, by promising themselves great profit from some darling scheme, which has at last been attended with bankruptcy. The present extravagance of many of our spend-thrifts is built on some ideal riches, of which they are soon to be in possession; and which they are laying out as freely as the girl in the farce squanders the ten thousand pounds she was to get in the lottery. I am myself acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thousand pounds of his own in ready money; and as the old gentleman was of an infirm constitution, and turned of sixty, the nephew very considerably computed, that his uncle could hardly last above five years, during which time he might go on very genteelly at the rate of £2000 per ann. However the old gentleman held together above seven years, the last two of which our young spark had no consolation, but the daily hopes of his uncle's death. The happy hour at length arrived; the will was tore open with rapture; when, alas! the fond youth discovered, that he had never once reflected that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might possibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himself disinherited.

I shall not dwell so particularly on the ridiculous folly of those profound speculators, who fix their attention entirely on what is past, without making their reflections of service either for the present or the future, because it is not a very common or tempting species of absurdity; but shall rather advise the reader to consider the time past as the school of experience, from which he may draw the most useful lessons for his future conduct. This kind of retrospect would teach us to provide with foresight against the calamities to which our inexperience has hitherto exposed us, though at the same time it would not throw us so far back, as to keep us lagging, like the old style, behind the rest of the world. To say the truth, those sage persons who are given to such deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow pass unregarded by meditating on yesterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct as

country beaux in their dress, who adopt the town modes, just after they are become unfashionable in London.

But there is no task so difficult, as to infuse ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccustomed to thinking: for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befall him, or to improve by the calamities he has already suffered, whose actions are not the result of thought, or guided by experience? These persons are, indeed, of all others, the most to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious excesses ruin their constitution, till at length poverty and death stare them in the face at the same time; or if, unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter destruction of their fortune, they finish a thoughtless life by an act of desperation, and a pistol puts an end to their miseries.

Since, then, good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requires some thought to ensure to ourselves a likelihood of success in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the old year, and gather instructions from it in what manner to conduct ourselves through the new. Let us also endeavour to draw from it a lesson of morality: and I hope it will not be thought too solemn a conclusion of this paper, if I advise my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the past, and look forward to the future, will also naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being who has existed from all eternity, and shall exist world without end. No consideration can give us a more exalted idea of the Power who first created us, and whose providence is always over us. Let us then consider with attention this pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us blush to receive a lesson from Heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Christianity.

O.

No. 102.] THURSDAY, JAN. 8, 1756.

—Pater! nec jum pater—

OVID.

O shame to ancestry! his Grace's son
Owes his vile birth to Harry or to John.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

It has been my good fortune to be born of a family that is recorded in the Herald's dictionary as one of the most ancient in the kingdom. We are supposed to have come into England with

William the Conqueror. Upon my accession, some years ago, to my elder brother's estate and title of a Baronet, I received a visit from Rouge Dragon, Esq. Pursuivant at Arms to congratulate me upon my new rank of a Vavasour, and to know whether I should choose to bear the Dexter Base Points of the Lady Isabel's Saltire in Chief, or only her Sinister Corners, she being one of the seventeen coheirresses of my great great great great grandfather's fourth wife Dorothy, the daughter and sole heiress of Simon de la Frogpool of Croakham in Suffolk. This unexpected visit must have disconcerted me to an invincible degree, if upon recollection I had not only remembered Mr. Rouge Dragon as a constant companion to my late brother, but as a kind of tutor, in initiating him into the science of heraldry, and the civil and military achievements, to which our nobility and gentry are entitled. As soon, therefore, as I could recover myself from my first surprise, in hearing an unknown English language, I humbly thanked Mr. Dragon for the pains he had taken in considering my coat of arms so minutely; but hoped he would give himself no further trouble upon my account, because I was fully determined to bear the plain shield of my grandfather Peter, without taking the least notice of Lady Isabel's Saltire in Chief or even of her Sinister Corners.

Be it to my shame or not, I must confess that heraldry is a science which I have never much cultivated; nor do I find it very prevalent among the fashionable studies of the age. Arms and armorial tokens may, I suppose, be regularly distinguished, and properly emblazoned, upon the family plate to which they belong; but I have observed of late, that these honourable ensigns are not confined entirely to their proper owners, but are usurped by every body who thinks fit to take them; insomuch that there is scarce a hackney coach in London which is not in possession of a ducal crest, an earl's coronet, or a baronet's bloody hand. This, indeed, has often given me great offence, as it reflects a scandal on our nobility and gentry; and I cannot but think it very indecent for a duke's coach to be seen waiting at a night-cellar, or for a countess's landau to set down ladies at the door of a common bawdy-house. I remember I was one morning disturbed at my breakfast by a fashionable rap at my door; when looking out of my window, I saw the coach of the Lady Dowager — drawn up before it. I was extremely surprised at so early and unexpected a visit from her ladyship; and while I was preparing to receive her, I overheard her ladyship at high words with her coachman in my entry. When stepping to the staircase, I found that the coachman and her ladyship, represented in the person of one of my house-maids, were squab-

bling together about sixpence. This badge of nobility, assumed at random according to the fancy of the coach-painter, I have found inconvenient on other occasions: for I once travelled from London to Derby in a hired chariot, finely ornamented with a viscount's cypher and coronet; by which noble circumstances I was compelled in every inn to pay as a lord, though I was not at that time even a simple baronet, or (in the language of my friend Mr. Dragon) arrived to the dignity of a Vavasour.

I have sometimes doubted, whether nobility and high rank are of that real advantage which they are generally esteemed to be; and I am almost inclined to think that they answer no desirable end, but as far as they indulge our vanity and ostentation. A long roll of ennobled ancestors makes, I confess, a very alluring appearance. To see coronet after coronet passing before our view in an uninterrupted succession, is the most soothing prospect that perhaps can present itself to the eye of human pride: the exaltation that we feel upon such a review, takes rise in a visionary and secret piece of flattery, that as glorious, and as long, or even a longer line of future coronets may spring from ourselves, as have descended from our ancestors. We read in Virgil, that Anchises, to inspire his son with the proper incitement to virtue, shows him a long race of kings, emperors, and heroes, to whom Æneas is fore-doomed to give their origin; and the misery of Macbeth is made by Shakspeare to proceed, less from the consciousness of guilt, than from the disappointed pride, that none of his own race shall succeed him in the throne.

The pride of ancestry, and the desire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I should, perhaps, have indulged myself in the pleasing reflection, had not a particular story in a French novel, which I lately met with, put a stop to all vain glories, that can possibly be deduced from a long race of progenitors.

"A nobleman of an ancient house, of very high rank and great fortune, (says the novelist) died suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at purgatory, was sent down immediately into hell. He had not been long there, before he met with his coachman Thomas, who like his noble master was gnashing his teeth among the damned. Thomas, surprised to behold his lordship amidst the sharpers, thieves, pick-pockets, and all the *canaille* of hell, started and cried out in a tone of admiration, 'Is it possible, that I see my late master among Lucifer's tribe of beggars, rogues, and pilferers! How much am I astonished to find your lordship in this place! Your lordship! whose generosity was so great, whose affluent housekeeping drew such crowds of nobility gentry, and friends to

your table, and within your gates, and whose fine taste employed such numbers of poor in your gardens, by building temples and obelisks, and by forming lakes of water, that seemed to vie with the largest oceans of the creation! Pray, my lord, if I may be so bold, what crime has brought your lordship into this cursed assembly?'—'Ah, Thomas,' replied his lordship, with his usual condescension, 'I have been sent hither for having defrauded my royal master, and cheating the widows and fatherless, solely to enrich and purchase titles, honours, and estates for that ungrateful rascal, my only son. But prithee, Thomas, tell me, as thou didst always seem to be an honest, careful, sober servant, what brought thee hither?' 'Alas! my noble lord,' replied Thomas, 'I was sent hither for begetting that son.'"

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

REGINALD FITZWORM.

I must agree with my correspondent, that the study of heraldry is at present in very little repute among us; and our nobility are more anxious about preserving the genealogy of their horses, than of their own family. Whatever value their progenitors may have formerly set upon their blood, it is now found to be of no value, when put into the scale and weighed against solid plebeian gold: nor would the most illustrious descendant from Cadwallader, or the Irish kings, scruple to debase his lineage by an alliance with the daughter of a city-plum, though all her ancestors were yeomen, and none of her family ever bore arms. Titles of quality, when the owners have no other merit to recommend them, are of no more estimation, than those which the courtesy of the vulgar have bestowed on the deformed: and when I look over a long tree of descent, I sometimes fancy I can discover the real characters of sharpers, reprobates, and plunderers of their country, concealed under the titles of dukes, earls, and viscounts.

It is well known, that the very servants, in the absence of their masters, assume the same titles; and Tom or Harry, the footman or groom of his Grace, is always my Lord Duke in the kitchen or stables. For this reason, I have thought proper to present my reader with the pedigree of a footman, drawn up in the same sounding titles, as are so pompously displayed on these occasions: and I dare say, it will appear no less illustrious, than the pedigrees of many families, which are neither celebrated for their actions, nor distinguished by their virtues.

The family of the Skips, or Skipkennels, is very ancient and noble. The founder of it, Maitre Jaques, came into England with the Dutchess of Mazarine. He was son of a prince of the blood, his mother one of the *Mesdames* of France: this

family is therefore related to the most illustrious *Maitres d'Hotel* and *Valets de Chambre* of that kingdom. Jacques had issue two sons, viz. Robert and Paul; of whom Paul, the youngest, was invested with the purple before he was eighteen, and made a bishop, and soon after became an archbishop. Robert, the elder, came to be a duke, but died without issue: Paul, the archbishop, left behind him an only daughter, Barbara, base-born, who was afterwards maid of honour; and intermarrying with a lord of the bed-chamber, had a very numerous issue by him; viz. Rebecca, born a week after their marriage, and died young; Joseph, first a squire, afterwards knighted, high sheriff of a county, and colonel of the militia; Peter, raised from a cabin boy to a lord of the admiralty; William, a faggot in the first regiment of the guards, and a brigadier; Thomas, at first an earl's eldest son, and afterwards a brewer and lord mayor of the city of London. The several branches of this family were no less distinguished for their illustrious progeny. Jacques, the founder, first quartered lace on his coat, and Robert added the shoulder knot. Some of them, indeed, met with great trouble: Archbishop Paul lost his see for getting a cook-maid with child; Barbara, the maid of honour, was dismissed with a big belly; brigadier William was killed by a chairman in a pitched battle at an ale-house; the lord of the admiralty was transported for seven years, and duke Robert had the misfortune to be hanged at Tyburn.

No. 103.] THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1756.

————— *Nihil videtur mundius.*

TER.

The house so neat, so nice within,
'Tis pity we should enter in.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I AM married to a lady of a very nice and delicate disposition, who is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the neatest body in her house they ever knew. This, Sir, is my grievance: this extraordinary neatness is so very troublesome and disgusting to me, that I protest I had rather lodge in a carrier's inn, or take up my abode with the horses in the stables.

It must be confessed, that a due regard to neatness and cleanliness is as necessary to be observed in our habitations as our persons: but though I should not choose to have my hands begrimed like a chimney-sweeper's, I would not, like the superstitious Mahometans wash them

six times a day: and though I should be loth to roll in a pig-stye, yet I do not like to have my house rendered useless to me under the pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own part, I cannot see the difference between having a house that is always dirty, and a house that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be washed out of my home, with other masters of families, every Saturday night: but my wife is so very notable, that the same cleansing work must be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am sure to be entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpets, and I am constantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be dusted, another dry-rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop. Thus, indeed, I may be said to live in continual dirtiness, that my house may be clean: for during these nice operations every apartment is stowed with soap, brick-dust, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and dishcloths.

You may suppose, that the greatest care is taken to prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling the floors. For this reason, all that come to our house, (besides the ceremony of scraping at the door,) are obliged to rub their shoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they must straddle their way along several lesser mats, ranged at due distances from each other in the passage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with a hop, a step, and a jump. The like caution is used by all the family: I myself am scarce allowed to stir a step without slippers; my wife creeps on tip-toe up and down stairs; the maid-servants are continually stumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to sneak about the house barefooted, as if he came with a sly design to steal something.

After what has been said, you will naturally conclude, that my wife must be no less nice in other particulars. But, as it is observed by Swift, that "a nice man is a man of nasty ideas," in like manner we may affirm, that your very neat people are the most slovenly on many occasions. They cannot conceive, that any thing which is done by such delicate persons can possibly give offence. I have, therefore, often been in pain for my wife, when I have seen her, before company, dust the tea-cups with a foul apron or a washing gown; and I have more than once blushed for her, when, through her extreme cleanliness, she has not been contented without breathing into our drinking-glasses, and afterwards wiping them with her pocket-handkerchief. People, Mr. Town, who are not very intimate with families seldom see them (especially the female part) but in disguise: and it will be readily allowed, that a lady wears a

very different aspect, when she comes before company, than when she first sits down to her toilet. My wife appears decent enough in her apparel, to those who visit us in the afternoon ; but in the morning she is quite another figure. Her usual dishabille then is, an ordinary stuff jacket and petticoat, a double clout thrown over her head and pinned under her chin, a black greasy bonnet, and a coarse dowlas apron ; so that you would rather take her for a char-woman. Nor, indeed, does she scruple to stoop to the meanest drudgery of such an occupation ; for so great is her love of cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her knees scouring the hearth, and spreading dabs of vinegar and fuller's earth on the boards.

This extraordinary solicitude in my wife, for the cleanliness of her rooms and the care and preservation of her furniture, makes my house entirely useless, and takes away all that ease and familiarity, which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I am obliged to make shift with the most ordinary accommodations, that the more handsome pieces of furniture may remain unsoiled, and be always set out for show and magnificence. I am never allowed to eat from any thing better than a delft plate, that the economy of the beaufait, which is embellished with a variety of china, may not be disarranged ; and, indeed, my wife prides herself particularly on her ingenious contrivance in this article, having ranged among the rest some old china not fit for use, but disposed in such a manner, as to conceal the streaks of white paint that cement the broken pieces together. I must drink my beer out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is constantly displayed on the side-board ; while all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family, to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word, Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be used for fear it should be dirtied ; and I live with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almost afraid to enter them ; I have plate, china, and the most genteel furniture, but must not use them ; which is as ridiculous an absurdity and almost as great a hardship, as if I had hands without the power of moving them ; the organs of sight, smell, taste, without being suffered to exert them, and feet without being permitted to walk.

Thus, Sir, this extravagant passion for cleanliness, so predominant in my wife, keeps the family in a perpetual state of muck and dirt ; and while we are surrounded with all necessities, subjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it a still greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous cause of many other misfortunes. I have sometimes created her anger

by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruke on one of the gilt sconces. Having once unluckily spilt a bottle of ink on one of the best carpets, she was irreconcilable for a month ; and I had scarce brought her to temper again, when I most unfortunately ran against the footman, who was entering with the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and pease-pudding on the parlour floor. This superabundant neatness did once also very nearly occasion my death ; for while I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refresh me, ordered my bed-chamber to be mopped : and the same scrupulous nicety was also the means of our losing a very considerable addition to our fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependence, came up to town last summer on purpose to pay us a visit ; but though he had rode above sixty miles that day, he was obliged to stand in the passage till his boots were pulled off, for fear of soiling the Turkey carpet. After supper, the old gentleman, as was his constant practice, desired to have his pipe : but this you may be sure could by no means be allowed, as the filthy stench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again ; and it was with much ado, that my wife would even suffer him to go down and smoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with nothing but bare walls ; because the chintz bed-chamber was, indeed, too nice for a dirty country squire. These slights very much chagrined my good uncle ; but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel on the following occasion. It happened that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who at his first coming, was immediately locked up in the coal-hole ; but the dog having found means to escape, had crept slyly up stairs, and (besides other marks of his want of delicacy) had very calmly stretched himself out upon a crimson damask settee. My wife not only sentenced him to the discipline of the whip, but insisted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards ; when the master interposing in his behalf, it produced such high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horse, and swore he would never darken our doors again as long as he breathed. He went home, and, about two months after, died : but as he could not forget the ill treatment which both he and his dog had met with at our house, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PETER PLAINALL.

T.

No. 104.] THURSDAY, JAN. 22, 1756.

Actum est ; Illicet ; Peristi.

TER.

Ruin'd and undone!

THE use of language is the ready communication of our thoughts to one another. As we cannot produce the objects, which raise ideas in our minds, we use words which are made signs of those objects. No man could otherwise convey to another the idea of a table or chair, without pointing to those pieces of furniture—as children are taught to remember the names of things by looking at their pictures. Thus, if I wanted to mention king Charles on horse-back, I must carry my companion to Charing-cross; and would I next tell him of the statue of Sir John Barnard, we must trudge back again, and he must wait for my meaning till we get to the Royal Exchange. We should be like the sages of Laputa, who (as Gulliver tells us) having substituted things for words, used to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they were to discourse on. “I have often beheld (says he) two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us: who, when they meet in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.” In these circumstances, a man of the fewest words could not, indeed, talk without carrying about him a much larger apparatus, than is contained in the bag of the noted Yeates, or any other slight-of-hand artist: he could not speak of a chicken or an owl, but it must be ready in his pocket to be produced. In such a case we could not say we heard, but we saw the conversation of a friend; as in the epistolary correspondence, carried on by those pretty hieroglyphic letters (as they are called,) where the picture of a deer and a woman finely drest is made to stand for the expression of dear lady.

But the invention of words has removed these difficulties; and we may talk not only of any thing we have seen, but what neither we, nor the persons to whom we speak ever saw. Thus we can convey to another the idea of a battle, without being reduced to the disagreeable necessity of learning it from the cannon's mouth: and we can talk of the people in the world of the moon, without being obliged to make use of Bishop Wilkins's artificial wings to fly thither. Words, therefore, in the ordinary course of life, are like the paper money among merchants; invented as a more ready conveyance, by which the largest sum can be transmitted to the most distant places with as much ease as a letter;

while the same in specie, would require bags and chests, and even carts or ships to transport it. But, however great these advantages are, the use of language has brought along with it several inconveniences, as well as paper money; for as this latter is more liable to miscarry, more easily concealed, carried off, or counterfeited than bullion, merchants have frequent cause to complain, that the convenience of this sort of cash is not without its alloy of evil; and we find that in the use of language there is so much room for deceit and mistake, that though it does not render it useless, it is much to be wished some remedy could be contrived.

Men are so apt to use the same words in different senses, and call the same thing by different names, that oftentimes they cannot understand others, or be themselves understood. If one calls that thing black which another calls green, or that prodigality which another calls generosity, they mistake each other's meaning, and can never agree till they explain the words. It is to this that we owe so much wrangling in discourse, and so many volumes of controversy on almost every part of literature. I have known a dispute carried on with great warmth, and when the disputants have come to explain what each meant, it has been discovered they were both of a side: like the men in the play, who met and fought first, and, after each had been heartily beaten, found themselves to be friends. What should we say, if this practice of calling things by a wrong name was to obtain among tradesmen? If you was to send to your haberdasher for a hat, you might receive a pair of stockings; or instead of a cordial julep from your apothecary, be furnished with a cathartic or a clyster.

It would be needless to insist on the inconveniences arising from the misuse or misapprehension of terms in all verbal combats; whether they be fought on the spot by word of mouth, or (like a game of chess) maintained, even though lands and seas interpose, by the assistance of the press. In our ordinary conversation it is notorious, that no less confusion has arisen from the wrong application or perversion of the original and most natural import of words. I remember, when I commenced author I published a little pamphlet, which I flattered myself had some merit, though I must confess it did not sell. Conscious of my growing fame, I resolved to send the first fruits of it to an uncle in the country, that my relations might judge of the great honour I was likely to prove to the family: but how was I mortified, when the good man sent me word, “that he was sorry to find I had ruined myself, and had wrote a book; for the parson of the parish had assured him, that authors were never worth a farthing, and always died in a gaol.” Notwithstanding this remonstrance, I have still persisted in my ruin, which

at present I cannot say is quite completed, as I can make two meals a day, have yet a coat to my back, with a clean shirt for Sundays at least, and am lodged somewhat below a garret. However, this prediction of my uncle has often led me to consider, in how many senses, different from its general acceptance, the word *ruined* is frequently made use of. When we hear this word applied to another, we should naturally imagine, the person is reduced to a state worse than he was in before, and so low that it is scarce possible for him to rise again: but we shall often find, instead of his being undone, that he has rather met with some extraordinary good fortune; and that those who pronounce him *ruined*, either mean you should understand it in some other light, or else call him undone, because he differs from them in his way of life, or because they wish him to be in that situation. I need not point out the extreme cruelty, as well as injustice, in the misapplication of this term; as it may literally *ruin* a man by destroying his character: according to the old English proverb, "give a dog an ill name, and hang him."

Most people are, indeed, so entirely taken up with their own narrow views, that, like the jaundiced eye, every thing appears to them of the same colour. From this selfish prejudice they are led to make a wrong judgment of the motives and actions of others: and it is no wonder, that they should see ruin staring every man in the face, who happens not to think as they do: I shall, therefore, here set down a catalogue of some of my own acquaintance, whom the charity and good nature of the world have not scrupled to pronounce absolutely ruined.

A young clergyman of Cambridge might have had a good college-living in about thirty years time, or have been head of the house; but he chose to quit his fellowship for a small cure in town, with a view of recommending himself by his preaching. . . . *Ruined.*

A fellow of another college, in the same university, refused to quit his books and his retirement, to live as chaplain with a smoking, drinking, swearing, fox-hunting country squire, who would have provided for him. . . . *Ruined.*

Dr. Classic, a young physician from Oxford, might have had more practice than Radcliffe or Mead; but having studied Aristotle's Poetics, and read the Greek tragedies, as well as Galen and Hippocrates, he was tempted to write a play, which was universally applauded, and the author was . . . *Ruined.*

A student of the Temple might have made sure of a judge's robes or the chancellor's seals; but being tired of sauntering in Westminster-hall without even getting half a guinea for a motion, he has accepted of a commission in one of the new-raised regiments, and is . . . *Ruined.*

A younger brother of a good family threw himself away upon an obscure widow with a

jointure of £500 per annum, by which he is . . . *Ruined.*

Another, a man of fortune, fell in love with, and married a genteel girl without a farthing; and though she makes him an excellent wife, he is universally allowed to have . . . *Ruined himself.*

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the strange sense in which a friend of mine once heard this word used in company by a girl of the town. The young creature, being all life and spirits, engrossed all the conversation to herself; and herself indeed was the subject of all the conversation: but what most surprised him was the manner in which she used this word *Ruined*; which occurred frequently in her discourse, though never intended by her to convey the meaning generally affixed to it. It served her sometimes as an era to determine the date of every occurrence—"she bought such a gown, just after she was *ruined*—the first time she saw Garrick in Ranger, she was in doubt whether it was before or after she was *ruined*."—Having occasion to mention a young gentleman, she burst into raptures—"O, he is a dear creature!—He it was that *ruined* me—O, he is a dear soul;—he carried me to an inn ten miles from my father's house in the country, where he *ruined* me.—If he had not *ruined* me, I should have been as miserable and as moping as my sisters. But the dear soul was forced to go abroad upon his travels, and I was obliged to come upon the town, three weeks after I was *ruined*—no, not so much as three weeks after I was *ruined*—yes, it was full three weeks after I was *ruined*."

No. 105.] THURSDAY, JAN. 29, 1756.

Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.

HOR.

To spring a covey, or unearth a fox,!

In reverend sportsmen is right orthodox.

My cousin Village, from whom I had not heard for some time, has lately sent me an account of a Country Parson; which I dare say will prove entertaining to my town readers, who can have no other idea of our clergy, than what they have collected from the spruce and genteel figures, which they have been used to contemplate here, in doctors' scarfs, pudding-sleeves, starched bands, and feather-top grizzles. It will be found from my cousin's description, that these reverend ensigns of orthodoxy are not so necessary to be displayed among rustics; and that, when they are out of the pulpit or surplice, the good pastors may, without censure, put on the manners as well as dress of a groom or whipper-in.

Doncaster, Jan. 14, 1756.

DEAR COUSIN,

I am just arrived here, after having paid a visit to our old acquaintance Jack Quickset, who is now become the Reverend Mr. Quickset, Rector of ——— parish in the north-riding of this county, a living worth upwards of three hundred pounds per annum. As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals or behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable: but as there are many other incumbents of country livings whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a slight sketch, or, as I may say, rough draught of him, with some account of my visit, will not be uninteresting to your readers.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the world, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me, that he had been double-janned (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the present incumbent of ———; where if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best Yorkshire stingo, and would engage to show me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living. When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of "No mortals on earth are so happy as we," that I began to think I had made a mistake; till observing its close neighbourhood to the church convinced me that this could be no other than the parsonage-house. On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the midst of a room-full of fox-hunters in boots and bob-wigs) got up to welcome me to ———, and, embracing me, gave me the full flavour of his stingo by belching in my face, as he did me the honour of saluting me. He then introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right hand of his own elbow-chair, assured them, that I was a very honest cock, and loved a chace of five-and-twenty miles an end as well as any of them: to preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toss off a pint bumper of port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed into it to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole economy of Jack's life is very different from that of his brethren. Instead of having a wife and a house full of children, (the most common family of a country clergyman) he is single; unless we credit some idle whispers in the parish that he is married to his house-keeper. The calm amusements of piquet, chess, and back-gammon, have no charms for Jack, who sees "his dearest action in the field," and boasts, that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable, as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; fox-hounds and pointers lie about in every par-

lour; and he is himself, like Pistol, always in boots. The estimation in which he holds his friends, is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by coming to acquaint him, that they have found a hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the servant came in to tell him, that the clerk wanted to speak with him. He was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when (instead of giving notice of a burying, christening, or some other church business, as I expected) I found the honest clerk only came to acquaint his reverend superior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's elder brother, Sir Thomas Quickset, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor: so that Jack has full power to beat up the game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has besides a deputation from him as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of this office, than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is in his eye the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear to him half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman, as to any fine lady in town: not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this day is necessarily a day of rest from the toils of shooting and the chase. It happened, that the first Sunday after I was with him he engaged to take care of a church, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman, which was about twenty miles off. He asked me to accompany him, and the more to encourage me, he assured me, that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the north. Accordingly I was roused by him in the morning before day-break by a loud hellowing of "Hark to Merriman," and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter; and after we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung beef and a horn or two of stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon a hunter, which he assured me was never yet thrown out: and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting, that so fine a morning should be thrown away upon a Sunday; at the same time remarking, that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and took every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare,

or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop, while he pointed out the particular course that Reynard took, or the spot where he had earthed. At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us: but as Jack had nothing to do but to alight, pull his band out of the sermon case, give his brown scratch bob a shake, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself both in the desk and pulpit to the entire satisfaction of all the parish as well as the squire of it; who after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the squire's; who, being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was hugely delighted with Jack's conversation. Church and king, and another particular toast, (in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character) were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to horses sound, dogs hearty, earths stopt, and foxes plenty. When we had run over again with great joy and vociferation, as many chases as the time would permit, the bell called us to evening prayers: after which, though the squire would fain have had us stay and take a hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church door, and rode home in the dark; because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother-sportsmen, who were to lie all night at his own house to be in readiness to make up for the loss of Sunday, by going out a cock shooting very early next morning.

I must leave it to you, cousin, to make what reflections you please on this character; only observing, that the country can furnish many instances of these ordained sportsmen, whose thoughts are more taken up with the stable or the dog-kennel than the church: and, indeed, it will be found, that our friend Jack and all of his stamp are regarded by their parishioners, not as parsons of the parish, but rather as squires in orders.

T. I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

No. 106.] THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1756.

—Non hæc solennia nobis
Vana superstilio, veterumque ignara decorum,
Imposuit. Sævis, hospes Trojanc, periclis
Servati facinus. —

VIRG.

These solemn rites nor superstition vain,
Nor fears from blunder ignorance ordain:
Sav'd from the shock, from dangers yet unknown,
His mercy we implore whose power we own.

It is not easy for the mind of man to recover

itself from any extraordinary panic, which has once seized it: for which reason we cannot be surprised, that many well-meaning people, who have not yet shaken off the apprehensions occasioned by the late dreadful earthquakes, should be led to conjure up new terrors, and alarm themselves with imaginary dangers. Their fears interpret every common incident, and even the change of weather, as signs of approaching destruction: if the day be calm and serene, such (they say) is the usual forerunner of a shock; or, if the night prove tempestuous, they can hardly persuade themselves, that it is only the wind which rocks their houses. With this propensity to entertain any unreasonable dread about future events, it is no wonder, that weak minds should be worked upon by little dabbles in philosophy, who, having gleaned a few barren scraps from the magazines, presume even to foretell the dissolution of the world by the comet, which is expected to appear in 1758. Swift, in his *Voyage to Laputa*, has a passage so very apposite to these idle pretenders to science, that I shall beg leave to transcribe it.

"These people," says he, "are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind: and their disturbances proceed from causes, which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed, or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense, than that of red-hot glowing iron; and in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long: through which if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the *nucleus*, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire and reduced to ashes. That the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

"They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they

meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of an approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper, that boys discover to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear."

Let us, however, banish from our thoughts all such vain notions, and let us fortify our minds with a true sense of religion, which will teach us to rely on the protection of that providence, which has hitherto preserved us. It is with great pleasure that I remark the unanimous concurrence of almost all ranks of people in allowing the propriety of the present solemn fast, as a necessary act of humiliation, to avert the wrath and vengeance of heaven, and to call down its mercies upon us. It is true, indeed, that no persons do more prejudice to the cause of religion than they who cloud its genuine cheerfulness with the gloom of superstition, and are apt to consider every common accident that befalls us, as a judgment. They clothe religion in the most terrifying habit, and, (as it were) dress it up in all the horrors of the inquisition. These people are much to be pitied; and it is to be wished, that their mistaken piety could be better regulated. But there is another set of men of a different turn, more numerous, and much more dangerous to the community, who treat every act of religion as a jest, and hold its most sacred ordinances in contempt. Set forms and ceremonies, though they have no essential virtue in themselves, are yet indispensably requisite to keep alive in us a quick sense of our duty. It must be allowed indeed, that if a man could constantly employ his mind in holy meditations, exercise the virtues, and believe the mysteries of our religion, he would be a true christian, though he never complied with any outward forms, or so much as repeated a single prayer. But it is manifest from experience, that those who neglect the ordinances, neglect also the duties of a christian; and the least reflection on the human mind will convince us, that some external rites are necessary to settle the wandering ideas, and to fix the attention on its proper object. The fervent repetition of a prayer inspires us with love and gratitude towards the Deity, and kindles the spark of devotion within us: and it is easy to conceive, that, if the celebration of public worship was neglected among us only for one year, it would be a more fatal blow to religion, than all the weak attacks of infidels and free-thinkers.

But though forms may be said to compose the body, a good life is the soul of religion, without which the rest is but a dead mass. The most rigid compliance with every ordinance of the church, if it has no influence on our conduct, is

rather a solemn mockery, than an atonement for our offences: as they, who receive the bread and wine without a firm resolution to lead a new life, are said to eat and drink their own damnation. Wherefore, a strict observance of this or that particular day is not a sufficient discharge of our duty, except it serve to rouse us from the lethargy of sin, to awaken in us a desire of becoming worthy the protection of the Almighty, by animating our faith, amending our lives, and working in us a repentance for our transgressions. Thus the Lord's day is not merely set apart for devotion, with an unlimited license to wickedness all the rest of the week; but our being particularly exercised in acts of piety for one day is calculated to strengthen our virtue, and to give a tincture of religion to our whole conduct through the other six.

On the present solemn occasion, I doubt not but every persuasive, tending to make this temporary fast a lasting benefit, will be urged by the clergy: I shall therefore content myself with touching on some laxities in the usual manner of keeping a fast, which, though they are not of sufficient dignity to be taken notice of from the pulpit, should yet be pointed out, as the violation of the fast in these particulars is almost universal.

The very name of a fast implies a day of abstinence, of mortification and self-denial: which has always been enjoined as a necessary means of subduing irregular desires, and fitting us for holy meditation. For this reason, in former days, when people of quality rose earlier than even mechanics now open their shops, when the court itself dined at eleven, that meal was deferred till four o'clock, in compliance with this religious exercise, which was in those times a real abstinence, a true piece of mortification and self-denial. But if the observance of a fast consists in not dining till four o'clock, our persons of fashion may be said to fast every day of their lives. In truth, the several hours of the day are adapted to such very different employments to what they were formerly, that our four o'clock stands in the place of their eleven: and nothing can be more absurd (to use no harsher term) than to adhere to the form in the performance of a religious act, when, by the alteration of circumstances, that form flatly contradicts the very meaning of its original institution. I would also ask those rigid devotees, who observe this day in all the strictness of the letter, and would be shocked at the sight of a leg of mutton or beef steak on their tables, whether the dining upon salt or other fish may not be considered rather as feasting than fasting, if (as is often the case) it should happen to be a dish they are remarkably fond of. All these methods of keeping a fast without abstinence, mortification, or self-denial, are mere quibbles to evade the performance of our duty, and entirely frustrate the design of

appointing this solemnity. There is something of this nature very commonly practised in France; where there are many families, who keep the whole Lent with great strictness, but the last night of it invite a great deal of company to supper. The moment the clock strikes twelve, a magnificent entertainment, consisting of all sorts of rich fare, is served up, and these most christian debauchees sit down to indulge in luxury, without sinning against the canon.

I cannot conclude without an earnest wish, that the observation of the present fast may awaken in us a serious attention to our duty hereafter; that we may not seem to have barely complied with a stated form, or to have been affected with the short-lived piety of a single day. As to those who require constantly to be frightened into their duty, I will for once venture to commence prophet: and let them be assured, that my predictions will infallibly come to pass. There is a danger, more certain than an earthquake or a comet, which will inevitably overwhelm us; a danger from which we cannot possibly guard ourselves, and which perhaps is even now at our doors. This danger I cannot better set forth, than in the alarming words of a celebrated French preacher. "I know a man (and I will point him out presently) who is now in this church: a man, in perfect health; and a man in the flower of his age: and yet this man, perhaps before next Sunday, perhaps by to-morrow, will be in his grave. This man, my dear brethren, is myself who speaks to you, it is you who hear me." O.

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No 107. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1756.

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Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores.— JUV.

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce. POPE.

TO MR. TOWN.

——— *College, Cambridge, Jan. 30, 1756.*

SIR,

I HAVE just now, with near a hundred more, taken the first degree, which this university confers on her sons; and begin to consider within myself, in what manner we have spent our time for these four years past, and what profit we are likely to receive hereafter from our academical studies. But upon retrospection I find that, instead of having laid up a store of learning, which might have been of service to us in our future connexions and intercourse with mankind, we have been confounding our heads with a miscellaneous heap of nonsense, which most of us, I am certain, are endeavouring to unlearn as fast as possibly we can: instead of having acquired such a share of common

sense, as might have been of service to ourselves and acquaintance, we must entirely sell off our old stock, and begin the world of literature anew. This reflection cannot be very pleasing to those, who, I must say, have squandered away so very precious a time of life; a time of life, when, though judgment perhaps is not come to maturity, yet imagination and invention, those noble offsprings of a promising mind, are in the very flower and bloom of perfection.

This seat of learning, for it undoubtedly deserves that name, has drawn and kept us together for some years: our manners, conversation, and studies bear a great similitude; but now either chance or choice is going to disperse us over the whole kingdom; and our places of abode will scarce be more widely different, than our schemes of life. Notwithstanding this, the same plan of study has been imposed on all: whether agreeable or contrary to the bent of inclination, has never been regarded. Mathematics is the standard, to which all merit is referred; and all other excellencies, without these, are quite overlooked and neglected; the solid learning of Greece and Rome is a trifling acquisition; and much more so, every polite accomplishment: in short, if you will not get all Euclid and his diagrams by heart, and pore over Saunderson till you are as blind as himself, they will say of you, as in the motto to one of your late papers, *acum est! ilicet! peristi!* 'tis all over with you! you are ruined! you are ruined!' Not that I would depreciate this kind of learning; it is certainly a most noble science, and reflects the greatest honour on human wit and invention: all that I complain of is the unreasonable stress that is laid upon it; nay, even the most abstruse parts of it: which is still more absurd, as there are so very few heads able to perceive and retain the nice chain of reasoning and deduction, which must necessarily be made use of: and as a small number of mathematical geniuses would be sufficient for the service of his majesty's dominions.

I take it for granted, that your sagacity has by this time discovered, that you have been addressed by a young man, whose too overweening conceit of himself has perhaps induced him to imagine, that the university has not sufficiently rewarded his deserts: if so, you are not deceived. But though this disappointment may at present sit a little uneasy upon me, yet I think I can foresee, that it will be the most fortunate mortification, that could possibly have befallen me. For in the first place, it has sufficiently abated that upstart pride, which most young men are apt to take in their own abilities; than which nothing can be more irksome to all their acquaintance, or a greater impediment to their own real improvement. A pert scholar, whenever he enters a room of company, immediately assumes a superiority in discourse, and

thinks himself obliged to correct all improprieties in thought or expression. You must 'speak by the card,' as Hamlet says, or expect the censure of this superficial coxcomb. If, according to the common form of speech, you say, that there is either heat in the fire, or coldness in ice, he will inform you, that you deliver yourself very inaccurately, as Mr. Locke has fully demonstrated; he will tell you, you cannot prove, two and two make four, or that you are alive yourself. These, and a thousand other observations equally impertinent, he is continually making, to the no small uneasiness and perplexity of the ladies and honest country gentlemen.

What is still a greater misfortune, is, that a man of this cast is never likely to know any better: for, having raked together a few metaphysical distinctions and scholastic refinements, he thinks he has laid up a sufficient fund of knowledge for his whole life: he despises all common sense (which is the best sense) through an ambition of appearing particular: and as for the advice or opinion of others, those he thinks himself indispensably bound to disregard; inasmuch as such submission implies some inferiority, which he would by no means be thought to labour under. Such a disposition as this I take to be the sure and infallible token of confirmed ignorance: a melancholy instance of the depravity of human nature, that the less we know, the more we presume; and the fewer advances we have made towards true knowledge, the less occasion we think we have of any further improvement.

In the second place, If I may be allowed to judge of what I cannot possibly have experienced, I take it to be the greatest benefit to a young person to meet with early disappointments in life: for sooner or later every one must have his share of them; and the sooner we meet with some of them the better. By this means the mind is easily made familiar with crosses and vexations, and is not thrown off its balance by every thwarting and wayward accident; by this means we submit to ills and troubles, as the necessary attendants on mankind: as on a rainy day we make ourselves quiet and contented, but hope for sunshine on the morrow. And, indeed, there seems to be a strong analogy between the inclemency of the weather attacking our bodies, and the storms and afflictions which batter our minds. The rain will beat and the wind will roar, let us use our utmost endeavours to the contrary; but by inuring our persons to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and using other proper methods, we shall feel no very sensible inconvenience from them. In like manner, all our skill and art cannot prevent or elude the rubs and disasters, to which we are liable; but if by degrees, and early in life, we are hardened and accustomed to them and if by the help of reason

and sound philosophy we arm and fortify ourselves against them, they may still perhaps reach us, but their shocks will be quite weak and languid: and we may say of the darts of Fortune, as Virgil says of Priam, when he hurled a javelin at Pyrrhus,

———*Telum imbelle sine ictu*
Conjecit.———

Short of its aim, and impotent to wound,
The feeble shaft falls hurtless to the ground.

Thus you see, Mr. Town, that out of a seeming evil I have discovered a real good: and I am certain, if this method of reasoning could be made universal, we should find much fewer murmurers against the present distribution and order of things.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
B. A.

Mr. Town,

I am so great an admirer of the fair sex, that I never let a tittle of their vendible writings escape me. I bought this year the *Lady's Diary*, merely because it was advertised as the *Woman's Almanack*, which I construed the *Almanack* composed by a woman: but I find I have been mistaken in my supposition. It is not the work of a female. The christian name of the author, I have reason to believe, is Marmaduke; unless I misunderstand a most curious copy of verses, describing a most superb entertainment, of fish, flesh, pies and tarts, exhibited upon New Year's day, 1755. His surname remains as great an enigma as any in his book. His coadjutors, contributors, or assistants, are Messieurs Walter Trott, Timothy Nabb, Patrick Ocavannah, John Honey, Henry Season, and others. I honour these gentlemen and their works: but I own my chief delight is in reading over the riddles and unridables, the questions and the answers of Miss Sally West, Cælia, Miss Nancy Evelyn, Miss E. S. Miss Atkinson, Enira, and other choice little feminine spirits of the age. Riddles are so becoming, and appear so pretty, when dandled about by ladies, that they may be compared to soft, smooth, painted, waxen babies, dressed up in a proper manner for misses to play with, from eighteen to fourscore. But above all, I must take this opportunity of congratulating dear Miss Fanny Harris, who, I find, "has given an elegant solution to a prize problem by a fluxionary calculus founded on the properties of tangents," and by that means has run away with no less than twelve diaries for this important year 1756. As this young lady is justly called 'the honour of her sex,' and deals entirely in the properties of tangents, I fear she will never descend so low as *riddleme riddlemeree*; and therefore I most humbly offer, by the vehicle of your paper, Mr. Town, a small riddle, invented with much pains and thought by myself,

to the solution of those three ingenious spinsters, Miss Polly Walker, Miss Grace Tetlow, and Miss Ann Rickaby, to appear in the Lady's Diary of 1757, and to receive upon appearance, as a premium, one complete set of the Connoisseur in pocket volumes, to be the property of one or more of these three ladies, who shall explain my *Ænigma*.

Fire and water mixed together,
Add to this some salt and tin;
Tell me, ladies, tell me whether
In this mixture there is sin?

The solution itself, if not truly explained by the Three Graces, to whom I now address it, shall appear, by your permission, in the first Connoisseur after next New Year's day.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
MICHAEL KRAWBRIDGE.

No. 108.] THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1756.

*Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erabunqque, Cheosque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria Virginis ora Dianæ.*
VIRGIL.

Dire execrations split your ears asunder,
Death ! and Damnation ! Furies ! Blood ! and Thunder !

As there are some vices which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great, so there are others which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these I cannot but set down the shocking practice of cursing and swearing; a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and profaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should choose to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman: but it is accounted no disgrace to him, to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By Gad* or a *Gad dem-me*, minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piece-meal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both

do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor, the Tatler, gives us an account of a certain humorist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourse to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprised at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *Polite Conversation*; though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's or any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned their choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has, indeed, provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station: but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler sort of swearers pour forth the same execrations at the hazard table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put into execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment; since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapped in the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware, that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loath to be taken at his word; and, while he wishes destruction to every part of his

body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would, therefore, be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof. One evening as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occasion to tell a story in turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases, whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. "Bottle and glass," might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the "knave of clubs," or the "curse of Scotland;" or he might, with some propriety, retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The beau should be allowed "to swear by his gracious self, which is the god of his idolatry:" and the common expletives should consist only of "upon my word," and "upon my honour;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning. O.

No. 109.] THURSDAY, FEB. 26, 1756.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est, ubi, peccat.

HOR.

What ev'ry body says, is often true;
But very often 'tis a falsehood too.

THE world is indebted to that ingenious inquirer after truth, the famous Sir Thomas Brown, for an excellent treatise, in which he has refuted several idle and ridiculous opinions, that prevailed in his time; to which work he has very properly given the title of *Vulgar Errors*. Among others, of no less importance, he has taken great pains to explode the common notion that a witch can make a voyage to the East Indies in an egg-shell, or take a journey of two or three hundred miles across the country on a broom-stick: an assertion maintained by that wise monarch, King James the First, who even condescended to commence author in support of it. He has

also refuted the generally received opinion, that the devil is black, has horns upon his head, wears a long curling tail, and a cloven stump; nay, has even denied, that whosoever he goes, he always leaves a smell of brimstone behind him; and has no less seriously endeavoured to show the absurdity of the supposition, that Adam and Eve were born into the world without navels. But all these mistaken notions, though they might possibly obtain belief in former times of superstition and ignorance, could never have been countenanced in this more enlightened age. So far from acknowledging the power of witchcraft, we even doubt of the existence of the witch of Endor: that illustrious personage the devil is only looked upon as a mere bugbear: and the lowest mechanics have been taught at the Robin Hood Society, that the whole account of our first parents is nothing but a fiction and an old woman's story.

Since the days of Sir Thomas Brown, such strange revolutions have happened among us, in the arts and sciences, in religion, in politics, and in common life, that I cannot but think, a work, intended as a supplement to the above-mentioned treatise of *Vulgar Errors*, would be highly acceptable to the public; since it is notorious, that many tenets, which were then thought indisputable truths among all ranks of people, are now proved to be erroneous, and are only credited by the uninformed vulgar. A work of this nature it is my intention shortly to publish: in the meantime, I shall content myself with laying the following specimen of the performance before my readers.

The ignorance of the multitude has hitherto pronounced it, "to be absolutely impossible that a maid can be with child." But it is well known to the learned, that in these later times there have been many instances of maiden-mothers: though, whether they are impregnated by the west-wind, like Virgil's mares, or, as it was said of Juno, by eating a sallad; whether they bring forth, as Dutch ladies do, Sooterkins; whether they receive by intuition, or the operation of the fancy; or by what other cause, has not been ascertained. Several instances have been recorded, among the Roman Catholics, of nuns and lady abbesses, who have miraculously proved with child: and here in England we have more than once heard of the pregnancy of a maid of honour. I myself know a lady, almost approaching to the verge of an old maid, who was very much bloated and puffed up with the wind-colic: for relief of which she went into the country for a month, and was unexpectedly seized with the pangs of child-birth. I have been told of another, a virgin of the most unspotted character, who very unaccountably fell into labour, just as they were going to tap her for the dropsy. An eminent man-midwife of my acquaintance was in the beginning of his

practice called to a virgin, who, to his great surprise, brought forth an embryo, in form and appearance exactly resembling a mandrake. This he considered as a most wonderful *lusus nature*; and had actually drawn up an account of it (with a figure of the monster) to be laid before the Royal Society: but in less than a twelve-month he delivered the same lady, who still continued in a state of virginity, of another false conception, like the former; and for many years after this prodigy of a virgin had several other monstrous and preternatural births of the same kind. He further assures me, that he has since very frequently met with these *phenomena*; and that the only difference between maids and married women in this point is, that the former do not manifest the signs of pregnancy so fully in their waists, nor do they cry out so vehemently in their labour pains; and it is remarkable, that they never choose to suckle their children.

It is vulgarly supposed, that "the events of gaming are regulated by blind chance and fortune:" but the wise and polite, that is the knowing ones, cannot but smile at the absurdity of this notion; though even the sagacious Hoyle and Demoivre themselves, by the nicety of their calculations of chances, seem to have adopted this ridiculous doctrine. The professors at Arthur's, and the experienced adepts in the mysteries of gaming, kindly condescend to give lessons, at reasonable rates, to those novices, who imagine that the events of play, like those of war, are uncertain: and so cogent is their method of instruction, that they never fail to convince their pupils, that success at dice, as well as bowls, depends upon a skilful management of the *bias*, and that the cards are not shuffled by the blind hand of fortune.

It is a notion confined wholly to the vulgar, that "matrimony brings people together:" but it is notorious, that in higher life a marriage is the most effectual method to keep them asunder. It is impolite for a man and his wife ever to be seen together in public; and a person of quality had rather enjoy a *le-te-a-le-te* with any body's wife but his own, in private. Genteel couples have separate amusements, pay separate visits, keep separate company, lie in separate beds, and (like the man and woman in a weather-house) are never seen together: nay more, if they are very genteel indeed, the lady has her separate maintenance. On the contrary, if a man of fashion has a *tendre* for an unmarried lady, they reside in the same house, partake of the same diversions, and observe every other article of the strictest cohabitation. The surest way of dissolving a connection of this sort is to marry. Sir John Brute bluntly declares, that, if he was married to a hogshead of claret, the thought of matrimony would make him hate it. Thus, in general, the very names of wife and husband are sufficient to destroy all affection; and it was but

a day or two ago that I met with a sprightly young gentleman much of the same opinion with Sir John; who being reproached for neglecting his lady for a mistress, and reminded that man and wife were one flesh, replied, that it was very true, and what pleasure could he have in touching his own flesh? Modern wedlock, therefore, may be rather said to divide, than unite: at least, if matrimony ever brings folks together for a time, it is only to separate them more effectually; as, according to the principles of action and re-action, where two bodies are drawn together by a violent attraction, they immediately fly off, and are driven back again from each other by the principle of repulsion.

It may well be called a Vulgar Error, since none but the vulgar think so, that "the sabbath is a day of rest." It is, as experience teaches us, a day of business with some, of pleasure with others, but of rest with none. It is true, indeed, that a cessation from wordly occupations, together with roast beef and plum-pudding, were formerly the characteristics of the sabbath in England: but these inactive principles are now entirely out of fashion; nor do I know any person, who is strictly debarred from exercising his employment on that day, except the sheriff's officer. The exact citizen, nicely calculating the damages he would sustain, on an average, by the loss of a seventh part of his time, defrauds the sabbath of its due rights, as he cheats his customers, in the way of trade. As to people of quality, they, I suppose, (duly considering how prodigal they are of their lives by adhering to the polite system) are willing to husband the little time allotted them, by adding "night to day, and Sunday to the week."

If old woman was not a term frequently made use of by the perverse and impolite multitude, I should hardly attempt to prove so clear and obvious a proposition as that "there is no such thing in the creation as an old woman." Old women are, indeed, mentioned by some few writers: but I have always looked upon their existence to be as chimerical as that of the Brobdingnags or the Yahoos; and I do not believe that there has been such an animal in nature since the flood. In the present distant period we are unable to conceive the least idea of such a creature, as the same appearance of youth, the same lilies and roses bloom on the faces of the whole sex. For a proof of this, if we look round at the opera, the playhouse, a lady's rout, or any other assembly, we may observe, that all our girls, whether of a smaller or of a larger growth, assume the same air of gayety and intrigue, and wear the same complexions. A limner of great business has often declared to me, that though he has had several mothers, and grandmothers, and great grandmothers sit to him, he never yet drew the picture of an old woman. Medea is said to have renewed the youth and vigour of

her father Æson by boiling him, with certain magic herbs, in a cauldron : but I will not presume to say that our ladies are preserved from old age by stewing in a copper, or that, according to a more modern notion, old women are ground young again by a mill. This, however, is certain ; that youth as well as beauty, is the perpetual prerogative of the female sex : and that age, though it sits venerably on a man, would no more become a lady than a beard.

In an age so enlightened as the present, when we have thrown off all other mean prejudices of nature and education, it is no wonder that we should discard the gospel : and I am almost in doubt, whether I should mention the belief of it as a *Vulgar Error*, since it daily loses its credit among us. Wherefore, if I may not be allowed to set down the belief in a God, a Saviour, a future state, the immortality of the soul, &c. &c. as prevailing errors, I cannot omit so fair an opportunity of congratulating my contemporaries on their having overcome them. Nor can I better conclude this paper, than by a hint to my friends, the freethinkers, cautioning them to consider, whether, if we were made by chance, the world was made by chance, and every thing else was made by chance, there may not also be a hell made by chance.

O.

No. 110.] THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1756.

*Contractâ melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam.*

HOR.

Virtue shall go scot-free ; our new excise
From vice and folly shall raise large supplies.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

EVERY Englishman, who has the good of his country at heart, must lament the perplexity which our ministers labour under, in contriving ways and means to raise money for the present exigence of affairs. I have with pleasure hearkened to the several projects proposed in the debates of patriots in our coffee-houses and private clubs ; but though I find they are unanimous in allowing the necessity of levying new taxes, every one is willing to shift off the burden from himself.

I was introduced the other night into a set of worthy citizens, who very zealously took this subject into consideration over their evening pipe. One of them, a grave gentleman, pulling the Evening Post out of his pocket, and putting on his spectacles, read aloud to us the several methods already proposed ; to which many wise objections were immediately started by the company. "What's that?" says an old don (who I afterwards found had a small estate in

houses) "an additional duty upon bricks, and pan-tiles, and plain-tiles ! I suppose they will lay a duty upon plain-tile pegs by-and-bye." This speech was received with a hearty chuckle of applause from the rest of the company ; when another took occasion to observe, "that he very much approved the scheme for laying a larger tax upon cards and dice ;" one of which he called the devil's books, and the other his bones. The duty upon plate might perhaps have passed into a law in this assembly, if it had not been vehemently opposed by one member (whom I discovered to be a silversmith) in which he was seconded by the landlord of the house, who had a seat in this meeting, and told us, "that it would lie very hard upon publicans, as nobody would now drink their porter out of a pewter pot." These and the like arguments induced us to set aside all the projects that had been offered hitherto, and to consult together in order to find new ones in their room ; among which I could not but smile at the proposal of an honest peruke-maker, who advised the levying of a *poll-tax* upon all that wore their own hair. "For," says he, "we have never had good times, since wigs were out of fashion. What rare days were those in Queen Anne's reign, when the nobility and gentry wore large flaxen flows of thirty guineas price ! And as you may see my Lord Godolphin's monument in Westminster-Abbey, a prime minister's wig could not be made, I am sure, under fifty guineas."

The discourse that passed at this society of politicians, has led me to turn my thoughts on devising some method that might answer the present demands for a supply, with the least injury to the community. On this account I am of opinion, that private vices (according to the favourite tenet of Mandeville) may in some measure be converted into public benefits, by laying a certain tax or duty on the fashionable amusements of the gay and polite world. For this purpose I have, with great pains and labour, contrived a plan, a few heads of which, without further preface, I shall (with your leave) submit to the consideration of those whom it may concern.

First, then, I would propose, that no persons of quality, or others, should be allowed to keep any rout, drum, assembly, visiting-day (or whatever other name it may hereafter be called by) at which more than one hundred persons shall be found assembled, without paying a certain rate for every such rout, drum, &c. The number of these meetings, which are held in this town (including the city of London and the suburbs thereof) I have computed upon an exact calculation, to amount annually to eight thousand three hundred and upwards ; so that if a duty, at only sixpence per head, were to be levied upon the company, it would bring in a prodigious income to the government ; deducting for the

decrease consequent of this tax, as also for those which we may expect will be smuggled, or carried on clandestinely. And, as gaming is an essential diversion at all these meetings, I would further advise, that every card-table be entered, in the same manner as all wheel-carriages, and a proportionable rate fixed on them, according to the degree and quality of the owners. Be it enacted, moreover, that extraordinary licenses shall be taken out for playing at cards on the Sabbath-day; but that these be granted only to persons of the highest rank and fashion.

At the present juncture of affairs every one will agree with me, that if an absolute prohibition be impracticable, a heavy duty should be laid on the importation of French fashions and fopperies into this kingdom. It is therefore but reasonable, that all French cooks, valets de chambre, milliners, mantuamakers, hair-cutters, &c. should be at least doubly taxed, as it is notorious that they exact from the dupes who employ them, more than double the wages or price for their labours, that our own modest countrymen would require. This tax, I make no doubt, would produce no inconsiderable sum for the public use: and as our ladies, though I would not suspect that they have French hearts, are ambitious of wearing French complexions, a further sum might also be raised by fixing a high duty upon rouge and carmine.

There are many other particulars in the fashionable world which might be turned in the same manner to the public good. A tax on kept mistresses, for example, who are now become so very numerous, that I question not but a duty, properly levied on them, would be sufficient to maintain all the widows of our soldiers and sailors who shall happen to be killed in the service. A heavy duty might also be laid on all Bagnios, French-wine-houses, Covent-garden coffee-houses, &c. and since, in spite of laws and decency, these places are suffered to be kept open, it is surely equitable that they should pay round taxes for the relief of the nation, as well as an annual tribute for the connivance of the neighbouring justices. To add to this scheme, and to make vice and folly further contribute to the public necessity, I would also propose, that Messieurs Harris, Derry, and the rest of the fraternity of pimps retained as caterers to the voluptuous at any tavern or bagnio, should enter all the hacks in their service at an excise office appropriated to this purpose; and that, to prevent frauds, as well as to point out the means of application to the office for redress in case of complaint, these hacks should all be marked and numbered, like the hackney-coaches.

As it is incumbent on every Englishman to expose his life in defence of his country against the common enemy, I must particularly recommend, that some means may be devised, that

the gallant feats of those men of honour, who rather choose to risk their lives in the modish way of duelling, may be attended with some advantage to their countrymen. I would, therefore advise, that swords and pistols, of a settled length and bore, with the Tower-stamp, be provided by the government for the use of duellists, and that they shall not presume to make use of any other, under pain of incurring the guilt of murder. These weapons may be let out at a certain price; and if one of the parties happen to kill the other, the survivor shall be subject to a fine according to his rank and station, and a jury shall be directed to bring in a verdict of self-defence. In like manner, persons of quality may have leave granted them to put an end to their own lives, after an ill run at cards, or the like emergent occasions; when, on paying a certain rate, they may be indulged in a private execution from the hands of Jack Ketch, and the coroner's inquest shall be directed to bring in their verdict—*lunacy*.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

As you are a Connoisseur, I shall make no apology for desiring you to give the following advertisement (which has already appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*) a place in some corner of your paper. By doing this you will greatly oblige the *virtuosi* in flowers, as well as

Your humble Servant, &c.

TO BE SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

At Half a Guinea each Plant,

An *Auricula*, raised by Mr. William Redmond, at Islington, named the 'Triumph'; having fine grass, a strong stem, certain blower, a large trusser, the fingers a just length, a good pip for size and shape, the eye extremely white, the thrum full, the margin a beautiful purple black, finely variegated with silver and green, continues long in bloom, and dies in colour. No plant to be sold for less than one guinea after the subscription is closed, until the bloom is over.

No. 111.] THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1756.

Tandem desine matrem.

HOR.

With dear mamma O make not such a pother!
But strive to be a man before your mother.

THE generality of the young unmarried ladies of the present age dislike no company so much as the elderly persons of their own sex, whether married or unmarried. Going with an old

maiden aunt, a mamma, or grand-mamma to the play, or to Ranelagh, is so insipid an amusement, that it robs their entertainment of the very name of a party of pleasure. To be handed into a box, walk in the public gardens, or make one at a card-table at a rout, with a sprightly young nobleman, or gallant colonel of the guards, has some life in it; but to be kept perpetually under the wing of an old lady, can have no charms for a woman of spirit. The presence of these antiquated females imposes a constraint on their behaviour; they are, indeed, like the *Duennas* in Spain, spies on the conduct of the gay and young: and a good old gentlewoman, with a blooming beauty by her side, watches her every motion, and is as much frightened, if the pretty creature makes any advances to a man, as a hen, who has been foster-mother to a brood of ducklings, is alarmed at their taking to the water.

This loose coquet behaviour so much in vogue, and consequently so genteel, has, I must own, no charms in my eye, as a modest deportment appears to me most natural and becoming in the fair sex; and I am always glad to see a young lady of sufficient sense and discretion, to behave with an innocent cheerfulness, instead of apparent uneasiness and constraint, before her more aged female friends and relations. But though a daughter should prefer no company to her mother, a son, who always dangled at the side of his mamma, would appear as ridiculous, as if he wore his sister's petticoats; and however amiable this maidenly demeanour might seem in a young girl, I cannot view it with equal approbation in the character of a male virgin;—a character with which I shall here present my reader, as drawn by one of my correspondents.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

You have already given us several instances of those ambiguous creatures among the men, who are both male and female: permit me to add to them an account of those lady-like gentlemen, whom we may distinguish by the title of "their mother's own sons;" who have in vain changed the bib and leading-strings for the breeches, and stick as close to their mammas, as a great calf to the side of an old cow. I am intimately acquainted with one of these overgrown babies; who is indeed too big to be dandled in the lap, or fed with a pap-spoon, though he is no more weaned from his mother, than if he had not yet quitted the nursery.

The delicate Billy Suckling is the contempt of the men, the jest of the women, and the darling of his mamma. She doats on him to distraction; and is in perpetual admiration of his wit, and anxiety for his health. The good young gentleman, for his part, is neither undutiful nor ungrateful: she is the only woman that he does not look on with indifference; and

she is his tutoress, his physician, and his nurse. She provides his broth every evening; will not suffer him to look into a book by candle-light lest he should hurt his eyes; and takes care to have his bed warmed: nay, I have known him sit with his mamma's white handkerchief round his neck through a whole visit, to guard him from the wind of that ugly door, or that terrible chink in the wainscot.

But however familiarly he may behave in his addresses to his mother, and whatever little acts of gallantry may pass between them, no encouragement can prevail on him to treat other women with the same freedom. Being once desired at a ball to dance a minuet, instead of taking out any of the young ladies, he could pitch upon no partner so agreeable, to whom he might offer the compliment of his hand, as his mother; and I remember when he was once called upon in a large company at a tavern to give a lady in his turn, he plainly showed who was the sole mistress of his affections by toasting his mother. The gallant custom of challenging a lady to drink a bumper, by leaving it to her option whether she will have hob or nob, frequently gives a delicious flavour to the liquor, especially when, as I have known it happen, joining the lips of the glasses has made a prelude to a meeting between the lips of the parties: but he could not be prevailed on to accept a glass of claret from the fairest hand, though a kiss were sure to follow it. I have known him so very nice, as to refuse a glass of sack filled with walnuts, which had been peeled by the snowy fingers of a beautiful young lady: though I have seen him smack his lips after a glass of raisin wine, in which his prudent mother had been dabbling with her snuffy finger, in order to fish out the small particles of cork, which might possibly have choked him. If a lady drops her fan, he sits without any emotion, and suffers her to stoop for it herself; or if she strikes the tea-cup against the saucer to give notice that it is empty, he pays no regard to the signal, but sees her walk up to the tea-table, without stirring from his chair. He would rather leave the most celebrated beauty, in crossing the street, to the mercy of a drayman, than trust her with his little finger: though at the same time, should his mother be so distressed, he would not scruple to bear as much of her weight as he could stand under, and to redeem her silk stockings from jeopardy, would even expose his own.

One would imagine, that this extreme coyness and reserve, in which he so remarkably differs from the generality of his own sex, would in another respect as effectually distinguish him from the generality of women: I mean that being less polite in his address than a footman, we should hardly expect to find him more loquacious than a chambermaid. But this is really the case: suffer

him to take the lead in conversation, and there are certain topics, in which the most prating gossip at a christening would find it difficult to cope with him. The strength of his constitution is his favourite theme: he is constantly attempting to prove, that he is not susceptible of the least injury from cold: though a hoarseness in his voice, and the continual interruptions of a consumptive cough, give him the lie in his throat at the end of every sentence. The instances, indeed, by which he endeavours to prove his hardiness, unluckily rather tend to convince us of the delicacy of his frame, as they seldom amount to more than his having kicked off the bed-clothes in his sleep, laid aside one of his flannel waistcoats in a hot day, or tried on a new pair of pumps, before they had been sufficiently aired. For the truth of these facts he always appeals to his mamma, who vouches for him with a sigh, and protests that his carelessness would ruin the constitution of a horse.

I am now coming to the most extraordinary part of his character. This pusillanimous creature thinks himself, and would be thought, a buck. The noble fraternity of that order find, that their reputation can be no otherwise maintained, than by prevailing on an Irish chairman now and then to favour them with a broken head, or by conferring the same token of their esteem on the unarmed and defenceless waiters at a tavern. But these feats are by no means suited to the disposition of our hero: and yet he always looks upon his harmless exploits as the bold frolics of a buck. If he escapes a nervous fever a month, he is quite a buck: if he walks home after it is dark, without his mamma's maid to attend him, he is quite a buck: if he sits up an hour later than his usual time, or drinks a glass or two of wine without water, he calls it a debauch; and because his head does not ache the next morning, he is quite a buck. In short, a woman of the least spirit within the precincts of St. James's would demolish him in a week, should he pretend to keep pace with her in her irregularities: and yet he is ever dignifying himself with the appellation of buck.

Now might it not be giving this gentleman a useful hint, Mr Town, to assure him, that while milk and water is his darling liquor, a bamboo cane his club, and his mother the sole object of his affections, the world will never join in denominating him a buck: that if he fails in this attempt, he is absolutely excluded from every order in society; for whatever his deserts may be, no assembly of antiquated virgins can ever acknowledge him for a sister, nature having as deplorably disqualified him for that rank in the community, as he has disqualified himself for every other: and that, though he never can arrive at the dignity of leading apes in hell, he may possibly be condemned to dangle in that

capacity, at the apron-string of an old maid in the next world, for having so abominably resembled one in this.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
W. C.

No. 112.] THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1756.

*Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summa
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo:
Per juga chrysolithi, positæque ex ordine gemmæ.*

OVID.

Here on a fair one's head-dress sparkling sticks,
Swinging on silver springs, a coach and six;
There on a sprig or slop'd pompon you see
A chariot, sulky, chaise, or vis-à-vis.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

It has for a long time been observable that the ladies' heads have run much upon wheels; but of late there has appeared a strange kind of inversion, for the wheels now run upon the ladies' heads. As this assertion may probably puzzle many readers who pay no attention to the rapid and whimsical revolutions of modern taste, it will be necessary to inform them, that instead of a cap, the present mode is for every female of fashion to load her head with some kind of carriage; whether they are made with broad wheels or not, I cannot determine; however, as they are undoubtedly excluded the Turnpike Act, it is by no means material. Those heads which are not able to bear a coach and six (for vehicles of this sort are very apt to crack the brain) so far act consistently with prudence as to make use of a post-chariot, or a single-horse chaise with a beau perching in the middle.

The curiosity I had of knowing the purport of this invention, and the general name of these machines, led me to make inquiry about them of a fashionable milliner, at the court end of the town. She obliged me with the sight of one of these equipages, designed for the head of a lady of quality, which I surveyed with much admiration; and placing it on the palm of my hand, could not help fancying myself, like Gulliver, taking up the Empress of Lilliput in her state-coach. The vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads, and was drawn by six dapple greys of blown glass, with a coachman, postilion, and gentleman within, of the same brittle manufacture. Upon further inquiry, the milliner told me with a smile, that it was difficult to give a reason for inventions so full of whim, but that the name of this ornament (if it may be called such) was a capriole or a cabriole; which we may trace from the same original with our English word caprice, both being derived from the French word *cabrer*, which signifies to prance like a horse.

It is not to be doubted, but that this fashion took its rise among the ladies from their fondness for equipage; and I dare say, that every fair one, who carries a coach and six upon her head, would be glad to be carried with equal splendour in a coach of her own. I would therefore propose a scheme, which might render this whimsical mode of some kind of service to both sexes; by which the ladies may give a tacit hint of their inclinations without the least breach of modesty, the men may prevent the danger and inconvenience attending the present method of advertising for wives, and the whole course of a modern courtship may be carried on, by means of this new head-dress.

Instead of a capriole, suppose this capital decoration was called a scutcheon of pretence, which must not be here understood as a term of heraldry, but as an invitation to matrimony. Thus, if a lady presumes that she has a right, either from her wit, beauty, merit, or fortune, to pretend to a set of horses, let six bright bays, blacks, or greys, prance down one side of her head; and according to the rank she insists upon, let a ducal or an earl's coronet, or a bloody hand be distinguished upon her capriole. The females of less ambition may likewise express their inclinations by a post-chariot and pair; and even those who, from a due consideration of the low condition of the funds, are so condescending as to stoop to a plain cit, have nothing to do but to fix upon their heads a single-horse chaise, filled with a loving couple, sticking as close together as two dried figs. As to those who have rashly vowed virginity, if their great proneness to censure the rest of their sex, and the fretfulness of their aspect, be not sufficient indications to keep the men at a distance, they may erect upon their noddles a formal female seated in a sulky, foolishly pleased with having the whole vehicle to herself, and awkwardly exercising the imaginary power of having the sole command of the reins.

As a further means of facilitating this new method of courtship, I must beg leave to propose, that every lady's bosom should, instead of a pendent cross, which savours of popery, be ornamented with a chain and locket, something like those bottle-tickets, which direct us to port, claret, or burgundy, upon which might be curiously engraved the numbers two hundred, five hundred, or a thousand, according to the settlement expected. But to those female Quixotes who scorn the capriole, and erect windmills upon their heads instead of it, I shall offer a word of advice worthy their attention; which is, that they would provide a pipe of communication, to be conveyed from these machines to the brain, and constituted upon the model of the ingenious Dr. Hale's ventilators, that whenever the sails of the windmill are put into motion by the external air, they may draw off

all pernicious vapours, which may occasion a vertigo in the inside, as well as on the outside of their heads.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
H.

I am much pleased with the proposal of my ingenious correspondent, and think it particularly well adapted to the present disposition of the ladies. A fondness for showy equipages is now become one of their darling passions; and the splendour in which they are to be maintained, seems to be one of the chief considerations in modern matches. If a fine lady can be carried to court in a chair richly ornamented, or roll to the opera in a rich gilt chariot, she little considers with how disagreeable a companion she goes through the journey of life: and a polite female would no more fix her affections on a man, who drives but a beggarly pair, than she could be contented with being tumbled down to his country seat, like Punch's wife to Rumford, in a wheel-barrow.

The ladies having thus strongly manifested their passion for equipage, the gentlemen, I suppose, out of mere gallantry, and in order to further the gratification of their desires, have taken great pains to convert themselves into coachmen, grooms, and jockeys. The flapped hat, the jemmy frock with plate buttons and a leathern belt, and the pride which some young men of quality take in driving, are all calculated the better to qualify them for being the ladies' humble servants. I am therefore for extending my correspondent's scheme: and as the ladies now adorn their heads with the sign of a coach and six, like the door of a Mews' alehouse, I would have the gentlemen also bear these emblematical vehicles; by which the other sex may, by a single glance at a lover's head, see in what state they will be supported; as we know a clergyman by his rose, or an officer by his cockade.

The pretty fellows, who study dress, might show a great deal of invention in suiting their caprioles to their circumstances. Any nobleman or gentleman, who has the honour to be a knowing one, might show his affection for the turf by carrying the horse and jockey; another, who is an excellent driver, might bear his own figure exalted in a phaeton; and a third, who thinks of picking up a partner for life, that can be pleased with a *tete-a-tete* or sober piquet party, with her husband, may bear a *vis-a-vis*. In a word, all the different proposals of various suitors might be made by means of these ornaments, which might be worn over the foreheads of the beaux, like the white horse in the grenadiers' caps; and the ladies might be as much smitten with a promising capriole on the head of a lover, as heretofore with an elegant periwig.

If this mode should prevail, the concluding a treaty of marriage between two persons of quality might be considered in the same light, and expressed in the same terms, as making a match at Newmarket; and instead of the hackneyed phrases at present used by our news-writers, we might perhaps see the important articles, concerning marriages, drawn up after the following manner:

We hear that a match will be shortly made between the mourning coach and six of a merchant's widow with a great jointure, and a hunter, in fine order, belonging to a younger brother of a noble family.

A running horse, highly valued for his blood, is expected to start soon with a young filly from Yorkshire. Many thousand pounds are depending on this match.

A few days ago a young fellow from Ireland, mounted on a single horse, attacked an heiress in her coach and six. The lady made little or no resistance, and suffered herself to be taken out of the coach, and carried off behind him.

A gay coach and six, belonging to a young heir just of age, came to town last week in great splendour, and was intended to be matched with an equipage of the same kind: but having unfortunately run against Arthur's chocolate-house, it broke down, and the owner was very much hurt.

We hear from Bath, that the post-chaise of a young lady of great beauty lately made its appearance in the long-room, and soon after went off with the landau of a neighbouring country squire.

We are also informed from the same place, that an old-fashioned two-wheel chaise with a single horse, contrived to hold only one person, had driven about the walks for some time; but having jostled against the sulky of an old bachelor, in his grand climacteric, it was judged expedient to join them together; when they formed a most agreeable *vis-a-vis*, for the mutual accommodation of both parties.

No. 113.] THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.

*O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina! —*

O hallowed ground! a grove here rev'rend nods,
Here thick plantations rise of all the gods.

VIRTUE is almost the only instance in which the appearance of literary knowledge is affected in the present age; and our persons of rank acquire just enough scholarship, to qualify themselves for Connoisseurs. This sort of students become sufficiently acquainted with the customs of the ancients, to learn the least interesting particulars concerning them. They can distinguish a

Tiberius from a Trajan, know the pantheon from the amphitheatre, and can explain the difference between the *prætecta* and the *tunica*; which (only supposing the present times to have elapsed some hundred years) is just as deep knowledge, as if some future antiquary should discover the difference between a Carolus and an Anna, or St. Paul's church and Drury-lane play-house, or a full-trimmed suit and a French frock.

But the full display of modern polite learning is exhibited in the decorations of parks, gardens, &c. and centred in that important monosyllable, taste. Taste comprehends the whole circle of the polite arts, and sheds its influence on every lawn, avenue, grass-plot, and parterre. Taste has peopled the walks and gardens of the great with more numerous inhabitants than the ancient Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads. While infidelity has expunged the Christian theology from our creed, taste has introduced the heathen mythology into our gardens. If a pond is dug, Neptune, at the command of taste, emerges from the bason, and presides in the middle; or if a vista is cut through a grove, it must be terminated by a Flora, or an Apollo. As the ancients held that every spot of ground had its guardian genius, and that woodland deities were pegged in the knotty entrails of every tree, so in the gardens laid out by modern taste, every walk is peopled with gods and goddesses, and every corner of it has its tutelary deity. Temples are erected to all the train of deities mentioned in Homer or Ovid, which edifices as well as their several statues, are adorned with Latin or Greek inscriptions; while the learned owner wonders at his own surprising stock of literature, which he sees drawn out at large before him, like the whole knowledge of an apothecary inscribed upon his gallipots.

These persons of taste may be considered as a sort of learned idolaters, since they may be almost said to adore these graven images, and are quite enthusiastic in their veneration of them. The following letter may possibly give them some offence; but as I have myself no extravagant fondness for a Jupiter Tonans or a Belvidere Apollo, I heartily wish the scheme proposed by my correspondent may take place, though it should reduce the price of heathen godheads.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

At a time when all wise heads are considering of ways and means to raise taxes, that may prove the least oppressive to indigence, and the most effectually restrictive of luxury, permit me to propose (as a supplement to the thoughts of one of your correspondents on this subject) a national tax upon gods.

It is a strange but an undeniable truth, Mr.

Town, that if you and I were to travel through England, and to visit the citizen in his country box, the nobleman at his seat, the esquire at the hall-house, and even the divine at his parsonage, we should find the gardens, avenues, and groves, belonging to each mansion, stuffed and ornamented with heathen gods.

In the present declining state of our established religion, I almost tremble to consider what may be the consequences of these ready-made deities. Far be it from me to suppose that the great and the rich will worship any god whatsoever; but still I am induced to fear that the poor and the vulgar, when they find all other worship ridiculed and laid aside, may foolishly take to these molten images, and adore every leaden godhead they can find. If a tax on wheels has put down some hundreds of coaches, by a parity of reason, a tax upon gods may pull down an equal, if not a greater, number of statues. I would also offer another proposal: which is this; that an oak be immediately planted wherever a statue has been taken away; by which means those vast woods, which of late years have been cut down in England, to supply the immediate necessities of the illustrious Arthurites in St. James's-street, may be in some measure supplied to future generations.

Among our present taxes, some of them fall upon branches of splendour, not totally luxurious. Wheel carriages may be necessary; want of health or lameness of limbs may require them; but what necessities can we pretend for statues in our gardens, Penates in our libraries, and Lares on every chimney-piece? I have remarked many wild whims of this kind, that have appeared submissions, if not attachments, to idolatry. A gentleman of my acquaintance has destroyed his chapel, merely because he could not put up statues in it, and has filled his garden with every god, that can be found in Spence's Polymetis. Another of my friends, after having placed a Belvidere Apollo very conspicuously and naked upon the top of a mount, has erected an obelisk to the Sun: and this expense he has not put himself to for the beauty of the obelisk, for it is not beautiful, nor again for the splendour of the planet, which is of pewter double gilt, but only because, being in possession of copies or originals of every deity that Greece or Italy could boast, he was resolved to have the god of Persia to complete his collection. A poll-tax, therefore, upon gods and goddesses, be their representation what it will, suns, dogs, moons, or monkeys, is absolutely necessary, and would infallibly bring in a large revenue to the state.

Happening to be the other day at Slaughter's coffee-house, in St. Martin's-Lane, I saw two very fine statues of Fame and Fortune, brought out of Mr. Roubilliac's gate, and exposed to view, before they were nailed up and carted. The boy of the house told us they were to be

placed upon the top of Sir Thomas ——'s chapel in Hampshire. "Is it for such as these," observed a sneering papist, who stood near me, "that crucifixes have been removed, and that reverend saints and martyrs have been destroyed, and pounded into dust? Is it for these, that St. Peter has been broken to pieces, and St. Paul melted down into water pipes? Must our Lady make room for Proserpine? And the holy giant St. Christopher fall a victim to the Farnesian Hercules? Will you not agree with me, Sir," continued he, "that as men are induced, and almost constrained, to judge of others by their own manners and inclinations, we who are supposed to worship the images of Christians, must naturally conclude, that the protestants of the Church of England worship the images of heathens?" I confess I was at a loss how to answer the acuteness of his questions; and must own, that I cannot help thinking St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, or St. Dunstan taking the devil by the nose, as proper ornaments for a chapel, as any pagan deities whatever.

Hitherto I have kept you entirely among the molten images without doors, but were we to enter the several mansions whose avenues and demesnes are adorned in the manner I describe, we should find every chamber a pagod, filled with all the monstrous images that the idolatry of India can produce. I will not presume to infer, that the ladies address kitoos (prayers which the Japanese make use of in time of public distress) to their Ingens, but I am apt to surmise, that in times of danger and invasion, some of your fair readers would be more alarmed at the approach of the French to their china than to their chapels, and would sooner give up a favourite lap-dog, than a grotesque chimney-piece figure of a Chinese saint with numberless heads and arms. I have not yet digested my thoughts, in what manner the fair sex ought to be taxed. It is a tender point, and requires consideration. At present, I am of opinion, they ought to be spared, and the whole burden entirely laid upon those Bramins and Imans, whose idolatrous temples lie publicly open to our streets.

I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,
MOSES ORTHODOX.

No. 114. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1756.

Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam.

HOR.

Fly! neighbours, fly! he raves; his verses show it:
Fly! or you're caught, you're bit by a mad poet.

I REMEMBER, when I was very young, a relation carried me to visit a gentleman who had wrote some pieces that had been very well received

ed, and made me very happy by promising to introduce me to an author. As soon as I came, I surveyed his whole person from top to toe with the strictest attention, sat open-mouthed to catch every syllable that he uttered, and noticed his voice, manner, and every word and gesture, with the minutest observation. I could not help whispering to myself the whole evening, "I am in company with an author," and waited with the most anxious impatience to hear him deliver something that might distinguish him from the rest of mankind. The gentleman behaved with great cheerfulness and politeness: but he did not at all answer the idea which I had conceived of an author; and I went home exceedingly disappointed, because I could not find any striking difference between him and the rest of my acquaintance.

There is no character in human life, which is the subject of more frequent speculation among the vulgar, than an author. Some look on him with contempt, and others with admiration; but they all agree in believing him to be something different from all other people: and it is remarkable with what greediness they attend to any little anecdotes, which they can pick up concerning his life and conversation. He is, indeed, a kind of an ideal being, of which people conceive very different notions. By some he is supposed never to stir out of a garret, to wear a rusty black coat, dirty shirt, and darned stockings, and to want all the necessities as well as conveniences, of life; while others regard him as a creature superior to the rest of mortals, and endowed with something more than reason. One part, therefore, is surprised to see him walk abroad, and appear as well dressed as other people; and another is disappointed, when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of life no better than any other common man.

Nor is it less curious to consider the different ideas they conceive of the manner in which the business of writing is executed. The novice in literature, "smit with the love of sacred song," but not yet dipt in ink, supposes it all rapture and enthusiasm, and in imagination sees the author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables; while the mechanic considers him as working at his trade, and thinks he can sit down to write, whenever he pleases, as readily as the smith can labour at his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the author with some veneration as a scholar: but writing appears to him a mighty easy business, and he smiles, whenever he hears any body mention the labour of it; nor has he the least conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy harassed with pursuing a long train of ideas.

As people are led frequently to judge of a man from his ordinary conversation, so it is common

for them to form an idea of the author's disposition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings: they expect a gloom to be spread over the face of a mathematician; a controversial writer must be given to wrangling and dispute; and they imagine that a satirist must be made up of spleen, envy, and ill-nature. But this criterion is by no means certain and determinate: I know an author of a tragedy, who is the merriest man living; and one who has wrote a very witty comedy, though he will sit an hour in company without speaking a word. Lord Buckhurst is celebrated for being "the best good man with the worst natured muse;" and Addison was remarkably shy and reserved in conversation. I remember, I once fell into company with a painter, a poet, a divine, and a physician, who were no less famous for their wit and humour, than for their excellence in their several professions. After the usual common topics were discussed, the physician and the poet fell into a dispute concerning predestination; the divine smoked his pipe quietly, without putting in a word; while the painter and myself formed a privy council for the good of the nation. Thus, were it possible to conjure up the spirits of the most eminent wits in former ages, and put them together, they would perhaps appear to be very dull company. Virgil and Addison would probably sit staring at each other without opening their mouths; Horace and Steele would perhaps join in commendation of the liquor; and Swift would in all likelihood divert himself with sucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine spilt upon the table, or twirling the corkscrew round his finger.

The strange prejudices, which some persons conceive against authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the service of literature: or, if he ventures to commit a favourite work to the press, he steals to the printer's with as much caution and privacy as he would, perhaps, on another occasion, to a surgeon. He is afraid that he shall injure his character by being known to have written any thing, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will despise him as a low wretch, as soon as they discover him to be an author; as if merely the appearing in print was a disgrace to a gentleman, and the *imprimatur* to his works was no more than a stamp of shame and ignominy. These are the terrors which at first disturb the peace of almost every author, and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer, who cried out, "O that mine enemy had written a book!"

These fearful apprehensions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or suppress, out of deference to the world: but if this false modesty is too much cherished, it must of course damp all genius, and discourage every literary undertaking. Why should it

be disgraceful to exert the noblest faculties given us by nature? and why should any man blush at acquitting himself well in a work, which there is scarce one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even supposing an author to support himself by the profit arising from his works, there is nothing more dishonest, scandalous, or mean in it, than an officer in the army (the politest of all professions) living on his commission. Sense and genius are as proper commodities to traffic in, as courage; and an author is no more to be condemned as a hackney scribbler, though he writes at the rate of so much per sheet, than a colonel should be despised as a mercenary and a bravo, for exposing himself to be slashed, stuck, and shot at for so much per day. The truth is, that authors themselves often create the evils they complain of, and bring a disgrace on the service of literature, by being ashamed to wear the badge of it. Voltaire in his letters on the English, relates a remarkable instance of this kind of false pride in our own Congreve. Voltaire, when he was in England, waited on Congreve, and told him, that he was glad of an opportunity of paying his respects to a writer so much celebrated for his wit and humour. Congreve received him politely enough, but replied, that he should be glad to see him as a common gentleman, but would not be considered or conversed with as an author. The French writer was a good deal surprised at such a ridiculous piece of delicacy, and could not help telling him, that if he had been no more than a common gentleman, he should never have had any desire of seeing him.

I have often pleased myself with reflecting on the different opinions, which my readers must have formed of me, since my first appearance as an author. As poverty is one of the general characteristics of our brotherhood, those who indulge themselves in a contempt of writers, have, I doubt not, often painted me to their imagination in a very grotesque taste. Their ideal caricatures have perhaps often represented me lodged at least three stories from the ground, composing dissertations on the modern taste in architecture: at another time I may have been delineated sitting in a tattered night-gown and the breeches of a heathen philosopher, writing satires on the present modes in dress: and sometimes perhaps they have figured me half-starved, for want of a hearty meal, penning invectives against luxury and debauchery.

But, while these have reduced me to this low condition, and "steeped me in poverty to the very lips," I flatter myself, that some few have bestowed on me an extraordinary share of virtue and understanding. After so many grave lessons against the vices and luxury of the present age, they will naturally suppose that I never risked a farthing at the gaming

table, never kept a mistress, would decline an invitation to a turtle feast, and, rather than be provoked to fight a duel, would take a kick on the breech, or tweak by the nose, with all the calmness and resignation imaginable. As to my wit and humour, I should blush to set down the many compliments I have had from several unknown correspondents on that head: and I once received a note from a very honest gentleman, who desired to spend an evening with me, promising himself great diversion, in cracking a bottle with the facetious Mr. Town.

These various opinions of me as an author I shall never labour to reconcile; but shall be equally contented with instructing or amusing the gentle reader, whether he considers my papers as favours showered down upon him from a bookseller's garret, or issuing from my own apartment. However this may be, I shall never think it a disgrace to have written, or be ashamed to be considered as an author; and if ever Mr. Voltaire should think proper to visit England again, I shall be very glad of a literary chat with him, and will give him a most gracious reception. T.

No. 115.] THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1756.

—*Cætes quid agam?*

HOR.

With an old bachelor how things miscarry!
What shall I do? go hang myself? or marry?

— TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

No man is a sincerer friend to innocent pleantry, or more desirous of promoting it, than myself. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is, in my opinion, an excellent ingredient in conversation; and I am never displeased, if I can contribute to the harmless mirth of the company, by being myself the subject of it: but, in good truth, I have neither a fortune, a constitution, nor a temper, that will enable me to chuckle and shake my sides, while I suffer more from the festivity of my friends, than the spleen or malice of my enemies could possibly inflict upon me; nor do I see any reason why I should so far move the mirthful indignation of the ladies, as to be teased and worried to death in mere sport, for no earthly reason, but that I am what the world calls an old bachelor.

The female part of my acquaintance entertain an odd opinion that a bachelor is not, in fact, a rational creature; at least, that he has not the sense of feeling in common with the rest of mankind; that a bachelor may be beaten like a stockfish; that you may thrust pins into his legs, and wring him by the nose; in short, that you cannot take too many liberties with a bachelor. I

am at a loss to conceive on what foundation these romping philosophers have grounded their hypothesis, though at the same time, I am a melancholy proof of its existence, as well as of its absurdity.

A friend of mine, whom I frequently visit, has a wife and three daughters, the youngest of which has persecuted me these ten years. These ingenious young ladies have not only found out the sole end and purpose of my being themselves, but have likewise communicated their discovery to all the girls in the neighbourhood : so that if they happen at any time to be apprized of my coming, (which I take all possible care to prevent) they immediately despatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to beg the favour of their company to drink coffee, and help to tease Mr. Ironside. Upon these occasions, my entry into the room is sometimes obstructed by a cord fastened across the bottom of the door-case : which as I am a little near-sighted, I seldom discover, till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in brushing the dust from my black rollers, or chafing my broken shins, my wig is suddenly conveyed away, and either stuffed behind the looking-glass, or tossed from one to the other so dexterously and with such velocity, that, after many a fruitless attempt to recover it, I am obliged to sit down bare-headed, to the great diversion of the spectators. The last time I found myself in these distressful circumstances, the eldest girl, a sprightly mischievous jade, stepped briskly up to me, and promised to restore my wig, if I would play her a tune on a small flute she held in her hand. I instantly applied it to my lips, and blowing lustily into it, to my inconceivable surprise, was immediately choked and blinded with a cloud of soot, that issued from every hole in the instrument. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed the conditions, and refused to surrender my wig ; but the father, who had a rough kind of facetiousness about him, insisted on its being delivered up, and protested that he never knew the black joke better performed in his life.

I am naturally a quiet inoffensive animal, and not easily ruffled ; yet I shall never submit to these indignities with patience, till I am satisfied I deserve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who, one would think, might have a fellow-feeling for a brother in distress, conspire with their nieces to harass and torment me : and it is not many nights since Miss Diana Grizzle utterly spoiled the only superfine suit I have in the world, by pinning the skirts of it together with a red-hot poker. I own my resentment of this injury was so strong, that I determined to punish it by kissing the offender, which in cool blood I should never have attempted. The satisfaction, however, which I obtained by this imprudent revenge, was much

like what a man of honour feels on finding himself run through the body by the scoundrel who had offended him. My upper lip was transfixed with a large corking pin, which in the scuffle she had conveyed into her mouth ; and I doubt not that I shall carry the *memorem labris notam* (the mark of this Judas kiss) from an old maid to the grave with me.

These misfortunes, or others of the same kind, I encounter daily : but at these seasons of the year, which give a sanction to this kind of practical wit, and when every man thinks he has a right to entertain himself at his friend's expense, I live in hourly apprehensions of some mortifying adventures. No miserable dung-hill cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a Shrove-Tuesday, were he endued with human reason and forecast, than I am at the approach of a merry Christmas or the first of April. No longer ago than last Thursday, which was the latter of these festivals, I was pestered with mortifying presents from the ladies ; obliged to pay the carriage of half a dozen oyster-barrels stuffed with brick-bats, and ten packets by the post containing nothing but old newspapers. But what vexed me the most, was the being sent fifty miles out of town, on that day, by a counterfeit express from a dying relation.

I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, on the resemblance between the imaginary grievance of poor Tom in the tragedy of Lear, and those which I really experienced. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire ; and though knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horse-hair was strewn upon my sheets : like him I was made to ride on a hard trotting horse through the most dangerous ways, and found, at the end of my journey, that I had only been coursing my own shadow.

As much a sufferer as I am by the behaviour of the women in general, I must not forget to remark, that the pertness and sauciness of an old maid is particularly offensive to me. I cannot help thinking, that the virginity of these ancient misses is at least as ridiculous as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned for having never made an offer, they are as much to blame for having never accepted one : if I am to be derided for having never married, they never attempted to make a conquest, who are more properly the objects of derision who are still unmarried, after having made so many. Numberless are the proposals they have rejected, according to their own account : and they are eternally boasting of the havoc they have formerly made among the knights, baronets, and squires, at Bath, Tunbridge, and Epsom ; while a tattered madrigal perhaps, a snip of hair, or the portrait of a cherry-checked gentleman in a milk-white periwig, are the only remaining proofs of those beauties, which are now with-

ered like the short lived rose, and have only left the virgin thorn remaining.

Believe me, Mr. Town, I am almost afraid to trust you with the publication of this epistle; the ladies, whom I last mentioned, will be so exasperated on reading it, that I must expect no quarter at their hands for the future; since they are generally as little inclined to forgiveness in their old age, as they were to pity and compassion in their youth. One expedient, however, is left me, which, if put in execution, will effectually screen me from their resentment.

I shall be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies, that as fusty an animal as they think me, it is not impossible but by a little gentler treatment than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into a husband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my present uneasy circumstances, you may assure them, that I am rendered so exceedingly tractable, by the very severe discipline I have undergone, that they may mould and fashion me to their minds with ease; and, consequently, that by marrying me, a woman will save herself all that trouble which a wife of any spirit is obliged to take with an unruly husband, who is absurd enough to expect from her a strict performance of the marriage vow, even in the very minute article of obedience: that, so far from contradicting a lady, I shall be mighty well satisfied, if she contents herself with contradicting me: that, if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I shall think myself rightly served, if she boxes my ears, spits in my face, or treads upon my corns: that, if I approach her lips, when she is not in a kissing humour, I shall expect she will bite me by the nose; or, if I take her by the hand at an improper season, that she will instantly begin to pinch, scratch, and claw, and apply her fingers to those purposes which they were certainly intended by nature to fulfil. Add to these accomplishments, so requisite to make the married state happy, that I am not much turned of fifty, can tie on my cravat, fasten a button, or mend a hole in my stocking without any assistance.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

CHRISTOPHER IRONSIDE.

No. 116.] THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1756.

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.* LUCRET.

Here each profession, and its tribe we view,
Some toiling in the old, and some inventing new.

THOSE parents who are unable to give their sons an estate, regard the educating them to one of

the three great professions of law, physic, and divinity, as putting them in the high road to acquire one. Hence it happens, that nineteen parts out of twenty of our young men are brought up with a view to Lambeth, the Seals, or Warwick-lane. But, alas! their hopes and expectations of rising by their professions are often frustrated; and the surprising numbers, engaged in running the same race, necessarily jostle one another. For though the courts of justice are tolerably supplied with matters of litigation; though there are many invalids and valetudinarians; and though great part of England is laid out into church preferments; yet there is not, in all the kingdom, sufficient matter for legal contention, to employ a tenth part of those who have been trained to engross deeds in their chamber, or to harangue at the bar: the number of patients bears no proportion to the swarms of the faculty, nor would it though a consultation were to sit on every sick man, like carrion-flies upon a carcase: and the prodigious number of reverend divines infinitely exceeds that of those bishoprics, deaneries, prebends, rectories, vicarages, &c. which when they are ordained, they conceive it to be part of their holy orders to fill. From these frequent failures in each of the professions, the younger sons of great men often wish, that they had been permitted to disgrace the family by some mercantile, or more plebeian occupation; while the son of the mechanic curses the pride of his father, who instead of securing him a livelihood in his own business, has condemned him to starve in pudding-sleeves, that he may do honour to his relations by being a gentleman.

The three professions being thus crowded with more candidates for business and preferment, than can possibly be employed or promoted, has occasioned several irregularities in the conduct of the followers of each of them. The utter impossibility of supporting themselves in the usual method of practising law, physic, or divinity, without clients, patients, or parishioners, has induced the labourers in each of those vocations to seek out new veins and branches. The young solicitor who finds he has nothing to do, now he is out of his clerkship, offers his assistance, in the transaction of all law affairs, by the public papers, and, like the advertising tailors, promises to work cheaper than any of his brethren: while the young barrister, after having exhibited his tie-wig in Westminster-hall, during several terms to no purpose, is obliged to forego the hope of rivalling Murray and Coke, and content himself with being the oracle of the courts of Carolina or Jamaica. The graduate in medicine, finding himself unsolicited for prescription or advice, and likely to starve by practising physic *secundum artem*, flies in the face of the college, and professes to cure all dis-

eases by *nostrums* unmentioned in the dispensatory. He commences a thriving quack, and soon makes his way through the important medical degrees of walking on foot, riding on horse-back, dispensing his drugs from a one-horse chaise, and lastly lolling in a chariot. The divine without living, cure or lectureship, may perhaps incur transportation for illegal marriages, set up a theatrical-oratorical-Billingsgate chapel under the shelter of the toleration-act and the butchers of Clare-market, or kindle the inward light in the bosoms of the saints of Moorfields, and the Magdalens of Broad St. Giles's.

But notwithstanding these shoots, ingrafted, as it were, into the main body of the professions, it is still impossible for the vast multitude of divines, lawyers, and physicians, to maintain themselves, at any rate, within the pale of their respective employments. They have often been compelled, at least, to call in adventitious ones, and have sometimes totally abandoned their original undertakings. They have frequently made mutual transitions into the occupations of each other, or have perhaps embraced other employments; which though distinct from all three, and not usually dignified with the title of professions, may fairly be considered in that light; since they are the sole means of support to many thousands, who toiled in vain for a subsistence in the three capital ones. On these professions, and their various followers, I shall here make some observations.

The first of these professions is an author. The mart of literature is, indeed, one of the chief resorts of unbenedicted divines, and lawyers and physicians without practice. There are, at present, in the world of authors, doctors of physic, who (to use the phrase of one of them) have no great fatigue from the business of their profession: many clergymen, whose sermons are the most inconsiderable part of their compositions: and several gentlemen of the inns of court, who, instead of driving the quill over skins of parchment, lead it through all the mazes of modern novels, critiques, and pamphlets. Many likewise have embraced this profession, who were never bred to any other: and I might also mention the many bankrupt tradesmen and broken artificers, who daily enter into this new way of business, if, by pursuing it in the same mechanical manner as their former occupations, they might not rather be regarded as following a trade than a profession.

The second of these professions is a player. The ingenious gentlemen, who assume the persons of the drama, are composed of as great a variety of character as those they represent. The history of the stage might afford many instances of those, who in the trade of death might have slain men, who have condescended

to deal counterfeit slaughter from their right hands, and administer harmless phials and bowls of poison. We might read also of persons, whose fists were intended to beat 'the drum ecclesiastic,' who have themselves become theatrical volunteers. In regard to the law, many who were originally designed to manifest their talents for elocution in Westminster-hall, have displayed them in Drury lane; and it may be added, on theatrical authority, that

Not e'en attorneys have this rage withstood,
But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink for blood,
And, strange reverse!...died for their country's good.

I will not so far affront those gentlemen, who were at any time engaged in the study of the three honourable professions of law, physic, and divinity, as to suppose that any of them have ever taken the more fashionable employment of a pimp. yet it is certain, that this is a very common and lucrative profession, and that very many provide themselves with the necessaries of life, by administering to the pleasures of others. A convenient cousin, sister, or wife, has sometimes proved the chief means of making a fortune; and the tongue of slander has often ventured to affirm, that the price of procuration has been paid with a place or a bishopric.

The most advantageous and genteel of all professions is gaming. Whoever will make this science his study, will find it the readiest way to riches, and most certain passport to the best company: for the polite world will always admit any one to their society, who will condescend to win their money. The followers of this profession are very numerous; which is indeed, no wonder, when we reflect on the numbers it supports in ease and affluence, at no greater pains than packing the cards or cogging the dice, and no more risk than being sometimes tweaked by the nose, or kicked out of company; besides which, this profession daily receives new lustre from the many persons of quality that follow it, and crowd into it with as much eagerness as into the army. Among gamesters may also be found lawyers, who get more by being masters of all the cases in Hoyle, than by their knowledge of those recorded in the Reports; physicians, the chief object of whose attention is the circulation of the E O table; and divines, who, we may suppose, were hinted at by a famous wit in a certain assembly, when, among the other benefits resulting from a double tax upon dice, he thought fit to enumerate, that it might possibly prevent the clergy from playing at backgammon.

But the more danger the more honour; and therefore no profession is more honourable than that of a highwayman. Who the followers of this profession are, and with what success they

practise it, I will not pretend to relate; as the memoirs of several of them have been already penned by the ordinary of Newgate, and as it is to be hoped, that the lives of all the present practitioners will be written hereafter by that faithful historian. I shall, therefore, only say, that the present spirit of dissoluteness and free-thinking must unavoidably bring this honourable profession more and more into vogue, and that every sessions may soon be expected to afford an instance of a gentleman-highwayman.

W.

No. 117.] THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1756.

*Ergo haud difficile est perituram arcescere summam
Laneibus oppositis, vel matris imagine fractâ. Juv.*

Here to the spendthrift ready cash is lent,
On plate, or rings, or watches, cent per cent :
Here, from it's frame the enamell'd portrait drawn,
The circling brilliants are received in pawn.

I HAVE often amused myself with considering the mean and ridiculous shifts, to which the extravagant are sometimes reduced. When the certain supplies of a regular income are exhausted, they are obliged to cast about for ready cash, and set the invention to work, in order to devise means of repairing their finances. Such attempts to enlarge their revenue have frequently driven those, whose great souls would not be curbed by the straitness of their circumstances, into very uncommon undertakings: they have sent lords to Arthur's, and ladies to assemblies, or sometimes worse places. We may safely conclude, that whoever breaks through all economy, will soon discard honesty; though perhaps it might be deemed *scandalum magnatum* to aver, that prodigal men of quality have often sold their country to redeem their estates, and that extravagant ladies have been known to make up the deficiencies of their pin-money by pilfering and larceny.

One of the first and chief resources of extravagance, both in high and low life, is the pawnbrokers. I never pass by one of these shops, without considering them as the repositories of half the jewels, plate, &c. in town. It is true, indeed, that the honest and industrious are sometimes forced to supply their necessities by this method: but if we were to inquire, to whom the several articles in these miscellaneous warehouses belong, we should find the greatest part of them to be the property of the idle and infamous among the vulgar, or the prodigal and luxurious among the great; and if, in imitation of the ancients, who placed the temple of Honour behind the temple of Virtue, propriety should be attempted in the situation of pawnbrokers' shops, they would be placed contiguous

to a gin-shop, as in the ingenious print of Hogarth, or behind a tavern gaming-house, or bagnio.

Going home late last Saturday night, I was witness to a curious dialogue at the door of one of these houses. An honest journeyman carpenter, whose wife, it seems, had pawned his best clothes, having just received his week's pay, was come to redeem them; but, it being past twelve o'clock, the man of the house, who kept up the conversation by means of a little grate in the door, refused to deliver them; though the poor carpenter begged hard for his holiday clothes, as the morrow was Easter Sunday. This accident led me to reflect on the various persons in town, who carry on this kind of commerce with the pawnbrokers, and gave occasion to the following dream,

I was scarce asleep before I found myself at the entrance of a blind alley, terminated by a little hatch, where I saw a vast concourse of people, of different ages, sex, and condition, going in and coming out. Some of these I observed, as they went up, very richly drest; and others were adorned with jewels and costly trinkets; but I could not help remarking, that at their return they were all divested of their finery; and several had even their gowns and coats stript off their backs. A lady, who strutted up in a rich brocaded suit, sneaked back again in an ordinary stuff night-gown; a second retreated with the loss of a diamond solitaire and pearl necklace; and a third, who had bundled up her whole stock of linen, scarce escaped with what she had upon her back. I observed several gentlemen, who brought their sideboards of plate to be melted down, as it were, into current specie; many had their pockets disburthened of their watches; and some, even among the military gentlemen, were obliged to deliver up their swords. Others of the company marched up, heavy laden with pictures, household goods, and domestic utensils; one carried a spit; another brandished a gridiron; a third flourished a frying-pan; while a fourth brought to my remembrance the old sign of the dog's head in the porridge pot. I saw several trot up merrily with their chairs, tables, and other furniture: but I could not help pitying one poor creature among the rest, who, after having stript his own house, even to his feather bed, stalked along like a Lock-patient, wrapt up in the blankets, while his wife accompanied him doing penance in the sheets.

As I was naturally curious to see the inside of the receptacle, where all these various spoils were deposited, I stept up to the hatch; and meeting a grave old gentleman at the threshold, I desired him to inform me what place it was, and what business was transacted there. He very courteously took me by the hand, and leading me through a dark passage, brought me into

a spacious hall, which he told me was the temple of usury, and that he himself was the chief priest of it. One part of this building was hung round with all kinds of apparel, like the sale shops in Monmouth-street; another was strewn with a variety of goods, and resembled the brokers' shops in Harp-alley; and another part was furnished with such an immense quantity of jewels and rich plate, that I should rather have fancied myself in the church of the lady of Loretto. All these, my guide informed me, were the offerings of that crowd, which I had seen resorting to this temple. The churches in Roman Catholic countries have commonly a cross fixed upon them; the Chinese erect dragons and hang bells about their pagods; and the Turkish mosques have their peculiar hieroglyphics; but I could not help taking particular notice, that this temple of usury had its vestibule adorned with three wooden balls painted blue; the mystery of which, I was told, was as dark and unfathomable as the Pythagorean number, or the secret doctrines of Trismegist.

When I had in some measure satisfied my curiosity, in taking a general survey of the temple, my instructor led me to an interior corner of it, where the most splendid offerings were spread upon a large altar. "This bauble," said he, showing me an elegant sprig of diamonds, "is an aigret, sent in last week by a lady of quality, who has ever since kept home, with her head muffled up in a double clout, for a pretended fit of the tooth-ache. She has, at different times, made an offering of all her jewels: and, besides these, her whole wardrobe was very lately lodged here, which threw her into an hysterical fever, and confined her to her bed-gown for upwards of a month. Those ear-rings and other jewels are the *paraphernalia* of a young bride; who was so constant a votary to this place, that, when nothing else remained for an offering, she even brought in her wedding-ring. You may be surprised, perhaps, to behold such a variety of necklaces, girdle-buckles, solitaires, and other female ornaments, as are here collected: but it is observable, that their devotions in the temple of usury have been chiefly encouraged and kept alive by their assisting at the midnight orgies of avarice.

"Nor are the gentlemen," continued he, "less encouragers of our rites. That gold watch lay snug for a considerable time, in the fob of a young man of quality: but it was one night jerked out by a single throw of the dice at a gaming-table, and made its way into the pocket of a stranger, who placed it here to keep company with several others, brought hither on a similar occasion. Those brilliant buckles once glittered on the shoes of a very pretty fellow, who set out last winter on his travels into foreign parts, but never got further than Boulogne: and that sword, with the rich fillagree

hilt and elegantly-fancied sword knot with gold tassels, once dangled at the side of a spirited buck; who left it here two years ago, when he went off in a great hurry, to take possession of a large estate in his native country, Ireland, whence he is not yet returned. You may see many others of these instruments of death, which rust peacefully in their scabbards, as being of no use whatever to their owners; that which commonly hangs upon the vacant peg there, belongs, you must know, to a noble captain: it is called upon duty once a month, and is at this instant mounting guard at St. James's."

Not far from these rich ornaments hung several embroidered coats, laced waistcoats, *point d'Espagne* hats, &c. "This suit," said my venerable instructor, pointing to one richly embroidered, "was made up for a noble lord on the last birth-day, and conveyed hither the very next morning after it had appeared at court. That jemmy waistcoat with the gold worked button-holes, on the next peg, was the property of a smart templar, who, having spent a night out of his chambers, sent his waistcoat hither in the morning as a penitential offering, by his landlady. As to that heap of camblet gowns, checked aprons, and coloured handkerchiefs, which you see strung together a little further off, they are oblations made here by a sect of maudlin votaries, who resort to this temple to pay their devotions to a goddess, whom they have christened Madam Gin, but whom they sometimes honour with the more proper appellation of Strip me Naked."

While my conductor was thus relating the history of the various offerings, and persons who had made them, he was suddenly called aside to a dark closet; several of which were erected near the entrance, and appeared not unlike the confessionals of the Romish priests. These little boxes, I found, were appointed to receive the votaries, who came to pay their devotions, and make their offerings: but the necessary rites and ceremonies were commonly solemnized with as much caution and privacy, as the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* among the Romans. At present, however, there was a greater noise and hubbub than usual. A person of the first rank in the kingdom, who had made some very considerable oblations of gold and silver plate, was now about to celebrate a feast in honour of Bacchus, in which these rich utensils would be requisite, on which occasion he prayed to have the use of them. The chief priest, after having received the customary fee, granted a dispensation for this purpose, and loaded the messengers with a number of wrought ewers, vases, and chargers; at the same time commissioning two or three of the inferior officials of the temple to attend the celebration of the feast, and to take care that the plate was

duly returned, and safely lodged again in the temple.

These matters were scarcely adjusted before an unexpected incident filled the whole temple with confusion and disturbance. A rude tribe of officers broke in upon us, put a stop to the rites, and seized the chief priest himself, charging him with having profaned the place by a crime almost as infamous as sacrilege. He was accused of having encouraged robbers to strip the citizens of their most valuable effects, and for a small reward to deposit them as offerings. The clamour on this occasion was very great : and at last one of the officers, methought, seized me as a party concerned ; when endeavouring to clear myself, and struggling to get out of his clutches, I awoke.

W.

No. 118.] THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

Hæc stultitia parit civitates, hæc constant imperia, magistratus, religio, consilia, judicia, nec aliud omnino est vita humana, quam stultitiæ lusus quidam. ERASM.

Nonsense o'er empires and o'er states presides,
Our judgment, counsels, laws, religion, guides ;
All arts and sciences despotic rules ;
And life itself's a drama, play'd by fools.

THERE IS NO RACE of people, that has been more conspicuous, in almost every relation of life, than the illustrious family of Nonsense. In every age of the world they have shone forth with uncommon lustre, and have made a wonderful progress in all the arts and sciences. They have at different seasons delivered speeches from the throne, harangued at the bar, debated in parliament, and gone amazing lengths in philosophical inquiries and metaphysical disquisitions. In a word, the whole history of the world moral and political, is but a Cyclopædia of Nonsense. For which reason, considering the dignity and importance of the family, and the infinite service it has been of to me and many of my contemporaries, I have resolved to oblige the public with a kind of abstract of the history of Nonsense. Nonsense was the daughter of Ignorance, begot on Falsehood, many ages ago, in a dark cavern in Boeotia. As she grew up, she inherited all the qualities of her parents : she discovered too warm a genius to require being sent to school ; but while other dull brats were poring over a horn-book, she amused herself with spreading fantastical lies, taught her by her mamma, and which have in latter ages been familiarly known to us under the names of Sham, Banter, and Humbug. When she grew up, she received the addresses, and soon became the wife of Impudence. Who he was, or of what profession, is uncertain : some say he was the son of Ignorance by another *venter*, and was suffered to become the hus-

band of Nonsense in those dark ages of the world, as the Ptolemies in Egypt married their own sisters. Some record, that he was in the army : others, that he was an interpreter of the laws ; and others, a divine. However this was, Nonsense and Impudence were soon inseparably united to each other, and became the founders of a more noble and numerous family, than any yet preserved on any tree of descent whatsoever ; of which ingenious device they were said to have been the first inventors.

It is my chief intent at present to record the great exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themselves remarkable in England ; though they began to signalize themselves very early, and are still very flourishing in most parts of the world. Many of them were Egyptian priests four thousand years ago, and told the people, that it was religion to worship dogs, monkeys, and green leeks : and their descendants prevailed on the Greeks and Romans to build temples in honour of supposed deities, who were, in their own estimation of them, whores and whoremongers, pick-pockets and drunkards. Others rose up some ages after in Turkey, and persuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodshed and of the sword, in the name of the most merciful God ; and others have manifested their lineal descent from Nonsense and Impudence, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were also among them many shrewd philosophers ; some of whom, though they were racked with a fit of the stone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared that they felt not the least degree of pain ; and others would not trust their own eyes, but when they saw a horse or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own existence.

We have no certain account of the progress of Nonsense here in England, till after the Reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the monks in cloisters and convents, dreaming over old legends of saints, drawing up breviaries and mass-books, and stringing together some barbarous Latin verses in rhyme. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, so little encouragement was given to her family, that it seemed to have been almost extinct ; but in the succeeding reign it flourished again, and filled the most considerable offices in the nation. Nonsense became a great favourite at court, where she was highly caressed on account of her wit, which consisted in puns and quibbles ; and the bonny monarch himself was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her conversation. At this time many of her progeny took orders, and got themselves preferred to the best livings, by turning the Evangelists into punsters, and making St. Paul quibble from the pulpit. Among the rest, there was a bishop, a favour

ite son of Nonsense, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he used to tickle his courtly audience by telling them that matrimony was become a matter of money, with many other right reverend jests recorded in Joe Miller. Several brothers of this family were likewise bred to the bar, and very gravely harangued against old women sucked by devils in the shape of ram-cats, &c. As an instance of their profound wisdom and sagacity, I need only mention that just and truly pious act of parliament made against the crying sin of witchcraft. I Jac. 1. chap. 12. "Such as shall use invocation or conjuration of any evil spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee or reward any evil spirit to any intent, or take up any dead person, or part thereof, to be used in witchcraft, or have used any of the said arts, whereby any person shall be killed, consumed, or lamed in his or her body, they, together with their accessaries before the fact, shall suffer as felons without benefit of clergy."

In the troublesome times of King Charles the First, Nonsense and her family sided with the Parliament. These set up new sects in religion: some of them cropt their hair short, and called themselves the enlightened; some fell into trances, and pretended to see holy visions: while others got into tubs, and held forth, with many whinings, and groans, and snuffling through the nose. In the merry days of King Charles the Second, Nonsense assumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family wrote lewd plays, as well as luscious love-songs, and other loose verses, which were collected together and greedily bought up in miscellanies. In the succeeding reign, some of the kindred, who had received their education at St. Omers, thought themselves on the point of establishing Nonsense in church and state, and were preparing to make bonfires on the occasion in Smithfield, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since the Revolution, the field of politics has afforded large scope for Nonsense and her family to make themselves remarkable. Hence arose the various sects in party, distinguished by the names of Whig and Tory, Ministerial and Jacobite, Sunderlanders, Oxfordians, Godolphinians, Bolingbrookians, Walpolians, Pelhamians, &c. &c. &c. names which have kindled as hot a war in pamphlets and journals, as the Guelphs and Gibelines in Italy, or the Big and Little Endians in the kingdom of Lilliput.

I have here endeavoured to give a short abridgment of the history of Nonsense; though a very small part of the exploits of the family can be included in so compendious a chronicle. Some of them were very deep scholars, and filled the professors' chairs at the universities. They composed many elaborate dissertations, to con-

vince the world, that two and two make four; and discovered, by dint of syllogism, that white is not black. Their inquiries in natural philosophy were no less extraordinary; many spent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to discover a wonderful stone, that should turn every baser metal into gold; and others employed themselves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they should fly up into the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the Belles Lettres, and were the original founders of the learned society of Grubstreet.

Never was any era in the annals of Nonsense more illustrious than the present: nor did that noble family ever more signally distinguish itself in every occupation. In oratory, who are greater proficient than the progeny of Nonsense? Witness many long and eloquent speeches delivered in St. Stephen's chapel, in Westminster-hall, at assizes and quarter-sessions, at Clare-market, and the Robin Hood. In philosophy, what marvellous things have not been proved by Nonsense? The sometime professor of astronomy at Gresham college, shewed Sir Isaac Newton to be a mere ass, and wire-drewed the books of Moses into a complete system of natural philosophy: life-guardmen have, with the utmost certainty of Nonsense, foretold earthquakes; and others have penned curious essays on air-quakes, water-quakes, and comets.—In politics, how successfully have the sons of Nonsense bandied about the terms of court and country? How wisely have they debated upon taxes? And with what amazing penetration did they but lately foresee an invasion?—In religion, their domain is particularly extensive: for, though Nonsense is excluded, at least from the first part of the service, in all regular churches, yet she often occupies the whole ceremony at the Tabernacle and Foundery in Moorfields, and the chapel in Long-acre. But, for the credit of so polite an age, be it known, that the children of Nonsense, who are many of them people of fashion, are as often seen at the play-house as at church: and it is something strange, that the family of Nonsense is now divided against itself, and in high contest about the management of their favourite amusement—the Opera. T.

No. 119. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

Plenus rimarum sum, huc et illuc perfluo.

Leaky at bottom; if those chinks you stop
In vain:—the secret will run o'er the top.

There is no mark of our confidence taken more kindly by a friend, than the intrusting him with

a secret; nor any which he is so likely to abuse. Confidants in general are like crazy fire-locks, which are no sooner charged and cocked, than the spring gives way, and the report immediately follows. Happy to have been thought worthy the confidence of one friend, they are impatient to manifest their importance to another; till between them and their friend, and their friend's friend, the whole matter is presently known to all our friends round the Wrekin. The secret catches as it were by contact, and like electrical matter breaks forth from every link in the chain, almost at the same instant. Thus the whole Exchange may be thrown into a buzz to-morrow, by what was whispered in the middle of Marlborough Downs this morning; and in a week's time the streets may ring with the intrigue of a woman of fashion bellowed out from the four mouths of the hawkers, though at present it is known to no creature living, but her gallant and her waiting-maid.

As the talent of secrecy is of so great importance to society, and the necessary commerce between individuals cannot be securely carried on without it, that this deplorable weakness should be so general is much to be lamented. You may as well pour water into a funnel, or a sieve, and expect it to be retained there, as commit any of your concerns to so slippery a companion. It is remarkable, that in those men who have thus lost the faculty of retention, the desire of being communicative is always most prevalent, where it is least to be justified. If they are intrusted with a matter of no great moment, affairs of more consequence will perhaps in a few hours shuffle it entirely out of their thoughts: but if any thing be delivered to them with an air of earnestness, a low voice, and the gesture of a man in terror for the consequence of its being known; if the door is bolted, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise; however they may promise secrecy, and however they may intend it, the weight upon their minds will be so extremely oppressive, that it will certainly put their tongues in motion.

This breach of trust, so universal amongst us, is perhaps in great measure owing to our education. The first lesson our little masters and misses are taught, is to become blabs and tell-tales; they are bribed to divulge the petty intrigues of the family below stairs to papa and mamma in the parlour, and a doll or a hobby-horse is generally the encouragement of a propensity, which could scarcely be atoned for by a whipping. As soon as children can lisp out the little intelligence they have picked up in the hall or the kitchen, they are admired for their wit: if the butler has been caught kissing the house-keeper in his pantry, or the footman detected in romping with the chamber-maid, away flies little Tommy or Betsy with the news; the parents are lost in admiration of the pretty

rogue's understanding, and reward such uncommon ingenuity with a kiss and a sugar-plum.

Nor does an inclination to secrecy meet with less encouragement at school. The governautes at the boarding-school teach miss to be a good girl, and tell them every thing she knows: thus, if any young lady is unfortunately discovered eating a green apple in a corner, if she is heard to pronounce a naughty word, or is caught picking the letters out of another miss's sampler, away runs the chit, who is so happy as to get the start of the rest, screams out her information as she goes; and the prudent matron chucks her under the chin, and tells her that she is a good girl, and every body will love her.

The management of our young gentlemen is equally absurd: in most of our schools, if a lad is discovered in a scrape, the impeachment of an accomplice, as at the Old Bailey, is made the condition of a pardon. I remember a boy, engaged in robbing an orchard, who was unfortunately taken prisoner in an apple-tree, and conducted, under a strong guard of the farmer and his dairy-maid, to the master's house. Upon his absolute refusal to discover his associates, the pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his fidelity, but finding it impossible to scourge the secret out of him, he at last gave him up for an obstinate villain, and sent him to his father, who told him he was ruined, and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his school-fellows. I must own I am not fond of thus drubbing our youth into treachery; and am much more pleased with the request of Ulysses, when he went to Troy, who begged of those who were to have the charge of Telemachus, that they would, above all things, teach him to be just, sincere, faithful, and to keep a secret.

Every man's experience must have furnished him with instances of confidants who are not to be relied on, and friends who are not to be trusted; but few perhaps have thought it a character so well worth their attention, as to have marked out the different degrees into which it may be divided, and the different methods by which secrets are communicated.

Ned Trusty is a tell-tale of a very singular kind. Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating by a nod and a shrug well-timed, or a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing a secret. He is also excellent at a "doubtful phrase," as Hamlet calls it, or an "ambiguous giving out;" and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken inuendoes, as

Well, I know—or, I could—an if I would—
Or, if I list to speak—or, there be, and if there might, &c.

Here he generally stops; and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed upon to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

Poor Meanwell, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a secret is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects, that you come with a felonious intent to rob him of his charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home, he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro in his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself, what he longs to publish to the world; and would gladly submit to the office of town-crier, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market-place. At length, however, weary of his burden, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a cheerful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

Careless is perhaps equally undesigning, though not equally excusable. Intrust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happiness depend: he hears you with a kind of half attention, whistles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or perhaps in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword-knot, damns his tailor for having dressed him in a snuff-coloured coat, instead of a *ponpadour*, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction; where, as if he meant to dispose of his intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it, with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's; and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a secret.

To these I might add the character of the open and unreserved who thinks it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates; and the impertinent, who having by dint of observation made himself master of your secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it has cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege as the reward due to his industry. But I shall leave these, with many other characters, which my reader's own experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing, as a short remedy for this evil,—That no man may betray the counsel of his friend, let every man keep his own.

No. 120.] THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

Judicium subtile videndis artibus. —

HOR.

A subtle fancy, and a judgment chaste,
Form the nice mixture of a genuine taste.

TASTE is at present the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, seems to be considered as the quintessence of almost all the arts and sciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dress with taste; the architects, whether Gothic or Chinese, build with taste; the painters paint with taste; the poets write with taste; critics read with taste; and, in short, fiddlers, players, singers, dancers, and mechanics themselves, are all the sons and daughters of Taste. Yet in this amazing superabundance of taste, few can say what it really is, or what the word itself signifies. Should I attempt to define it in the style of a Connoisseur, I must run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and sculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompously harangued on the excellencies of Appelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, and Dominichino, with a word or two on all tasteful compositions, such as those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante, and Ariosto, I should leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always so useful as common sense, I shall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word taste, by considering what it usually imports in familiar writings and ordinary conversation.

It is supposed by Locke, and other close reasoners, that words are intended as signs of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us, that words are often used to express no ideas at all. Thus many persons, who talk perpetually of taste, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. Bardolph, when demanded the meaning of the word accommodated, wisely explains it by saying, that "accommodated, sir, is—a—a—a—accommodated, Sir, is as if one should say—a—accommodated;" and if, in like manner, you ask one of these people, What is taste? they will tell you that "taste is a kind of a sort of a—a—a—; in short, taste is taste." These talkers must be considered as absolute blanks in conversation, since it is impossible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they fix no determinate meaning to any expression.

Among men of sense, whose words carry meaning in their sound, taste is commonly used in one of these two significations. First, when they give any person the appellation of a man of taste, they would intimate that he has a turn

for the polite arts, as well as the lesser elegancies of life ; and that from his natural bent to those studies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of distinguishing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind submitted to his judgment. The meaning at other times implied by a man of taste is, that he is not only so far adept in these matters as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is also possessed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. These two significations will, perhaps, be more easily conceived, and clearly illustrated, when applied to our sensual taste. The man of taste, according to the first, may be considered as a *bon vivant*, who is fond of the dishes before him, and distinguishes nicely what is savoury and delicious, or flat and insipid, in the ingredients of each : according to the second, he may be regarded as the cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and distinguishing by a nice taste when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compose such exquisite dishes.

Both these significations of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have somewhere seen, and is the only just description of the term, that I ever remember to have met with : ‘ Taste consists in a nice harmony between the fancy and the judgment.’ The most chastised judgment, without genius, can never constitute a man of taste ; and the most luxuriant imagination, unregulated by judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an olio not to be relished by any palate : and the man who has no *gout* for delicacies himself, will never compose a good dish, though he should ever so strictly adhere to the rules of La Chapelle, Hannah Glasse, and Martha Bradley. I confine myself at present chiefly to that signification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the several branches of taste, because that always includes the other.

Having thus settled what taste is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern taste by these rules : and, perhaps it will appear, that on the one hand, its most pleasing flights and ravishing elegancies are extravagant and absurd ; and that, on the other hand, those who affect a correct taste in all their undertakings, proceed mechanically, without genius. The first species of taste, which gives a loose to the imagination, indulges itself in caprice, and is perpetually striking new strokes, is the chief regulator of the fashion. In dress, it has put hunting-poles into the hands of our gentlemen, and erected coaches and windmills on the heads of our ladies. In equipage, it has built chariots of *papier mache*, and by putting spotted Danish horses into the harness, has made our beaux look like Bacchus

in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outside and inside of our houses, are all Gothic or Chinese ; and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular crossed-barred paling over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-house or a stable, fits up his house and garden entirely in taste.

The second sort of men of taste are to be found chiefly among the *literati* ; and are those who, despising the modern whims to which fashion has given the name of taste, pretend to follow, with the most scrupulous exactness, the chaste models of the ancients. These are the poets, who favour us with correct, epithetical, and tasteful compositions ; whose works are without blemish, and conformable to the precise rules of Quintilian, Horace, and Aristotle : and as they are intended merely for the perusal of persons of the most refined taste, it is no wonder that they are above the level of common understandings. These too are the critics, who, in their comments upon authors, embarrass us with repeated allusions to the study of *virtu* : and these too are the Connoisseurs in architecture, who build ruins after Vetruius, and necessities according to Palladio. One gentleman of this cast has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four spacious porticos, open on each side to court the four winds : because in the sultry regions of Italy, this model has been thought most convenient : and another has in great measure shut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all prospect from his windows, by erecting a high wall before his house, which in Italy has been judged necessary to screen them from the sun.

Architecture seems indeed to be the mean article, in which the efforts of sin are now displayed. Among those who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might instance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be seen within ten miles of London. But as a proof of the noble and judicious taste among us, I shall beg leave to describe in the style of a Connoisseur, a most amazing curiosity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

In the midst of a noble and spacious area stands a grand obelisk. The base forms a perfect square with right angles ; the body of it is cylindrical ; but the capital is a heptagon, and has several curious lines and figures described on each of its seven planes or superficies, which serve to terminate as many most magnificent and striking vistas. This superb column, no less remarkable than the famous pillar of Trajan, seems (from the several gnomons and other hieroglyphics stuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the sun ; but is now known among the Vulgar by the more common name of the Seven Dials. O.

No. 121. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1756.

— *Placet imparis*
Formas atque animos sub juga aliena
Sævo mittere cum joco

HOR.

Officious couplers wantonly engage
 Virtue with vice, brisk youth with frozen age:
 Behold them groan beneath the iron yoke,
 Hail the dear mischief, and enjoy the joke.

THOUGH I shall not as yet vouchsafe to let the reader so far into my secrets, as to inform him whether I am married or single, it may not be amiss to acquaint him, that, supposing I still remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as soon as I was what they call settled in the world, they were so assiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their several choices, I should have been married at the same time to a tall and a short, a plump and a slender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all: each of whom was separately recommended by them, as the properest person in the world for me.

I know not how it happens, but it is notorious, that most people take a pleasure in making matches; either thinking matrimony a state of bliss, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintance; or perhaps struggling in the toils, they are desirous of drawing others into the net that ensnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two persons, absolute strangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honourable go-between. Some have come together, merely from having been talked of by their acquaintance as likely to make a match; and I have known a couple, who have met by accident at a horse-race, or danced together at an assembly, that in less than a fortnight have been driven into matrimony in their own defence, by having been first paired in private conversations, and afterwards in the common newspapers.

As we cannot insure happiness to our friends, at the same time that we help them to husbands or wives, one would imagine that few would care to run the hazard of bestowing misery, where they meant a kindness. I know a good-natured lady, who has officiously brought upon herself the ill-will and the curses of many of her dearest and most intimate friends on this very account. She has a sister, for whom she provided a most excellent husband, who has shown his affection for her, by spending her whole fortune upon his mistresses: she contriv-

ed that another near relation should snap up a rich widow, who was arrested for her debts within a week after marriage: and it cost her a whole twelve-month to bring two doating lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted beds before the honey-moon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condescend to be match-makers from a spirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others, who have taken up the profession from less disinterested motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffic in all the accomplishments that can make the marriage state happy. These traders dispose of all sorts of rich heirs and heiresses, baronets, lords, ladies of fashion, and daughters of country squires, with as much coolness as drovers sell bullocks. They keep complete registers of the condition and qualifications of all the marriageable persons within the kingdom; and it is as common to apply to them for a husband or wife, as to the register-offices for a man or a maid servant. They may, indeed, be considered as fathers and guardians to the greatest part of our youth of both sexes, since in marriage they may be most properly said to give them away.

It is something comical to consider the various persons, to whom men of this profession are useful. We may naturally suppose, that a young fellow, who has no estate, but what, like Tinsel's in the Drummer, is merely personal, would be glad to come down handsomely, after consummation with a woman of fortune; and a smart girl, who has more charms than wealth, would give round poundage on being taken for better for worse by a rich heir. Many a tradesman also wants a wife to manage his family, while he looks after the shop; and thinks it better to recommend himself by this convenient friend than by means of the Daily Advertiser. There are also several young people, who are indifferent as to any person in particular, and have no passion for the state itself, yet want to be married, because it will deliver them from the restraint of parents. But the most unnatural, though very common applications of this sort, are from the rich and the noble; who, having immense estates to bestow on their children, will make use of the meanest instruments, to couple them to others of the same overgrown fortune.

I have known many droll accidents happen from the mistakes of these mercenary match-makers, and remember one in particular, which I shall here set down for the entertainment of my readers. A careful old gentleman came up from the North on purpose to marry his son, and was recommended by one of these couplers to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and gold-buttoned coat, and went to pay his respects to the lady's mamma. He told her, that he

had not the pleasure of being known to her: but as his son's quiet depended on it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her: in short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family; but she supposed, to be sure, as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. "Say nothing of that, Madam, say nothing of that," interrupted the Don: "I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares between us."—"Pray, Sir, how much does the world say?" replied the lady.—"Why, Madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds."—"Not so much, Sir," said the old lady, very gravely.—"Well, Madam, I suppose then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds."—"Not so much, Sir."—"Well, well, perhaps not: but—if it was only seventeen thousand."—"No, Sir."—"Or sixteen."—"No."—"Or (we must make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thousand."—"Not so much, Sir."—Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead, "Well, Madam, we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand! How much more is it than twelve thousand!"—"Less Sir,"—"Less, Madam?"—"Less."—"But is it more than ten thousand?"—"Not so much, Sir."—"Not so much, Madam?"—"Not so much."—"Why, if it is lodged in the funds, consider, Madam, interest is low, very low: but, as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds?"—"Not so much, Sir."—"Why then, Madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six—or five thousand pounds."—"Nothing like it, Sir."—At these words the old gentleman started from his chair, and running out of the room—"Your servant, your servant: my son is a fool: and the fellow, who recommended me to you, is a blockhead, and knows nothing of business."

No. 122.] THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1756.

—Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiiis—

JUV.

Without one sneaking virtue in thy train,
O precious villain! scoundrel! rogue in grain!

I MENTIONED in a former paper, that a friend of mine was writing A New Treatise on Ethics, or A System of Immoral Philosophy, compiled

from the principles and practice of the present age; in which the extraordinary modesty of the moderns would be enlarged on, which has induced them to comprehend all the vices, instead of virtues, in their idea of a fine gentleman. The work is now finished; and the author has sent me the following letter concerning the dedication, with leave to submit it to the public.

Dear Town,

The flatness and fulsome insipidity of dedications has often been the subject of our conversation; and we have always agreed, that authors have miscarried in these pieces of flattery, by injudiciously affronting, when they meant to compliment their patrons. The humble dedicatory loads his great man with virtues totally foreign to his nature and disposition, which sit as awkwardly upon him, as lace or embroidery on a chimney-sweeper; and so overwhelms him with the huge mass of learning, with which he graciously dubs him a scholar, that he makes as ridiculous a figure, as the ass in the Dunciad. After having thus praised his patron, till the new Mæcenas is heartily ashamed of himself, he wonders that no notice is taken of so pompous an eulogium, and that a dedication should be as mere a drug as a sermon.

Lory, in the Relapse, advises Fashion to get into the good graces of Lord Foppington, by falling in love with his coat, being in raptures with his peruke, seeming ravished with the genteel dangle of his sword knot; and, in short, to recommend himself to his noble elder brother, by affecting to be captivated with his favourites. In like manner, the author who would make his dedication really valuable, should not talk to his patron of his honour, and virtue, and integrity, and a pack of unfashionable qualities, which only serve to disgrace a fine gentleman; but boldly paint him what he really is, and at the same time convince him of his merit in being a fool, and his glory in being a scoundrel. This mode of dedication, though proper at all times, will appear with a particular good grace before A System of Immoral Philosophy: wherefore, as my book is now finished, I have here sent you a rough draught of the epistle dedicatory, and shall be glad to hear your opinion of it.

May it please your Grace! or, my Lord! or, Sir!

You are in every point so complete a fine gentleman, that the following Treatise is but a faint transcript of your accomplishments. There is not one qualification, requisite in the character of a man of spirit, which you do not possess. Give me leave, therefore, on the present occasion to point forth your inestimable qualities to the world, and hold up to the public view so glorious an example.

You distinguished yourself so early in life, and exalted yourself so far above the common

pitch of vulgar bucks, that you was distinguished, before the age of twenty, with the noble appellation of Stag: and when I consider the many gallant exploits you have performed, the number of rascally poltroons you have sent out of the world, the number of pretty little foundlings you have brought into it, how many girls you have debauched, how many women of quality you have intrigued with, and how many hogsheads of French wine have run through your body, I cannot help contemplating you as a Stag of the first head.

What great reason have you to value yourself on your noble achievements at Arthur's! The sums you formerly lost, and those you have lately won, are amazing instances of your spirit and address: first, in venturing so deeply, before you was let into the secret; and then, in managing it with so much adroitness and dexterity, since you have been acquainted with it. Nobody cogs the dice, or packs the cards, half so skillfully: you hedge a bet with uncommon nicety, and are a most incomparably shrewd judge of the odds.

Nor have your exploits on the turf rendered you less famous. Let the annals of Pond and Heber deliver down to posterity the glorious account of what plates you have won, what matches you made, and how often the knowing ones have been taken in; when, for private reasons, you have found it necessary, that your horse should run on the wrong side of the post, or be distanced, after winning the first heat. I need not mention your own skill in horsemanship, and in how many matches you have condescended to ride yourself; for in this particular, it must be acknowledged, you cannot be outdone, even by your groom or jockey.

All the world will witness the many instances of your courage, which has been often tried and exerted in Hyde Park, and behind Montague house: nay, you have sometimes been known to draw your sword most heroically at the opera, the play, and even at private routs and assemblies. How often have you put to flight a whole army of watchmen, constables, and beadles, with the justices at their head! You have cleared a whole bawdy-house before you, and taken many a tavern by storm: you have pinned a waiter to the ground; and have, besides, proved yourself an excellent marksman, by shooting a post-boy flying. With so much valour and firmness, it is not to be doubted, but that you would behave with the same intrepidity, if occasion called, upon Hounslow-Heath, or in Maidenhead-Thicket: and, if it were necessary, you would as boldly resign yourself up to the hands of Jack Ketch, and swing as genteelly, as Maclean or Gentleman Harry. The same noble spirit would likewise enable you to aim the pistol at your own head, and go out of the world like a man of honour and a gentleman.

But your courage has not rendered you unsusceptible of the softer passions, to which your heart has been ever inclined. To say nothing of your gallantries with women of fashion, your intrigues with milliners and mantua-makers, or your seducing raw country girls and innocent tradesmen's daughters, you have formerly been so constant in your devoirs to Mrs. Douglas, and the whole sisterhood, that you sacrificed your health and constitution in their service. But above all, witness that sweet delicate creature, whom you have now in keeping, and for whom you entertain such a strong and faithful passion, that for her sake, you have tenderly and affectionately deserted your wife and family.

Though, from your elegant taste for pleasures, you appear made for the gay world; yet these polite amusements have not called off your attention from the more serious studies of politics and religion. In politics you have made such a wonderful proficiency, both in theory and practice, that you have discovered the good of your country, to be a mere joke, and confirmed your own interest, as well as established your consequence, in the proper place, by securing half a dozen boroughs. As to religion, you soon unravelled every mystery of that; and not only know the Bible to be as romantic as the Alcoran, but have also written several volumes, to make your discoveries plain to meaner capacities. The ridiculous prejudices of a foolish world unhappily prevent your publishing them at present: but you have wisely provided, that they shall one day see the light; when, I doubt not, they will be deemed invaluable, and be as universally admired, as the posthumous works of Lord Bolingbroke.

I am,

May it please your Grace! or, my Lord! or Sir!
in humble admiration of your excellences,

O.

&c. &c. &c.

No. 123.] THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1756.

Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus?

HOR.

Say, who can claim the foundling for her son?
My Lord, and Molly? or, her Grace and John?

THE notices in the public papers, that the Foundling Hospital will be open for the reception of infants in general under a certain age, have, I find, given universal satisfaction. The consequences of a big belly do not appear so dreadful as heretofore: and it was but yesterday that a young fellow of intrigue told me, he was happy that his children would no longer be thrown out of the hospital, as he himself had been out of Arthur's, by black balls. For my part, though I have no lady in keeping, no child

by my housekeeper, nor any other affair of gallantry on my hands, which makes me wish to swell the number of infants maintained by that charity, I must own myself to be exceedingly rejoiced at the extension of so benevolent a design. I look upon it as the certain preservation of many hundreds in embryo: nor shall we now hear of so many helpless babes birth-strangled in a necessary, or smothered by the "ditch-delivered drab." As a bastard is accounted in law, *quasi nullius filius*, the child of nobody, and related to nobody, and yet is blessed with as fair proportions, and capable of an equal degree of perfection with "honest madam's issue," it is surely an act of great humanity thus to rescue them from untimely deaths and other miseries, which they do not merit, whatever may be the guilt of their parents.

Though it is obvious, that this hospital will be the receptacle of many legitimate children; it is no less certain, that the rich, as well as the poor, will often send their baseborn bantlings to this general nursery. The wealthy man of quality, or substantial cit, may have their private family reasons for not owning the fruits of their secret amours, and be glad to put the little living witness of their intrigues out of the way. For this reason, a history of the foundlings received there would be very curious and entertaining, as it would contain many anecdotes, not to be learned from any parish register. The reflections that passed in my mind on this subject, gave occasion the other evening, to the following dream.

Methought, as I was standing at the private door of the hospital, where a crowd of females (each of them with a child in her arms) were pressing to get in, an elderly gentleman, who, from his white staff, I took to be a governor of the charity, very courteously invited me to come in. I accepted his offer; and having seated myself near him, "Mr. Town," says he, "I am conscious, that you look upon most of these little infants as the offsprings of so many unmarried fathers and maiden mothers, which have been clandestinely smuggled into the world. Know then, that I am one of those guardian Genii, appointed to superintend the fortunes of bastards; therefore, as this hospital is more immediately under my tuition, I have put on this disguise; and if you please, will let you into the secret history of those babes who are my wards, and their parents."

I assured him, his intelligence would be highly agreeable; and several now coming up to offer their children he resumed his discourse. "Observe," said he, "that jolly little rogue, with plump cheeks, a florid complexion, blue eyes, and sandy locks. We have here already several of his brethren by the mother's side; some fair, some brown, and some black; and yet they are all supposed to have come by the same

father. The mother has for many years been housekeeper to a gentleman, who cannot see that her children bear the marks of his own servants, and that this very brat is the exact resemblance of his coachman.

"That puling, whining infant there, with a pale face, emaciated body, and distorted limbs, is the forced product of viper broth and cantharides. It is the offspring of a worn-out buck of quality, who, at the same time he debauched the mother, ruined her constitution by a filthy disease; in consequence of which, she, with much difficulty, brought forth this just image of himself in miniature.

"The next that offers is the issue of a careful cit; who, as he keeps a horse for his own riding on Sundays, which he lets out all the rest of the week, keeps also a mistress for his recreation on the seventh day, who lets herself out on the other six. That other babe owes his birth likewise to the city: but is the joint product, as we may say, of two fathers: who being great economists in their pleasures, as well as in their business, have set up a whore and a one-horse chaise in partnership together.

"That pert young baggage there, who so boldly presses forward with her brat, is not the mother of it, but is maid to a single lady of the strictest honour and unblemished reputation. About a twelvemonth ago, her mistress went to Bath for the benefit of her health; and ten months after she travelled into North Wales to see a relation: from whence she is just returned. We may suppose, that she took a fancy to that pretty babe, while in the country, and brought it up to town with her, in order to place it here: as she did a few years ago to another charming boy, which being too old to be got into this hospital is now at a school in Yorkshire, where young gentlemen are boarded, clothed and educated, and found in all necessities, for ten pounds a year.

"That chubby little boy, which you see in the arms of yonder strapping wench in a camblet gown and red cloak, is her own son. She is by profession a bed maker in one of the Universities, and of the same college, in which the father (a grave tutor) holds a fellowship, under the usual condition of not marrying. Many sober gentlemen of the cloth, who are in the same scrape, are glad to take the benefit of this charity: and if all of the same reverend order, like the priests abroad, were laid under the same restrictions, you might expect to see a particular hospital, erected for the reception of the sons of the clergy.

"That next child belongs to a sea-captain's lady, whose husband is expected to return every moment from a long voyage; the fears of which have happily hastened the birth of this infant a full month before its time. That other is the posthumous child of a wealthy old gentleman,

who married a young girl for love, and died in the honey-moon. This, his son and heir, was not born till near a twelvemonth after his decease, because its birth was retarded by the excessive grief of his widow; who, on that account rather chose to lie-in privately, and to lodge their only child here, than to have its legitimacy and her own honour called in question by her husband's relations.

My companion pointed out to me several others, whose original was no less extraordinary; among which, I remember he told me, one was the unhallowed brood of a Methodist teacher, and another the premature spawn of a maid of honour. A poor author eased himself of a very heavy load of two twin daughters, which, in an evil hour he begot on a hawk of pamphlets, after he had been writing a luscious novel; but I could not help smiling at the marks sent in with these new Muses, signifying, that one had been christened Terpsichore, and the other Polyhymnia. Several bantlings were imported from Islington, Hoxton, and other villages within the sound of Bow bell: many were transplanted hither out of the country; and a whole litter of brats were sent in from two or three parishes in particular, for which it is doubtful whether they were most indebted to the Parson or the Squire.

A modest looking woman now brought a very fine babe to be admitted; but the governors rejected it, as it appeared to be above two months old. The mother on the contrary, persisting in affirming, that it was but just born; and addressing herself to me, desired me to look at it. I accordingly took it in my arms; and while I was tossing it up and down, and praising its beauty, the sly hussy contrived to slip away, leaving the precious charge in my care. The efforts which I made to bawl after her, and the squalling of the brat, which rung piteously in my ears, luckily awaked me; and I was very happy to find, that I had only been dandling my pillow, instead of a bantling. W.

NO. 124.] THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

Accipe, perlongos tibi qui deservat annos:

Accipe, qui purâ nârît amare fide.

Est nulli cessura fides; sine crimine mores;

Nudaque simplicitas, purpureusque pudor.

Non nulla mille placent; non sum desultor amoris;

Tu mihi (si qua fides) cura perennis eris.

OVID.

Scorn me not, Chloe; me, whose faith well try'd

Long years approve, and honest passions guide:

My spotless soul no foul affections move,

But chaste simplicity, and modest love;

Nor I, like shallow fops, from fair to fair

Roving at random, faithless passion swear;

But thou alone shalt be my constant care.

thinks that he is or has been a lover. One has fought for his mistress, another drank for her, another wrote for her, and another has done all three: and yet, perhaps, in spite of their duels, poetry, and bumpers, not one of them ever entertained a sincere passion. I have lately taken a survey of the numerous tribe of Enamoratos, and after having observed the various shapes they wear, think I may safely pronounce that, though all profess to have been in love, there are very few who are really capable of it.

It is a maxim of Rochefoucault's, that, "many men would never have been in love, if they had never heard of love." The justice of this remark is equal to its shrewdness. The ridiculous prate of a family has frequently great influence on young minds, who learn to love, as they do every thing else, by imitation. Young creatures, almost mere children, have been consumed with this second-hand flame lighted up at another's passion; and, in consequence of the loves of the footman and chamber-maid, I have known little master fancy himself a dying swain at the age of thirteen, and little miss pining away with love in a bib and hanging sleeves.

That vast heap of volumes, filled with love, and sufficient in number to make a library, are great inflamers, and seldom fail to produce that kind of passion described by Rochefoucault. The chief of these literary seducers are the old romances, and their degenerate spawn, the modern novels. The young student reads of the emotions of love, till he imagines that he feels them throbbing and fluttering in his little breast; as valetudinarians study the history of a disease, till they fancy themselves affected with every symptom of it. For this reason, I am always sorry to see any of this trash in the hands of young people: I look upon Cassandra and Cleopatra, as well as Betty Barnes, Polly Willis, &c. as no better than bawds; and consider Don Bellianis of Greece, and Sir Amadis de Gaul, with George Edwards, Loveill, &c. as arrant pimps. But though romances and novels are both equally stimulatives, yet their operations are very different. The romance student becomes a fond Corydon of Sicily, or a very Dæmon of Arcadia, and is in good truth such a dying swain, that he believes he shall hang himself on the next willow, or drown himself in the next pond, if he should lose the object of his wishes: but the young novelist turns out more a man of the world, and, after having gained the affections of his mistress, forms a hundred schemes to secure the possession of her, and to bam her relations.

There are, among the tribe of lovers, a sort of Lukewarm gentlemen, who can hardly be said, in the language of love, to entertain a flame for their mistress. These are your men of superlative delicacy and refinement who

ALMOST every man is or has been, or at least

oathe the gross ideas annexed to the amours of the vulgar, and aim at something more spiritualized and sublime. These philosophers in love doat on the mind alone of their mistress, and would fain see her naked soul divested of its material incumbrances. Gentlemen of this complexion might perhaps not improperly be ranged in the romantic class; but they have assumed to themselves the name of Platonic Lovers.

Platonism, however, is in these days very scarce; and there is another class, infinitely more numerous, composed of a sort of lovers, whom we may justly distinguish by the title of Epicureans. The principles of this sect are diametrically opposite to those of the Platonics. They think no more of the soul of their mistress, than a Mussulman, but are in raptures with her person. A lover of this sort is in perpetual ecstasies: his passion is so violent, that he even scorches you with his flame; and he runs over the perfections of his mistress in the same style that a jockey praises his horse: "Such limbs! such eyes! such a neck and breast! such — oh, she's a rare piece!" Their ideas go no farther than mere external accomplishments; and, as their wounds may be said to be only skin-deep, we cannot allow their breasts to be smitten with love, though perhaps they may rankle with a much grosser passion. Yet it must be owned, that nothing is more common, than for gentlemen of this cast to be involved in what is called a love-match: but then it is owing to the same cause with the marriage of Sir John Brute, who says, "I married my wife, because I wanted to lie with her, and she would not let me."

Other gentlemen, of a gay disposition and warm constitution, who go in the catalogue for lovers, are adorers of almost every woman they see. The flame of love is as easily kindled in them, as the sparks are struck out of a flint; and it also expires as soon. A lover of this sort dances, one day, with a lady at a ball, and loses his heart to her in a minuet: the next, another carries it off in the Mall; and the next day, perhaps, he goes out of town, and lodges it in the possession of all the country beauties successively, till at last he brings it back to town with him, and presents it to the first woman he meets. This class is very numerous; but ought by no means to hold a place among the tribe of true lovers, since a gentleman, who is thus in love with every body, may fairly be said not to be in love at all.

Love is universally allowed to be whimsical; and if whim is the essence of love, none can be accounted truer lovers, than those who admire their mistress for some particular charm, which enchains them, though it would singly never captivate any body else. Some gentlemen have been won to conjugal embraces by a pair of fine arms; others have been held fast by an even

white set of teeth; and I know a very good scholar, who was ensnared by a set of golden tresses, because it was the taste of the ancients, and the true classical hair. Those ladies, whose lovers are such piecemeal admirers, are in perpetual danger of losing them. A rash, or a pimple, may abate their affection. All those, the object of whose adoration is merely a pretty face or a fine person, are in the power of the like accidents; and the small-pox has occasioned many a poor lady the loss of her beauty and her lover at the same time.

But, after all these spurious Enamoratos, there are some few whose passion is sincere and well-founded. True, genuine love is always built upon esteem: not that I would mean, that a man can reason and argue himself into love; but that a constant intercourse with an amiable woman will lead him into a contemplation of her excellent qualities, which will insensibly win his heart, before he is himself aware of it, and beget all those hopes, fears, and other extravagancies which are the natural attendants on a true passion. Love has been described ten thousand times; but that I may be sure that the little picture I would draw of it is taken from nature, I will conclude this paper with the story of honest Will Easy and his amiable wife. Will Easy and Miss — became very early acquainted, and, from being familiarly intimate with the whole family, Will might be almost said to live there. He dined and supped with them perpetually in town, and spent great part of the summer with them at their seat in the country. Will and the lady were both universally allowed to have sense, and their frequent conversations together gave them undoubted proofs of the goodness of each other's disposition. They delighted in the company, and admired the perfections, of each other, and gave a thousand little indications of a growing passion, not unobserved by others, even while it was yet unknown and unsuspected by themselves. However, after some time, Will, by mutual agreement, demanded the lady of her father in marriage. But, alas! "the course of true love never yet run smooth:" the ill-judged ambition of a parent induced the father, out of mere love to his daughter, to refuse her hand to the only man in the world with whom she could live happily, because he imagined that he might, in the Smithfield phrase, do better for her. But love, grounded on just principles, is not easily shaken; and, as it appeared that their mutual passion had taken too deep root ever to be extirpated, the father at last, reluctantly, half consented to their union. They enjoy a genteel competency; and Will, by his integrity and abilities, is an honour to a learned profession, and a blessing to his wife, whose greatest praise is, that her virtues deserve such a husband. She is pleased with having "left dross to dutchesses;"

he considers her happiness as his main interest ; and their example every day gives fresh conviction to the father, that where two persons of strong sense and good hearts conceive a reciprocal affection for each other, their passion is genuine and lasting, and their union is perhaps the truest state of happiness under the sun.

O.

No. 125.] THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

*Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas*——

HOR.

With Mr. Town when prose and precepts fail,
His friend supplies a poem or a tale.

NOTHING has given me a more sensible pleasure, in the course of this undertaking, than the having been occasionally honoured with the correspondence of several ingenious gentlemen of both our universities. My paper of to-day gives me unusual satisfaction on this account ; and I cannot help looking on it with a great deal of pleasure, as a sort of a little Cambridge miscellany. The reader will see it is composed of two poems, which I have lately received from a correspondent in that learned university. These little pieces, unless my regard for the writer makes me partial to them, contain many beauties, and are written with that elegant peculiarity of style and manner, which plainly speak them to come from the same hand that has already obliged the public with some other pieces of poetry, published in this paper.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

Trin. Coll. Cant. Jun. 6.

Your essay on the abuse of words was very well received here ; but more especially that part of it which contained the modern definition of the word ruined. You must know, Sir, that in the language of our old dons, every young man is ruined who is not an arrant *Tycho Brahe*, *Erra Pater*. Yet it is remarkable, that, though the servants of the Muses meet with more than ordinary discouragement at this place, Cambridge has produced many celebrated poets : witness Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, &c. not to mention some admired writers of the present times. I myself, Sir, am grievously suspected of being better acquainted with Homer and Virgil than Euclid or Saunderson ; and am universally agreed to be ruined, for having concerned myself with Hexameter and Pentameter more than Diameter. The equity of this decision I shall not dispute ; but content myself at present with submitting to the public, by means of your paper, a few lines on the import of another favourite word, occasioned by the essay above-mentioned.

But fearing that so short a piece will not be sufficient to eke out a whole paper, I have subjoined to it another little poem, not originally designed for the public view, but written as a familiar epistle to a friend. The whole is nothing more than the natural result of many letters and conversations, that had passed between us on the present state of poetry in these kingdoms ; in which I flattered myself, that I was justifiable in my remarks on the barrenness of invention in most modern compositions, as well as in regard to the cause of it. We are now, indeed, all become such exact critics, that there are scarce any tolerable poets : what I mean by exact critics is, that we are grown, (I speak in general,) by the help of Addison and Pope, better judges of composition, than heretofore. We get an early knowledge of what chaste writing is, and even school-boys are checked in the luxuriandy of their genius, and not suffered to run riot in their imaginations. I must own I cannot help looking on it as a bad omen to poetry, that there is now-a-days scarce any such thing to be met with as fustian and bombast : for our authors, dreading the vice of incorrectness above all others, grow ridiculously precise and affected. In short, however paradoxical it may seem, we have now, in my opinion, too correct a taste. It is to no purpose for such prudent sober wooers, as our modern bards, to knock at the door of the Muses. They, as well as mortal ladies, love to be attacked briskly. Should we take a review even of Chaucer's poetry, the most inattentive reader, in the very thickest of old Geoffrey's woods, would find the light sometimes pierce through, and break in upon him like lightning ; and a man must have no soul in him, who does not admire the fancy, the strength, and elegance of Spenser, even through that disagreeable habit, which the fashion of the times obliged him to wear. To conclude, there is this material difference between the former and present age of poetry ; that the writers in the first thought poetically ; in the last, they only express themselves so. Modern poets seem to me more to study the manner how they shall write, than what is to be written. The minute accuracy of their productions ; the bells of their rhymes, so well matched, making most melodious tinkle ; and all the mechanism of poetry, so exactly finished ; (together with a total deficiency of spirit, which should be the leaven of the whole) put me in mind of a piece of furniture, generally found in the studies of the learned, "in an odd angle of the room," a mahogany case, elegantly carved and fashioned on the outside, the specious covering of a—chamber-pot.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

R. L.

THE SATYR AND THE PEDLAR,

A FABLE.

WORDS are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a power at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now damn'd, for instance—All agree
Damn'd's the superlative Degree;
Means that alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own:
But signifies or bad or good,
Just as its neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough:
Damn'd high, damn'd low, damn'd fine, damn'd stuff.
So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its substantive damnation.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's damnation cold?
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The self-same wit's damnation hot.

And here a fable I remember—
Once, in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost;
When families get altogether,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox of the descriptive rhyme—
In short, it was the winter time.
It was a pedlar's happy lot
To fall into a satyr's cot;
Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose,
His fingers' ends all pinched to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
“Friend,” quoth the satyr, “what intends
That blowing on thy fingers' ends!”
“It is to warm them thus I blow,
For they are froze as cold as snow;
And so inclement has it been,
I'm like a cake of ice within.”
“Come,” quoth the satyr, “comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inside if I can;
You're welcome, in my homely cottage,
To a warm fire, and mess of pottage.”

This said, the satyr, nothing loath,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth;
Which with delight the pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose
With grateful odour to his nose,
One single sip he ventured not,
The gruel was so wondrous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it till it's cool enough.

“Why, how now, pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing?” quoth the satyr.
“I blow to cool it,” cries the clown,
“That I may get the liquor down;
For, though I grant you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as hell.”

Then raising high his cloven stump,
The satyr smote him on the rump.
“Begone, thou double knave, or fool;
With the same breath to warm and cool!
Friendship with such I never hold,
Who're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold.”

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry, in sober sadness,
“There is discretion e'en in madness.”
A pithy sentence! but wants credit,
Because, I find, a poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known liars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still.
And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?
The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools.
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
Or garden trim and all enclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd.
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond its border.
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
It's very summit in the clouds,
While round its roof still loves to twine
The ivy and wild eglantine.

“But Shakspeare's all-creative fancy
Made others love extravagancy,
While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
Like Hurllothumbo's mad Lord Fame.”
True.—Who can stop dull imitators,
Those younger brothers of translators,
Those insects, which from genius rise,
And buzz about, in swarms, like flies?
Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:
As formerly the sons of rhyme
Sought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime,
By cool correctness now they hope
To emulate the praise of Pope.
But Pope and Shakspeare both disclaim
These low retainers to their fame.

What task can dulness e'er affect
So easy, as to write correct?
Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid the extremes of either,
They miss their mark, and follow neither
They so exactly poise the scale,
That neither measure will prevail;
And mediocrity the Muse
Did never in her sons excuse.
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taste,
And ev'ry senseless line is drest
In quaint expression's tinsel vest.
Say, did you ever chance to meet
A Monsieur Barber in the street,
Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces,
With little dabs of Dresden laces,

While for the body, Monsieur Puff
Would think e'en dowlass fine enough ?
So fares it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes :
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry clothes,
Sure never yet were greater beaux ;
Howe'er they deck the outward frame
The inner skeleton's the same.

But shall these wretched bards commence,
Without or spirit, taste, or sense ?
And when they bring no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure ?
Or do I scorn the critic's rules,
Because I will not learn of fools ?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose
With all the force of genius glows ;
Though Dionysius' learned taste
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
Who, like a skilful, wise physician,
Dissects each part of composition,
And shows how beauty strikes the soul,
From a just compact of the whole ;
Though judgment in Quintilian's page
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age ;
Yet Hypercritics I disdain,
A race of blockheads, dull and vain,
And laugh at all those empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow science mocks
Damn with the name of Herodotus.
These butchers of a poet's fame,
While they usurp the critic's name
Cry, "this is taste—that's my opinion :"
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you seen, with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow-chair,
Command the pris'ners to appear ;
Harangue an hour on watchman's praise,
And on the dire effect of frays ;
Then cry, "you'll suffer for your daring,
And damn you, you shall pay for swearing :"
Then, turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
"I sit to represent the KING."

No. 126. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

Proinde tona eloquio, solitum tibi.— VIRG.

Rant, roar, and bellow, with theatric air,
And sink the reverend preacher in the play.

I REMEMBER a rector of a parish at the court end of the town, who was generally accounted a very fine preacher, that used to aim at delivering himself in the most bold and animated style of oratory. The tone of his voice was nicely accommodated to the different branches of his discourse, and every thing was pronounced with uncommon energy and emphasis: he also indulged himself in equal freedom of action, and abounded in various extraordinary gesticulations: his sermons themselves were sown thick with tropes, metaphors, and similes, and every where enriched with *apostrophe* and *prosopœia*.

As I knew that this reverend gentleman had been abroad with a young nobleman in the capacity of a travelling tutor, I did not wonder at the violent exertion of his voice and the vehemence of his action; this affected air being a piece of clerical foppery, which an itinerant clergyman is apt to adopt, while his pupil is gleaning all the other follies of Paris: at which place it is very common to see a *capuchine* so heated with his subject, that he often seems in danger of throwing himself out of the pulpit. But I was at a loss how to account for the glowing style of his discourses; till happening to turn over the works of a celebrated French preacher, I found, that the oratorical performances of my friend were no other than faithful translations of them.

This sort of pulpit plagiarisms may perhaps be more adapted to the taste of some of our fashionable declaimers, than the more hackneyed method of transcribing a page from Barrow, Tillotson, or Atterbury. But, although such practices may be less liable to detection, it is certainly more orthodox to rifle the works of our own divines, than to ransack the treasures of Romish priests; and their inflamed orations are undoubtedly less adapted to the genius of our people, than the sober reasonings of our own preachers. Voltaire, in his essay on epic poetry, has touched this point with his usual vivacity, and given a very just description of the different species of pulpit eloquence, that obtain in France and England. The whole passage is as follows:—"Discourses, aiming at the *pathetic*, pronounced with vehemence, and accompanied with violent gestures, would excite laughter in an English congregation. For as they are fond of bloated language and the most impassioned eloquence on the stage, so in the pulpit they affect the most unornamented simplicity. A sermon in France is a long declamation, scrupulously divided into three parts, and delivered with enthusiasm. In England, a sermon is a solid, but sometimes dry, dissertation, which a man reads to the people, without gesture, and without any particular exaltation of the voice. In Italy, (he adds) a sermon is a spiritual comedy:" or rather farce, he might have said; since the preachers in that country harangue their audience, running to and fro on a sort of raised stage, like a mountebank. It must be owned, however, that some of our clergy are greatly wanting in that life and spirit, which would render their instructions more affecting as well as more pleasing. Their sermons are frequently drawled out in one dull tone, without any variation of voice or gesture: so that it is no wonder, if some of the congregation should be caught napping, when the preacher himself hardly seems to be awake. But though this drowsy delivery is not to be commended, yet a serious earnestness is most likely to engage the

attention, and convince the reason. This manner, as it is most decent in itself, is best suited to an English audience: though it is no wonder, that a different strain of oratory should prevail in France; since a Frenchman accompanies almost every word in ordinary conversation with some fantastic gesture, and even inquires concerning your health, and talks of the weather, with a thousand shrugs and grimaces.

But though I do not like to see a preacher lazily lolling on the cushion, or dozing over his sermon-case, and haranguing his audience with an unchristian apathy; yet even this unanimated delivery is perhaps less offensive, than to observe a clergyman not so assiduous to instruct his audience, as to be admired by them: not to mention, that even Voltaire himself seems to think our manner of preaching preferable, on the whole, to the declamatory style and affected gestures, used by the clergy of his own nation. A sober divine should not ascend the pulpit with the same passions, that a public orator mounts the rostrum: much less should he assume the voice, gesture, and deportment of a player, and the language of the theatre. He should preserve a temperance in the most earnest parts of his discourse, and go through the whole of it in such a manner, as best agrees with the solemn place in which it is uttered. Pompous nonsense, belov'd out with a thundering accent, comes with a worse grace from the pulpit, than bombast and fustian injudiciously ranted forth by a "periwig-pated fellow" on the stage. I cannot better illustrate the absurdity and indecency of this manner, than by a familiar, though shameful, instance of it. Whoever has occasionally joined with the butchers in making up the audience of the Clare-market orator, will agree with me, that the impropriety of his style, and the extravagance of his action, become still more shocking and intolerable by the day which they profane, and the ecclesiastical appearance of the place in which the declaimer harangues. Thus while those, who thunder out damnation from parish pulpits, may, from assuming the manners of the theatre, be resembled to ranting players; the Clare-market orator, while he turns religion into farce, must be considered as exhibiting shows and interludes of an inferior nature, and himself regarded as a Jack-pudding in a gown and cassock.

A bloated style is perhaps of all others least to be commended. It is more frequently made a shelter for nonsense, than a vehicle of truth: but though improper on all occasions, it more especially deviates from the chaste plainness and simplicity of pulpit eloquence. Nor am I less displeased with those, who are admired by some as pretty preachers; as I think a clergyman may be a coxcomb in his style and manner, as well as a prig in his appearance. Flowers of

rhetoric, injudiciously scattered over a sermon, are as disgusting in his discourse, as the siug wig and scented white handkerchief in his dress. The pretty preacher aims also at politeness and good-breeding, takes the ladies to task in a genteel vein of raillery, and handles their modish foibles with the same air, that he gallants their fans: but if he has a mind to put his abilities to the stretch, and indulge himself in a more than ordinary flow of rhetoric, he flitters away the solemnity of some scriptural subject; and I have heard a flourishing declaimer of this cast take off from the awful idea of the Passion, by dwelling principally on the gracefulness of person, sweetness of voice, and elegance of deportment, in the Divine Sufferer; and at another time, in speaking of the fall, I have known him to enter into a picturesque description of the woods, groves, and rivulets, pansies, pinks, and violets, that threw a perpetual gayety over the face of nature in the garden of Eden.

Affected oratory and an extravagant delivery were first practised by those who vary from the established church: nor is there any manner so unbecoming and indecent, which has not, at one time or another, been accounted truly spiritual and graceful. Snuffling through the nose with a harmonious twang, has been regarded as a kind of church-music best calculated to raise devotion, and a piteous chorus of sighs and groans has been thought the most effectual call to repentance. Irregular tremblings of the voice, and contortions of the person, have long been the eloquence of quakers and presbyterians; and are now the favourite mode of preaching practised by those self-ordained teachers, who strike out new lights in religion, and pour forth their extempore rhapsodies in a torrent of enthusiastical oratory. An inspired cobbler will thunder out anathemas, with the tone and gesture of St. Paul, from a joint-stool; and an enlightened brick-layer will work himself up to such a pitch of vehemence, as shall make his audience quake again. I am sorry to see our regular divines rather copying, than reforming, this hot and extravagant manner of preaching; and have with pain been witness to a wild intemperate delivery in our parish churches, which I should only have expected at the chapel in Long-acre, or at the Foundry and Tabernacle in Moor-fields.

As a serious earnestness in the delivery, and a nervous simplicity in the style of a discourse, are the most becoming ornaments of the pulpit, so an affectation of eloquence is no where so offensive. The delivery of a preacher, as well as his diction, should, like the dress, be plain and decent. Inflamed eloquence and wild gestures are unsuitable to the place and his function; and though such vehement heat may perhaps kindle the zeal of a few enthusiastical old beldams in the isle, it has a very different effect on the more rational part of the congregation. I would

therefore recommend it to our fashionable divines, to aim at being preachers rather than orators or actors, and to endeavour to make their discourses appear like sermons rather than orations.

O.

No. 127.] THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

HOR.

Rage in her eyes, distraction in her mien,
Her breast indignant swells with jealous spleen.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

WE are told, that in Spain it is the custom for husbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in Turkey it is the fashion to lock up their mistresses under the guard of a trusty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the same restrictions. Alas! Sir, my wife is to me a very duenna: she is as careful of me, as the *keisler aga*, or chief eunuch, is of the grand signior's favourite sultana: and whether she believes, that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, she will never trust me out of her sight; but sticks as close to me, as if she really was, without a figure, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I am never suffered to stir abroad without her, lest I should go astray; and at home she follows me up and down the house, like a child in leading-strings: nay, if I do but step down stairs on any ordinary occasion, she is so afraid I shall give her the slip, that she always screams after me, "my dear, you are not going out;" though for better security, she generally locks up my hat and cane, together with her own gloves and cardinal, that one may not stir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myself, that I am handsomer or better made than other men: nor has she, in my eyes at least, fewer charms than other women. Need I add, that my complexion is not over sanguine, nor my constitution very robust? and yet she is so very doubtful of my constancy, that I cannot speak, or even pay the compliment of my hat, to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealousy. Such a one, she is sure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than she should be; and she saw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of some private assignation between us. A nun, Sir, might as soon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance to our house: she has therefore affronted all her acquaintance of her own sex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations;

and is at home to nobody, but maiden ladies in the bloom of threescore, and beauties of the last century.

She will scarce allow me to mix even with persons of my own sex; and she looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common seducers. One evening, indeed, she vouchsafed to trust me out of doors at a tavern with some of my male friends: but the first bottle had scarce gone round, before word was brought up, that my boy was come with the lantern to light me home. I sent him back with orders to call in an hour; when presently after the maid was despatched, with notice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the summons; when, to our great surprise, the sick lady herself bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit; from which she did not recover, till the coach had set us down at our own house. She then called me the basest of husbands, and said, that all taverns were no better than bawdy-houses, and that men only went thither to meet naughty women: at last she declared it to be her firm resolution, that I should never set my foot in any one of them again, except herself be allowed to make one of the company.

You will suppose, Sir, that while my wife is thus cautious that I should not be led astray when abroad, she takes particular care that I may not stumble on temptations at home. For this reason, as soon as I had brought her to my house, my two maid-servants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and some open accusations, of too near an intimacy between us; though, I protest to you, one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as mother Shipton, and the other a strapping wench, as coarse and brawny as the female Samson. Even my man John, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was packed off, as being too well acquainted with his master's sly ways. A char-woman was forced to do our work for some time, before Madam could suit herself with maids for her purpose. One was too pert a hussy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At present our household is made up of such beautiful monsters, as Caliban himself might fall in love with: my lady's own waiting woman has a most inviting hump-back, and is so charmingly paralytic, that she shakes all over like a Chinese figure; the housemaid squints most delightfully with one solitary eye, which weeps continually for the loss of its fellow; and the cook, besides a most captivating red face and protuberant waist, has a most graceful hobble in her gait, occasioned by one leg being shorter than the other.

I need not tell you, that I must never write

a letter, but my wife must see the contents, before it is done up; and that I never dare to open one, till she has broke the seal; or read it, till she has first run it over. Every rap at the door from the post-man makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burst with spleen at seeing a superscription, written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick out an intrigue even from the impression on the wax: and a Cupid, or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or stamped with a thimble she interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux: and if there is a blank space left in any part of the letter, she always holds it for some time before the fire; that, if it should be filled with any secret contents, written in juice of lemons, they may by that means become visible.

About a month ago she found a mysterious paper in my coat-pocket, which awakened all her mistrust. This suspicious manuscript was drawn up in hieroglyphics; which as she could not interpret, she immediately concluded it to be a *billet-doux* from some nasty creature, whom I secretly maintained in a corner of the town; and that we corresponded together in cypher. This terrible paper, Sir, was in truth no other than a bill from my blacksmith in the country; who, never having learnt to write, expressed his meaning by characters of his own invention. Thus, if he had mended a spade, he charged it to my account, by drawing as well as he could, the figure of a spade, and adding at a little distance six perpendicular lines, to signify sixpence; or, if he had repaired a plough, he sketched out that also in the same kind of rough draught, and annexed to it four curve lines, to denote four shillings. This matter I explained to my wife as fully as possible, but very little to her satisfaction. It is absolutely impossible to quiet her suspicions: she is perpetually reproaching me with my private trull, nay upbraids me on this account before strangers; and it was but last week, that she put me to inconceivable confusion before a whole room full of company, by telling them that I was in love with a blacksmith.

Jealousy, Sir, it is said, is a sign of love. It may be so; but it is a species of love, which is attended with all the malevolent properties of hate: nay, I will venture to say, that many a modern wife hates her husband most heartily, without causing him half that uneasiness, which my loving consort's suspicious temper creates to me. Her jealous whims disturb me the more, because I am naturally of an even mind and calm disposition; one of the chief blessings I promised myself in matrimony was, to enjoy the sweets of domestic tranquillity. I loved my wife passionately; but I must own, that these perpetual attacks upon my peace make me regard her with less and less tenderness every day: and

though there is not a woman in the world that I would prefer to my wife, yet I am apt to think, that such violent suspicions without a cause, have often created real matter for jealousy.

T. I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

No. 128.] THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1756.

Quod optimum sit quaritis convivium?

In quod choracels non venit.

MART.

Happy that house, where fiddles never come,
Horn, hautboy, harpsicord, nor kettle-drum.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

My wife is mad, stark mad; and unless you can prescribe some remedy for that strange phrenzy which possesses her, my peace of mind must be for ever broken, and my fortune inevitably ruined. You must know, Sir, that she is afflicted with a disorder exactly opposite to the bite of a tarantula: for, as that is said to admit of no cure but music, there is not a note in the gamut, but what tends to heighten and inflame my wife's lunacy. I find it is the fashion in this age, for singers and fiddlers to publish appeals to the public: wherefore, as you have hitherto listened to the complaints of husbands, I must beg you now to consider mine, and to suffer me also to appeal to the public, by means of your paper.

A few years ago business called me over to Italy; where this unfortunate woman received the first touches of this disorder. She soon conceived a violent passion for taste in general, which settled at last in an unquenchable rage after musical compositions. Solos, sonatas, operas, and concertos, became her sole employment and delight, and singers and musicians her only company. At length, full of Italian airs she returned to England, where also her whole happiness had been centred in the orchestra, and it has been her whole pride to be thought a connoisseur in music. If there is an opera, oratorio, or concert, to be performed within the bills of mortality, I do not believe that the riches of the Indies could prevail on her to be absent. Two, and only two, good consequences flow from this madness; and those are, that she constantly attends St. James's chapel, for the sake of the anthem and the rest of the music; and, out of the many pounds idly squandered on minims and semiquavers, some few are dedicated to charities, which are promoted by musical performances.

But what makes this rage after catgut more irksome and intolerable to me is, that I have not myself the least idea of what they call taste, and it almost drives me mad to be pestered with

it. I am a plain man, and have not the least spice of a connoisseur in my composition; yet nothing will satisfy my wife, unless I appear as fond of such nonsense as herself. About a month ago she prevailed on me to attend her to the Opera, where every dying fall made her expire, as well as Lady Townly. She was ravished with one air, in ecstasies at another, applauded Ricciarelli, encored Mingotti, and, in short, acted like an absolute mad woman; while the performance, and her behaviour, had a quite different effect upon me, who sat dumb with confusion, "most musical, most melancholy," at her elbow. When we came home again, she seemed as happy as harmony could make her; but I must own, that I was all discord, and most heartily vexed at being made a fool in public. "Well, my dear," said she, "how do you like the opera?"—"Zounds, Madam, I would as soon be dragged through a horse-pond, as go to an Opera with you again."—"O fie! but you must be delighted with the Mingotti."—"The Mingotti! The devil."—"Well, I am sorry for it, Sir Aaron, but I find you have no ear."—"Ear, Madam! I had rather cut off my ears, than suffer them to make me an idiot." To this she made no reply, but began a favourite opera tune: and, after taking a tour round the room, like one of the singers, left me alone.

If my wife could be satisfied, like other musical ladies, with attending public performances, and now and then thrumming on her harpsichord the tunes she hears there, I should be content: but she has always a concert of her own constantly once a week. Here she is in still greater raptures than at the opera, as all the music is chosen and appointed by herself. The expense of this whim is monstrous; for not one of these people will open their mouths, or rosin a single string, without being very well paid for it. Then she must have all the best hands and voices; and has almost as large a set of performers in pay as the manager of the opera. It puts me quite out of patience to see these fellows strutting about my house, dressed up like lords and gentlemen. Not a single fiddler, or singer, but what appears in lace and embroidery; and I once mistook my wife's chief musician for a foreign ambassador.

It is impossible to recount the numberless follies to which this ridiculous passion for music exposes her. Her devotion to the art makes her almost adore the professors of it. A musician is a greater man, in her eye, than a duke; and she would sooner oblige an opera-singer than a countess. She is as busy in promoting their benefits, as if she was to have the receipts of the house; and quarrels with all her acquaintance, who will not permit her to load them with tickets. Every fiddler in town makes it his business to scrape an acquaintance with her;

and an Italian is no sooner imported, than she becomes a part of my wife's band of performers. In the late opera disputes, she has been a most furious partisan; and it is impossible for any patriot to feel more anxiety for the danger of Blakeny and Minorca, than she has suffered on account of the opera, and the loss of Mingotti.

I do not believe my wife has a single idea, except recitative, airs, counter-tenor, thorough-bass, &c. which are perpetually singing in her head. When we sit together, instead of joining in any agreeable conversation, she is always either humming a tune, or "discoursing most eloquent music." Nature has denied her a voice; but, as Italy has given her taste and a graceful manner, she is continually squeaking out strains less melodious than the harmony of ballad-singing in our streets, or psalm-singing in a country church. To make her still more ridiculous, she learns to play on that masculine instrument, the Bass-viol; the pleasure of which nothing can prevail on her to forego, as the bass-viol, she daily tells me, contains the whole power and very soul of harmony.

What method, Mr. Town, shall I pursue to cure my wife of this musical frenzy? I have some thoughts of holding weekly a burlesque oratorio, composed of mock airs, with grand accompaniments of the jews-harp, wooden spoons, and marrow bones and cleavers, on the same day with my wife's concert; and have actually sent to two of Mrs. Midnight's hands to teach me the art and mystery of playing on the broom-stick and hurdy-gurdy, at the same time that my wife learns on the bass-viol. I have also a strong rough voice, which will enable me to roar out Bumper Squire Jones, Roast Beef, or some other old English ballad, whenever she begins to trill forth her melodious airs in Italian. If this has no effect, I will learn to beat the drum, or wind the post horn: and if I should still find it impossible for noise and clamour to overcome the sound of her voices and instruments, I have half resolved peremptorily to shut my doors against singers and fiddlers, and even to demolish her harpsichord and bass-viol.

But this, alas! is coming to extremities, which I am almost afraid to venture, and would endeavour to avoid. I have no aversion to music; but I would not be a fiddler: nor do I dislike company; but I would as soon keep an inn, as convert my house into a theatre for all the idle things of both sexes to assemble at. But my wife's affections are so wedded to the gamut, that I cannot devise any means to wean her from this folly. If I could make her fond of dress, or teach her to love cards, plays, or any thing but music, I should be happy. This method of destroying my peace with harmony, is no better than tickling me to death: and to squander away such sums of money on a parcel of

howling scraping rascals in laced coats and bag wigs, is absolutely giving away my estate for an old song. You, Mr. Town, are a professed Connoisseur; therefore, either give me a little taste, or teach my wife to abandon it: for at present we are but a jangling pair, and there is not the least harmony between us, though, like bass and treble, we are obliged to join in concert.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
T. AARON HUMKIN.

No. 129.] THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1756.

—*Post cineres gloria sera venit.*

MART.

Fame to our ashes comes, alas ! too late ;
And praise smells rank upon the coffin-plate.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I AM a rich old bachelor, and, like other ancient gentlemen of that order, am very fond of being indulged in all my odd humours, and always having my own way. This is one reason I never married; for if my wife had been a shrewish termagant, she would have killed me; and if she had been a tame domestic animal, I should have killed her. But the way of life I have now fallen into is, of all others, the best calculated to gratify my fantastical temper. I have no near relation, indeed, who will submit to be treated as an humble cousin all my life, in hopes of being happy at my death; yet I abound in sycophants and followers, every one of whom I delude, like another Volpone, with the expectations of being made my heir. The abject spirit of these wretches flatters me, and amuses me. I am indolent, and hate contradiction; and can safely say, that not one of my acquaintance has contradicted me for these seven years. There is not one of them but would be glad if I would spit in his face, or rejoice at a kick of the breech from me, if they thought I meant it as a token of my familiarity. When I am grave, they appear as dull as mutes at a funeral: when I smile, they grin like monkeys; when I tell a silly story, they chuckle over every ridiculous particular, and shake their sides in admiration of my wit. Sometimes I pretend to be short-sighted, and then not one of them sees farther than his nose. They swallow sour wine, eat musty victuals, and are proud to ride in my old boots.

I have been told of a certain prelate, who brought his chaplains to such a degree of civility, that after every deal at whist, they would ask him, what he would choose to have for trumps next deal? I keep my fellows in equal good order. They all think me a close old hunk;

and imagining that winning their money will put me in good humour with them, they practise all the arts of sharpening to cheat themselves. I have known them pack the cards at whist, that I might hold all the four honours in my own hand: they will load the dice in my favour at hazard; pocket themselves on purpose, at billiards; and, at bowls, if any one is near winning the game, he never fails in the next cast to mistake his bias. It is impossible for the most despotic monarch to be more absolute over his subjects, than I am over these slaves and sycophants. Yet, in spite of all their endeavours to oblige me, I most heartily despise them; and have already drawn up a will, in which I have bequeathed to each of them a shilling and a dog collar.

But, though I have settled in my mind what legacies I shall leave them, I have not thoroughly resolved in what manner I shall dispose of the bulk of my estate. Indeed, I am fully determined, like most other wealthy bachelors, either to leave my fortune to some ostentatious pious uses, or to persons whom I have never seen, and for whose characters I have not the least regard or esteem. To speak sincerely, ostentation carries away my whole heart; but then, it is a little difficult to find out a new object to indulge my vanity, whilst I am on this side of the grave, by securing to me a certain prospect of posthumous fame, which is always so agreeable to living pride.

The hospitals are so numerous, that my name will be lost among those more known and established of Guy, Morden, Bancroft, and I know not who. Besides, in the space of four or five centuries, perhaps, it may be thought, notwithstanding my whole length picture and statue, that I had assistance from parliament. If I order my money to be laid out in churches, they will never be built; if in temples, gardens, lakes, obelisks, and serpentine rivers, the next generation of the sons of taste will demolish all my works, turn my rounds into squares, and my squares into rounds, and not leave even my bust, although it were cast in plaster of Paris by Mr. Rackstrow, or worked up in wax by Mr. Goupy. Or supposing, in imitation of some of my predecessors, I were to bequeath my fortune to my housekeeper, and recommend her in my will as a pattern of virtue, diligence, and every good quality, what will be the effect? In three weeks after my death she will marry an Irishman, and I shall not even enjoy my monument and marble periwig in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing perplexes me so much as the disposal of my money by my last will and testament. While I am living, it procures the most servile compliance with all my whims from my sycophants, and several other conveniences: but I would fain buy fame with it after my death.

Do but instruct me, how I may lay it out in the most valuable purchases of this sort: only discover some new object of charity, and perhaps I may bequeath you a round sum of money for your advice.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
THOMAS VAINALL.

It is said by an old poet, that no man's life can be called happy or unhappy till his death; in like manner, I have often thought, that no words or actions are a better comment on a person's temper and disposition, than his last will and testament. This is a true portraiture of himself, drawn at full length by his own hand, in which the painting is commonly very lively, and the features very strongly marked. In the discharge of this solemn act, people sign and seal themselves, either wise and good characters, or villains and fools: and any person that makes a ridiculous will, and bequeaths his money to frivolous uses, only takes a great deal of pains, like Dogberry in the play, "that he may be set down an ass."

The love of fame governs our actions more universally than any other passion. All the rest gradually drop off, but this runs through our whole lives. This, perhaps, is one of the chief inducements, that influences wealthy persons to bequeath their possessions to ostentatious uses; and they would as willingly lay out a considerable sum in buying a great name (if possible) at their deaths, as they would bestow it on the purchase of a coat of heraldry, during their lives. They are pleased with leaving some memorial of their existence behind them, and to perpetuate the remembrance of themselves by the application of their money to some vainglorious purposes; though the good gentlemen never did one act to make themselves remarkable, or laid out a single shilling in a laudable manner, while they lived. If an Apotheosis were to be bought, how many rich scoundrels would be deified after their deaths! not a plum in the city but would purchase this imaginary godship as readily as he paid for his freedom at his first setting up; and I doubt not but this fantastical distinction would be more frequent on an escutcheon than a coronet.

The disposal of our fortunes by our last will should be considered as the discharge of a sacred trust which we should endeavour to execute in a just manner; and, as we have had the enjoyment of rich possessions, we ought carefully to provide, that they may devolve to those who have the most natural claim to them. They who may first demand our favour, are those who are allied to us by the ties of blood; next to these, stand those persons to whom we are connected by friendship: and, next to our friends and relations, mankind in general. But the humanity of a testator will not be thought very

extensive, though it reaches to posterity, or includes the poor in general, if it neglects the objects of charity immediately under his eye, or those individuals, who have the best title to his benevolence. Virgil has placed those rich men, who bestowed none of their wealth on their relations, among the chief personages in his hell. Wherefore I would advise my good correspondent Mr. Vainall first to consider, whether he has not some poor relation, starving perhaps in some distant part of the kingdom: after that, let him look round whether he has not some friends, whom he may possibly relieve from misery and distress. But if he has no relation, nor any person in the world that has any regard for him, before he begins to endow a college, or found an hospital, I should take it as a particular favour if he would leave his money to me, and I will promise to immortalize his memory in the *Connoisseur*.

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No 130. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1756.

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Lyra solers, et cantor.~~~~~

HOB.

Sweet Virtuosa! with what art she sings
With what a gusto strikes the trembling strings!

I HAVE just received the following letter from Lady Humkin, the musical consort of my late correspondent Sir Aaron. I shall not pretend to moderate in family-disputes of so important a nature, but leave each party to speak for themselves.

Mr. Town,

Pray hear both sides fairly, before you judge; for (to use a vulgar expression) one story is good till the other is told. I am, Sir, the unfortunate wife of that inelegant (I had almost said insensible) husband, who, in your paper of the eighth instant, pronounces and publishes me to be mad, stark mad.

I confess and glory in my passion for music; and can there be a nobler or a more generous one? My nerves are naturally strung to harmony, and variously affected by the various combinations of the gamut. Some stay in Italy added skill and taste in composition to my natural happy disposition to music: and the best judges, as well as the best performers in that country, allowed me to have an uncommon share of *virtu*. I both compose and perform, Sir; and, though I say it, perhaps few, even of the profession, possess the *contra-punto* and the *cromatic* better; and I have had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing my compositions and my performances dignified in Italy with the unanimous appellations of *squisito*, *divino*, and *adorevole*.

Is there any madness in this? Does not he

better deserve that imputation, whose breast is insensible and impenetrable to all the charms and powers of harmony? To be plain, I mean my husband: whom I have frequently seen yawn, may leave the room, in the middle of the most touching pathetic, sung by the most affecting Signora Mingotti, accompanied by the divine Signor di Giardino. And yet,—pardon this digressive transport,—how irresistible is the expression, the melody, the cadences, the *appoggiaturas* of that incomparable *virtuoso*! What energy, what delicacy, and what variety are in the inimitable compositions and execution of the charming Signor d' Giardino! What an *arpeggio* he has, what a *staccato*, what an *andante*! In short, I may, I am sure, with truth assert, that whether in the *allegro*, or the *piano*, the *adagio*, the *largo*, or the *forte*, he never has his equal. Oh, Mr. Town, what an irretrievable loss has this country sustained! My good man, among his other qualifications, is a politician, you must know; and one of his principal objections against these *virtuosi* is, that they are foreigners. He flew into a violent passion with me last Sunday night, because I had a concert at my house, when (he said) such bad news were received from abroad. I know not what he, and other muddy-headed politicians, may think: but let him talk what he will of the Blakeney, the Governor, the Admiral, I am sure the nation cannot sustain a greater evil, than the loss of the Mingotti; who, as the public prints will inform you, "is gone to Holland, till her affairs in England can be settled."

But however gothic my husband may be, I am fully determined to discharge the duty of a good wife. Accordingly, whenever he comes into my room, I sit down to my harpsichord, and sing and play the most soothing pieces of music, in hopes some time or other of hitting his unison, but hitherto to no purpose; and, to say the truth, I fear he has not one harmonic nerve in his whole system, though otherwise a man of good plain sense. When he interrupts my performances (as in his letter he owns that he does) with wishing for the men from Mother Midnight's, with their wooden spoons, salt-boxes, jews-harps, and broomsticks, to play in concert with me; I answer him with all the gentleness and calmness imaginable—"Indeed, my dear, you have not the least notion of these things. It would be impossible to bring those ridiculous instruments into a concert, and to adopt a thorough-bass to them: they have not above three notes at most, and those cannot be *sostenute*." "I wish for all that," answers he, "that they were here: I should like them better than all your Signors and Signoras; and I am sure they would cost a great deal less."

This article of expense he often dwells upon, and sometimes even with warmth; to which I

reply, with all the mildness that becomes a good wife, "My dear, you have a good fortune of your own, and I brought you still a better. Of what use is money, if not employed? and how can it be better employed, than in encouraging and rewarding distinguished *gusto* and merit? These people, whom you call ballad-singers and pipers, are people of birth, though for the most part of small fortunes; and they are much more considered, as you know, in Italy, than all the greatest ancient Roman heroes, if revived, would now be. They leave their own country, where they are so infinitely esteemed for their moral as well as their musical characters, and generously sacrifice all these advantages to our diversion. Besides, my dear, what should we do with our money? Would you lavish it away upon foundling bastards; lying-in women, who have either no husbands or too many; importunate beggars, all whose cries and complaints are the most shocking discords? Or, suppose that we were to save our money, and leave our children better fortunes, who knows but they might, as too many do, squander them away idly? whereas what we give to these *virtuosi*, we know, is given to merit. For my own part, my dear, I have infinite pleasure, when I can get any of them to accept of fifty or a hundred guineas; which, by the way, cannot always be brought about without some art and contrivance; for they are most exceedingly nice and delicate upon the point of honour, especially in the article of money. I look upon such trifling presents as a debt due to superior talents and merit; and I endeavour to insinuate them in a way, that the receiver may not blush." —Here my husband breaks out into a violent passion, and says,—“Ouns, Madam, show me a *virtuoso*, or a *virtuosa*, (as you call them) who ever blushed in their lives, and I will give them the fee-simple of my estate.” You see, Mr. Town, what a strange man he is, that he has no idea of elegance and *divertimenti*; and when he is so violently in *alt*, I will leave you to judge, who it is that is mad, stark mad.

In short, Sir, my husband is insensible, untunable, to the most noble, generous, and strongest of all human passions, a passion for music. That divine passion alone engrosses the whole soul, and leaves no room for lesser and vulgar cares; for you must certainly have observed, Mr. Town, that whoever has a passion for, and a thorough knowledge of, music, is fit for no one other thing. Thus truly informed of my case, I am sure you will judge equitably between Sir Aaron and

Your very humble Servant,

MARIA HUMKIN.

No. 131.] THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1756.

*Inter**Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos?*

HOR.

Here the wise youth is deem'd a reverend sage,
And shares the honours of grey hairs and age :
Th' old dotard here, whom childish passions rule,
Takes for his name, an infant and a fool.

No other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation : he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it : he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it ; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family, from starving : and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows : if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt : and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement ; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application : nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable ; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers, to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety, placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes,

and went through as regular triple peals and Bob Majors, as the boys of Christ-Church Hospital ; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymers, of which he is now no bad emblem : and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully, as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge : he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do mischief ; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, may always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly : and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness ; and suffers himself to rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved, and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is a humane man, who never did a beneficent action : and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends ; for, whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected ; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm ; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good : as Titus, when he had let a day slip, undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, "I have lost a day." If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back

upon as irretrievably lost? and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life? If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived at a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of four-score.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man, four years old: dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Ætat. 80*, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. In a burying-ground of this nature, allowing for the partiality of survivors, which would certainly point out the most brilliant actions of their dead friends, we might perhaps see some inscriptions, not much unlike the following:—

Here lie the remains of a celebrated beauty, aged 50, who died in her fifth year. She was born in her eighteenth year, and was untimely killed by the small-pox in her twenty-third.

Here rests in eternal sleep, the mortal part of L. B. a freethinker, aged 88, an infant. He came into the world by chance in the year ———, and was annihilated in the first year of his age.

Here continue to rot the bones of a noted buck, an embryo, who never showed any signs of life; but after twenty-three years was so totally putrified that it could not be kept above ground any longer.

Here lies the swoln carcass of a boon companion, who was born in a dropsy in his 40th year. He lingered in this condition, till he was obliged to be tapped; when he relapsed into his former condition, and died in the second year of his age, and twenty-third of his drinking.

Here lies Isaac Da-Costa, a convert from Ju-

daism, aged 64. He was born and christened in his sixty-first year, and died in the true faith in the third year of his age.

Here is deposited the body of the celebrated Beau Tawdry, who was born at court in the year——, on a birthnight, and died of grief in his second year, upon the court's going into mourning.

Here rots A. B. still-born, who died of a fright on the 20th of May, 1756.

Here rests from his labours the brave General B. who died about the 100th year of his age, older than Methuselah. O.

No. 132.] THURSDAY, AUG 5, 1756.

Odī profanum vulgus et arceo.

HOR.

I hate the vulgar, nor will condescend
To call a foul-mouth'd handicraftsman friend.

I KNOW not any greater misfortune that can happen to a young fellow at his first setting out in life, than his falling into low company. He that sinks to familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connexions; and, though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again. He will also inevitably contract a mean air, and an illiberal disposition; and you can no more give him an ingenious turn of mind, by a sudden introduction to genteel company, than you can make an apprentice a fine gentleman by dressing him in embroidery: though experience teaches us, that the mind is, unhappily, sooner distorted than reformed; and a gentleman will as readily catch the manners of the vulgar, by mixing with such mean associates, as he would daub his clothes with soot by running against a chimney-sweeper.

A propensity to low company is owing, either to an original meanness of spirit, a want of education, or an ill-placed pride, commonly arising from both the forementioned causes. Those who are naturally of a grovelling disposition, show it even at school, by choosing their play-fellows from the scum of the class, and are never so happy as when they can steal down to romp with the servants in the kitchen. They have no emulation in them; they entertain none of that decent pride, which is so essential a requisite in all characters; and the total absence of which in a boy, is a certain indication that his riper age will be contemptible. I remember a young fellow of this cast, who, by his early attachment to low company, gave up all the advantages of a good family and ample fortune. He not only lost all his natural interest in the country where his estate was situated,

but was not honoured with the acquaintance of one gentleman in it. He lived, indeed, chiefly in town, and at an expense sufficient to have maintained him among those of the first rank; but he was so perpetually surrounded with men of the lowest character, that people of fashion, or even those of a much inferior fortune, would have thought it infamous to be seen with him. All the while, he was reckoned, by his associates, to be a mighty good-natured gentleman, and without the least bit of pride in him.

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder, that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the groom and the game-keeper: but it would amaze us, to see a boy, well educated, cherish this ill-placed pride of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of The Gentleman: while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should excel him in abilities. Sometimes, indeed, it happens, that a person of learning and genius will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house or cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a bawdy-house, in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour; and from a desire of seeing the droller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now become almost as low a character as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practises, all the plebeian arts and exercises under the best masters; and has, disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then had the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen as a brother whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Essex or Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged in the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Din-

gate at cricket, and is himself esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn: and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the air and manner of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect; which recommend him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the high spirits at Comus's court, or at the meetings of the "sons of sound sense and satisfaction." He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pickpockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These and other like accomplishments frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours; and is well known to every street-walker between Charing-cross and Cheapside. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping, and Fleet-ditch; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier, for engaging with his trull, in St. James's park. The last time I saw him, he was laid up with two black eyes and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night-cellar.

No. 133.] THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1756.

Sex horas somno, totidem dies legibus æquis;

Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas.

*Quod superest, ultro sacris largire Camænis **

CO. LITT.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

Middle Temple.

If we look into the several inns of court, the professed students of the law compose a very numerous body: but if we afterwards turn our eyes on those few who are employed in exercising their talents in Westminster-hall, this prodigious army of lawyers shrinks to a very thin inconsiderable corps. Thousands, it seems, are disgusted with the unpleasant dryness of the study, as it is now managed, and conceive an unconquerable aversion to the white leaves and

* See the translation in the body of the paper.

the old black letter. This early dislike to legal inquiries certainly proceeds from the fatal mistakes in the plan of study hitherto recommended. According to all systems now extant, it is absolutely impossible to be at once a lawyer and a fine gentleman. Seeing with concern the many evils arising from these erroneous principles, I have at length devised a method to remedy all these inconveniences; a method now very successfully practised by several young gentlemen. Wherefore I must beg leave to submit my thoughts to the public by means of your paper, and to chalk out the outlines of a treatise, now ready for the press, entitled, *The Complete Barrister, or A New Institute of the Laws of England*.

My Lord Coke prescribes to our student to follow the advice given in the ancient verses, prefixed to this letter, for the good spending of the day: "Six hours to sleep, six to the study of the law, four to prayer, two to meals, and the rest to the Muses." But what an absurd and unfashionable distribution of the four-and-twenty hours! I will venture a thousand pounds to a shilling, that not one student in the kingdom divides his time in this manner. Here is not a single word of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the theatres, or other public diversions; not to mention, that nobody but a Methodist would ever think of praying four hours; and that it would be impossible, though we were content with snapping up a chop every day at Betty's, to despatch even dinner in two. How then shall we reconcile these precepts, scarce practicable by a hermit, to the life of a young gentleman, who keeps the best company? or how can these rules for severe application be made consistent with the practice of those who divide their whole time between eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusements? Well knowing that the volatile dispositions of the young gentlemen of the present age can never submit the ordering of their lives to any prescribed rules, I have endeavoured to square my precepts to their lives; and have so contrived the matter, that, amidst the keenest pursuit of their pleasures, they shall be engaged in the most improving course of the law.

As laws are chiefly nothing else but rules of action, what can be more cruel and absurd, than to coop up a brisk young man, to learn, in his chambers, what he can so much better teach himself by going abroad into the world? I propose to dose gentlemen with study, as Dr. Rock does with physic, to be taken at home or abroad, without loss of time, or hinderance of business. This, I am convinced, is not only the best method, but also the only scheme which several inhabitants of the inns of court would ever follow. I shall not at present forestall the contents of my treatise, by presenting you with a dry abstract of it, but rather endeavour to give you

an idea of the spirit and manner in which it is written, by delineating the plan diligently pursued by one of my favourite pupils: and I cannot but congratulate the bar, that so many young men, instead of blinding their eyes and bewildering their understandings with Coke, Plowden, Salkeld, &c. have sense enough to follow the same course of study.

Tom Riot, the principal ornament of my class of students, was sent to the Temple, not with any intention that he should become a great lawyer, but merely because, for a few years, his father did not know how to dispose of him otherwise: but so unwearied has been his application to the new method, that his father and the rest of his friends will, I doubt not, be surprised at his wonderful proficiency. As nothing is of more consequence to those gentlemen, who intend to harangue at the bar, than the acquiring a ready elocution, and an easy habit of delivering their thoughts in public, to this I paid particular attention. For this purpose, I advised him to a diligent attendance on the theatres; and I assure you, Mr. Town, he never fails to take notes at a new play, and seldom or ever misses appearing, at one house or the other, in the green boxes. He has also gathered many beautiful flowers of rhetoric, unblown upon by any other orators, ancient or modern, from the Robin Hood Society; and at the same place he has collected the strongest arguments on every subject, and habituated himself to modes of reasoning never hitherto introduced into courts of justice. But what has been of more than ordinary service to him, and is particularly recommended by Lord Coke himself, who calls "conference the life of study," is his so frequent attendance at George's and the other coffee-houses about the Temple, where every student has so many opportunities of benefiting himself by daily conversation with counsellors, attorneys, clerks to attorneys, and other sages of the law.

The law is intended to take cognizance of all our actions: wherefore my pupil, who is fond of exerting his faculties in polite life, has already digested almost all the grand leading points of the law into a journal of his transactions, which I shall lay before my readers at large in my treatise, as the best method for a commonplace-book. Thus, for instance, having been frequently employed, after leaving the Shakspeare, in what is called beating the rounds, it has happened him to be taken into custody by the magistrate of the night, and carried the next morning before a justice; by which means he has attained as full a knowledge of certain parts of the duty of a constable and justice of peace, as could be collected from Dalton, Blackerby, or Burn. Certain impertinences of his tailor and other tradesmen have given him a very clear notion of the laws of arrest, and been of as

much service to him as the best treatises on bail and mainprize. Besides which, the several sums of money which he has taken up at different times, payable on his father's death, have opened to him some difficult points in conveyancing, by teaching him the nature of bonds, deeds, &c. and have at the same time shown him what Lord Coke calls, "the amiable and admirable secrets of the common law," by unravelling to him the intricate doctrines of reversion and remainder, as well as the general nature of estates. Thus he is continually improving; and whenever he shall happen to commit a rape, or a genteel murder, it will serve him for matter of instruction, as well as any history of the pleas of the crown, and give him an insight into the nature of the practice and extent of the jurisdiction of our courts of justice.

By this plan of study no time is lost; so that, while other students are idling away their vacation in the country, my pupil is daily improving there. As he is a member of the association, he is very conversant in all the laws enacted for the preservation of the game; and he picks up all the learning of the circuit, by dancing at the balls at the assizes. As his father has a place, he is employed in canvassing for votes at the time of an election, which instructs him in all the points of law touching those matters. He was principally concerned in discovering the Customary Tenants, that new species of freeholders unknown to Littleton, Coke, and all the lawyers of antiquity: and he is so intimately acquainted with all the doctrine contained in the several clauses of the bribery act, that I propose publishing in the body of my treatise, *Les Readings Del Mon Seignior Riot Sur L'Estatute de 2 Geo. II. &c.*

By this time, Mr. Town, you must perceive, that the ground of my scheme is, in short, no more than this, viz. that the student should regard his life as a kind of commentary on the law, as it is recommended to the clergy to become examples of the doctrine they teach. Or, to bring my illustration more home to these gentlemen, let them learn the law by being occasionally interested in different parts of it; as they become, in some measure, doctors of physic from frequent need of it, and can cure themselves in certain cases, as well as Rock himself. Instead of poring over books, a gentleman need only observe, how far the law and his actions tally with each other; and as it is said by Lord Coke, "that the knowledge of the law is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding," so, in pursuance of my plan, the student will improve according to the eagerness with which he engages in his pleasures: and this, no doubt, was intended by Lord Coke, as it is the most obvious interpretation of his words, when he concludes the comparison by saying, that "when

the professor of the law can dive into the depth, it is delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen, so long as he keeps himself in his own proper element."

What plan, Mr. Town, can be more delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen, than institutes of this nature? I have indeed, often looked with concern upon those unhappy gentlemen, who have impaired their health by the old method of study, and considered them as martyrs to huge volumes of reports and statutes at large: my pupil will be in no danger of these misfortunes. It is recorded of an eminent counsellor, of the North family, (who, being one of the ablest practitioners at the bar, was overloaded with business,) that sometimes choosing to retire a while from hurry and perplexity, he would say to his clerk, "Tell the people I do not practise this term." This proper relaxation I always recommend to my pupils, and have some reason to think they are prudent enough to embrace it; for, as I am acquainted with several students on the new plan, and do not remember to have seen them doing any business in the courts for some time, I suppose they have given notice to their clerks, "to tell the people that they did not practise in those terms."

W. I am, Sir, yours, &c. IGNORAMUS.

No. 134. THURSDAY, AUG. 19, 1756.

*Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.*

H. R.

The tottering tower, and mouldering walls repair,
And fill with decency the house of prayer:
Quick to the needy curate bring relief,
And deck the parish-church without a bribe.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

Dear Cousin,

THE country at present, no less than the metropolis, abounding with politicians of every kind, I began to despair of picking up any intelligence, that might possibly be entertaining to your readers. However, I have lately visited some of the most distant parts of the kingdom with a clergyman of my acquaintance: I shall not trouble you with an account of the improvements that have been made in the seats we saw according to the modern taste, but proceed to give you some reflections, which occurred to us on observing several country churches, and the behaviour of their congregations.

The ruinous condition of some of these edifices gave me great offence; and I could not help wishing, that the honest vicar, instead of indulging his genius for improvements, by en-

closing his goose-berry bushes within a Chinese rail, and converting half an acre of his glebe land into a bowling-green, would have applied part of his income to the more laudable purpose of sheltering his parishioners from the weather, during their attendance on divine service. It is no uncommon thing to see the parsonage house well thatched, and in exceeding good repair, while the church perhaps has scarce any other roof than the ivy that grows over it. The noise of owls, bats, and magpies, makes a principal part of the church-music in many of these ancient edifices; and the walls, like a large map, seem to be portioned out into capes, seas, and promontories, by the various colours with which the damp has stained them. Sometimes, the foundation being too weak to support the steeple any longer, it has been found expedient to pull down that part of the building, and to hang the bells under a wooden shed on the ground beside it. This is the case in a parish in Norfolk, through which I lately passed, and where the clerk and the sexton, like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, serve the bells in capacity of clappers, by striking them alternately with a hammer.

In other churches I have observed, that nothing uselessly or ruinous is to be found, except in the clergyman, and the appendages of his person. The squire of the parish, or his ancestors perhaps, to testify their devotion, and to leave a lasting monument to their magnificence, have adorned the altar-piece with the richest crimson velvet, embroidered with vine-leaves and ears of wheat: and have dressed up the pulpit with the same splendour and expense; while the gentleman who fills it, is exalted, in the midst of all this finery, with a surplice as dirty as a farmer's frock, and a periwig that seems to have transferred its faculty of curling to the band, which appears in full buckle beneath it.

But if I was concerned to see several distressed pastors, as well as many of our country churches in a tottering condition, I was more offended with the indecency of worship in others. I could wish that the clergy would inform their congregations, that there is no occasion to scream themselves hoarse in making the responses; that the town-crier is not the only person qualified to pray with due devotion; and that he who bawls the loudest may, nevertheless, be the wickedest fellow in the parish. The old women too in the aisle might be told, that their time would be better employed in attending to the sermon, than in fumbling over their tattered Testaments till they have found the text; by which time the discourse is near drawing to a conclusion: while a word or two of instruction might not be thrown away upon the younger part of the congregation, to teach them, that making posies in summer time, and

cracking nuts in autumn, is no part of the religious ceremony.

The good old practice of psalm-singing is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country churches since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins; and there is scarce a parish-clerk, who has so little taste as not to pick his staves out of the New Version. This has occasioned great complaints in some places where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himself, because the rest of the congregation cannot find the psalm at the end of their prayer-books: while others are highly disgusted at the innovation, and stick as obstinately to the Old Version as to the old style. The tunes themselves have also been new-set to jiggish measures, and the sober drawl, which used to accompany the first two staves of the hundredth psalm with the *Gloria Patri*, is now split into as many quavers as an Italian air. For this purpose, there is in every county an itinerant band of vocal musicians, who make it their business to go round to all the churches in their turns, and after a prelude with the pitch pipe, astonish the audience with hymns set to the new Winchester measure, and anthems of their own composing. As these new-fashioned psalmodists are necessarily made up of young men and maids, we may naturally suppose, that there is a perfect concord and symphony between them: and, indeed, I have known it happen, that these sweet singers have more than once been brought into disgrace by too close an unison between the thorough-bass and the treble.

It is a difficult matter to decide, which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church, the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, where the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church-door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an amen, or usher in the sermon with a stave; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing god-father to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church, than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the Squire; who, like the king, may be styled head of the church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion; or, if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast beef and plum pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the Squire's command as his dog and horses. For this reason the bell is often kept tolling, and the people waiting in the church-yard, an hour longer than the usual time; nor must the service begin till the Squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in

the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the Squire, as formerly by the hour-glass: and I know one parish, where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the Squire gives the signal, by rising up after his nap.

In a village church, the Squire's lady or the vicar's wife are perhaps the only females that are stared at for their finery; but in the larger cities and towns, where the newest fashions are brought down weekly by the stage-coach or waggon, all the wives and daughters of the most topping tradesmen vie with each other every Sunday in the elegance of their apparel. I could even trace the gradations in their dress, according to the opulence, the extent, and the distance of the place from London. I was at church in a populous city in the North, where the macebearer cleared the way for Mrs. Mayoress, who came sidling after him in an enormous fan-hoop, of a pattern which had never been seen before in those parts. At another church, in a corporation town, I saw several Negligées, with furbelowed aprons, which had long disputed the prize of superiority: but these were most wofully eclipsed by a burgess's daughter, just come from London, who appeared in a Trolloppee or Slammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gymped, and the sides of the petticoat drawn up in festoons. In some lesser borough towns, the contest, I found, lay between three or four black and green bibs and aprons: at one a grocer's wife attracted our eyes by a new-fashioned cap, called a Joan; and at another, they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter, in a Nun's Hood.

I need not say any thing of the behaviour of the congregations in these more polite places of religious resort; as the same genteel ceremonies are practised there, as at the most fashionable churches in town. The ladies immediately on their entrance, breathe a pious ejaculation through their fan-sticks, and the beaux very gravely address themselves to the haberdasher's bills, glued upon the linings of their hats. This pious duty is no sooner performed, than the exercise of bowing and curtsying succeeds: the locking and unlocking of the pews drowns the reader's voice at the beginning of the service; and the rustling of silks, added to the whispering and tittering of so much good company, renders him totally unintelligible to the very end of it.

I am,

T. dear Cousin,
yours, &c.

No. 135.] THURSDAY, AUG. 26, 1756.

*Vos sapere, et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia vilis.*

HOR.

O Cit thrice happy, that canst range
To Bow or Clapham from the 'Change;
In whose spruce villa is displayed
The plum thou hast acquired by trade!

I AM sorry to have provoked the resentment of many of our present poets by rejecting their compositions; which, as they abound in high-flown metaphors and compound epithets, were, I feared, too sublime for my humble province of plain prose. I have found, that the same poetical genius, which could soar to an Ode, can be whetted to a most cutting Satire against me and my works; and one in particular has poured forth his whole wrath upon me in an Acrostic. But I need not offer any apology for laying the following verses before the public, which may be considered as a supplement to a former paper on the like subject. The easy elegance, which runs through the whole, will readily distinguish them to come from the same hand, that has more than once obliged us in the course of this undertaking.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the foundered mare;
While wedged in closely by his side
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em;
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarcely past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather:
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation;
And thus she opens her oration.

"What signifies the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear:
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air,
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney Row:
He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be undone, my dear."

Sir Traffic's name, so well applied,
Awaked his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confessed the argument had reason;
And by the approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country Lox.

Some three or four miles out of town,
 (An hour's ride will bring you down,)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road :
 And so convenient does it lay,
 That stages pass it every day,
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have a house so near the city !
 Take but your places at the Boar,
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past ;
 With all the fuss of moving over :
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 Lo ! a new heap of whims are bred,
 And wanton in my lady's head.

" Well ! to be sure, it must be own'd,
 It is a charming spot of ground ;
 So sweet a distance for a ride,
 And all about so countryfied !

'Twould come to but a trifling price,
 To make it quite a paradise.

I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales ;
 Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 We build a railing all Chinese.
 Although one hates to be expos'd,
 'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd :
 One hardly any object sees—
 I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
 Objects continual passing by,
 Were something to amuse the eye :
 But to be pent within the walls—
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 Our house-beholders would adore,
 Was there a level lawn before ;
 Nothing its views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road ;
 While ev'ry traveller, in amaze,
 Should on our little mansion gaze,
 And, pointing to the choice retreat,
 Cry, ' That's Sir Thrifty's country seat.' "

No doubt, her arguments prevail
 For Madam's taste can never fail.

Best age ! when all men may procure

The title of a Connoisseur ;
 When noble and ignoble herd
 Are govern'd by a single word ;
 Though like the royal German dames,
 It bears a hundred Christian names ;
 As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
 Whim, Caprice, *Jc-ne-scai-quoi*, Virtù ;
 Which appellations all describe
 Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wondrous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret stood
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
 The traveller with amazement sees
 A temple, Gothic or Chinese.
 With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon.
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water four feet wide :
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
 From Halfpenny's exact designs.

In front a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green :
 Where taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking sly ha-ha :
 By whose miraculous assistance
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.

And now from Hyde Park corner come
 The Gods of Athens and of Rome :
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus and the clumsy Graces :
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
 And there without the power to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own that Thrifty has a taste :
 And madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common-council-men by dozens,
 Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.

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 No. 126.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 2, 1756.

——*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

MART.

To paint mankind, our sole pretence ;  
 And all our wisdom, common sense.

WE, whose business it is to write loose essays, and who never talk above a quarter of an hour together on any one subject, are not expected to enter into philosophical disquisitions, or engage in abstract speculations ; but it is supposed to be our principal aim to amuse and instruct the reader, by a lively representation of what passes round about him. Thus, like those painters who delineate the scenes of familiar life, we sometimes give a sketch of a marriage *a la mode*, sometimes draw the outlines of a modern midnight conversation, at another time paint the comical distresses of itinerant tragedians in a barn, and at another give a full draught of the rake's or harlot's progress. Sometimes we divert the public by exhibiting single portraits ; and when we meet with a subject where the features are strongly marked by nature, and there is something peculiarly characteristic in the whole manner, we employ ourselves in drawing the piece at full length. In a word, we consider all mankind as sitting for their pictures, and endeavour to work up our pieces with lively traits, and embellish them with beautiful colouring : and though, perhaps, they are not always highly finished, yet they seldom fail of pleasing some few, at least, of the vast multitude of Critics and Connoisseurs, if we are so happy as to hit off a striking likeness.

There is perhaps no knowledge more requisite, and certainly none at present more ardently sought after, than the knowledge of the world. In this science we are more particularly expected to be adepts, as well as to initiate, or at least improve, our readers in it. And though this knowledge cannot be collected altogether from books, yet (as Pope says) "men may be read, as well as books, too much ;" and it is to be lamented, that many, who have only consulted the volume of life, as it lay open before them,



have rather become worse than better by their studies. They who have lived wholly in the world without regarding the comments on it, are generally tainted with all its vices, to which the gathering part of their instructions from books would perhaps have proved an antidote. There, indeed, though they would have seen the faults and foibles of mankind fairly represented, yet vice would appear in an odious, and virtue in an amiable light; but those who unwarned go abroad into the world, are often dazzled by the splendour with which wealth gilds vice and infamy; and being accustomed to see barefoot honesty treated with scorn, are themselves induced to consider it as contemptible. For this reason, I am a good deal offended at the ingenious contrivance of our modern novelists and writers of comedy, who often gloss over a villanous character with the same false varnish that lackers so many scoundrels in real life; and while they are exhibiting a fellow who debauches your daughter or lies with your wife, represent him as an agreeable creature, a man of gallantry, and a fine gentleman.

The world, even the gayest part of it, may be painted like itself, and yet become a lesson of instruction. The pieces of Hogarth (to recur to the illustration I first made use of) are faithful delineations of certain scenes of life, and yet vice and folly always appear odious and contemptible. I could wish it were possible to learn the knowledge of the world, without being "hackneyed in the ways of man:" but as that is impracticable, it is still our duty so to live in it, as to avoid being corrupted by our intercourse with mankind. We should endeavour to guard against fraud, without becoming ourselves deceitful; and to see every species of vice and folly practised round about us, without growing knaves and fools. The villany of others is but a poor excuse for the loss of our own integrity: and though, indeed, if I am attacked on Hounslow-Heath, I may lawfully kill the highwayman in my own defence; yet I should be very deservedly brought to the gallows, if I took a purse from the next person I met, because I had been robbed myself.

The knowledge of the world, as it is generally used and understood, consists not so much in a due reflection on its vices and follies, as in the practice of them; and those, who consider themselves as best acquainted with it, are either the dupes of fashion, or slaves of interest. It is also supposed to lie within the narrow compass of every man's own sphere of life, and receives a different interpretation in different stations. Thus, for instance, the man of fashion seeks it no where but in the polite circle of the *beau-monde*; while the man of business looks no farther for it than the alley. I shall beg leave to illustrate this, by concluding this paper with a description of two characters; each of

whom, though diametrically opposite to the other, has acquired a thorough knowledge of the world.

Sir Harry Flash had the good luck to be born before his brother Richard: consequently, the heir to the estate was bred a gentleman, and the other condemned to plod in the dull drudgery of business. The merchant was sent to learn accompts at the Academy upon Tower-Hill, and the baronet had the finishing of his education in France. Sir Harry is now a most accomplished fine gentleman, is an excellent judge of fashions, and can calculate the odds at any game, as readily as Hoyle or Demoivre: the Alderman is the most knowing man upon 'Change, and understands the rise and fall of stocks better than any Jew. Both of them know the world; but with this difference, that one by his consummate knowledge has run out of a large estate, while the other has raised a plum by it. O.

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No. 137.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1756.

*Hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis propono.*  
1118.

To all his guests a joke, the glutton lord  
Seems the jack-pudding of his own rich board.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

WHAT cloying meat is love, when "matrimony is the sauce to it!" says Sir John Brute. But if he had been married to such an Epicurean consort as I am joined with, those expressions, that savour of the kitchen, would have been real, instead of metaphorical. We live in a land really flowing with milk and honey, and keep a house of entertainment for all comers and goers. We hardly ever sit down to table less in number than twenty or thirty, and very often to above double that number of dishes. In short, Sir, so much feasting has given me a surfeit.

There are, I see, scattered up and down your papers, several accounts of the petty distresses and domestic concerns of private families. As you have listened to many complaints from husbands, I flatter myself, you will not refuse your attention to the humble remonstrance of a wife; being assured, that my only reason for thus serving up my dear lord as a new dish to gratify the public taste, is to check (if possible) his violent passion for giving his friends entertainments of another kind; which, if indulged much longer, must eat us out of house and home.

The magnificent feasts of Timon of Athens, or the stories of old English Hospitality, would give you but a faint idea of the perpetual riot

and luxury of our family. Our house is always stored with as large a quantity of provisions as a garrison in expectation of a siege, and those too of the dearest and most extravagant kind. Ortolans and woodcocks are as common as sparrows, and red mullets are scarce a greater rarity with us than gudgeons or sprats; while turtle and venison are regarded as branches of citizen-luxury, which scarce deserve notice among the many other delicacies in which we abound. Authors, they say, (you will pardon me, Mr. Town,) are seldom admitted to great entertainments; and I can assure you, that it is not easy for any, but those who are present, to conceive the parade and extravagance displayed in our house. I myself am condemned to sit at the head of the table, while my lord is placed at the other end, in pain and uneasiness at my awkward mistakes in doing the honours. You must know, Sir, that I was bred up under a housewifely aunt in the country, who taught me to pickle and preserve, and gave me, as I thought, a tolerable notion of cookery. But, alas! though I understand plain boiled and roast, and have a very good notion of a pudding, I am often totally ignorant of the names and compositions of the delicacies before me, and have imagined fish to be fowl, and mistaken a *petit patee* for a plebeian mince-pie. In the mean time, my lord is displaying his exquisite taste, by deciding upon every dish, and pronouncing, with a critical smack, upon the flavour of the wines; all the while not a little solicitous about the exactness of the removes, and the duly adjusting the *entremets*. Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne abound, like ale or small-beer; and even Hermitage and Tokay are swallowed with as little remorse as Port or Lisbon. To add to all this, is most absurdly introduced the French custom of serving in *les liqueurs*; which consist of almost as many sorts as are contained in the advertisements from the Rich Cordial Warehouse. In a word, every common dinner with us is a feast; and when we have what my lord calls an entertainment, it is an absolute debauch.

But there is no part of this monstrous expense affects me so much, as the vast sums ridiculously lavished on a dessert. This piece of folly and extravagance could be nothing but the joint product of a Frenchman and a confectioner. After the gratification of the appetite with more substantial fare, this whip-syllabub raree-show is served up, chiefly to feed the eye; not but that the materials, of which the dessert is composed, are as expensive as the several ingredients in the dinner: and I will leave you to your own method of rating the rest, after telling you, that my lord thinks himself an excellent economist, by having reduced the expense of the hot-house to a thousand per ann. which perhaps the admirers of exotic fruits will not

think dear, since we have pine-apples in as great plenty as golden pippins or nonpareils.

One would think, that the first requisite in eating was extravagance; and that, in order to have any thing very good, it must be produced at a time when it is out of season. Therefore one of the principal uses of our hot-house is to invert the order of nature, and to turn winter into summer. We should be ashamed to see peas upon our table, while they are to be had at a common market; but we never spare any cost to provide a good crop, by the assistance of our hot-beds, at Christmas. We have no relish for cucumbers during the summer months, when they are no rarity; but we take care to have them forced in November. But my lord mostly prides himself on the improvements that he has made in his mushroom-beds; which he has at length brought to so great perfection, that by the help of horse-dung, and throwing artificial sunbeams through a burning-glass we can raise any quantity of mushrooms, of the right Italian kind, at two hours warning.

From the hot-house we may make a very natural transition to the kitchen; and as in the former every thing must be produced out of season, so every thing in the latter must undergo a strange metamorphosis. The ordinary distinctions of fish, flesh, and fowl, are quite destroyed; and nothing comes upon table under its proper form and appellation. It is impossible to conceive what vast sums are melted down into sauces! We have a cargo of hams every year from Westphalia, only to extract the essence of them for our soups; and we kill a brace of bucks every week, to make a coulis of the haunches. Half a dozen turkeys have been killed in one day, merely for the sake of the pinions; I have known a whole pond dragged, to furnish a dish of carp's palates; and ten legs of mutton mangled raw, to make out a dish of pope's eyes.

The concomitant charges of the cellar, you will imagine, are no less extravagant; and, indeed, it is not enough that we abound in the best French and Italian wines, (which, by the bye, are purchased on the spot at an extraordinary price) but we must have several other kinds of the highest value, and consequently of most delicious flavour; and though but a taste of each has been sipped round by the company, the same bottles must never be brought a second time upon table, but are secured as perquisites by the butler, who sells them to the merchant, who sells them back again to my lord. Besides these, his lordship has lately been at an immense charge in raising a Pinery, in order to try the experiment of making Cyder of Pine-apples; which he hopes to do at little more than treble the expense of Champagne. To this article I might also add the charge of his Ice-houses: for although these are stored



with a home commodity, originally of no value, yet I may venture to say, that every drop of water comes as dear to us, as the most costly of our wines.

As all our liquors, I have told you, are of foreign growth, and all our dishes distinguished by foreign titles, you will readily conceive, that our household is chiefly composed of foreigners. The *Maitre d' hotel* is a Frenchman: the butler out of livery, and his two under butlers, are Frenchmen: the clerk of the kitchen is a Frenchman: and Monsieur Fricando, the head cook, to be sure is a Frenchman. This gentleman never soils his fingers in touching the least bit of any thing; but gives his orders (like a general) to four subalterns, who are likewise Frenchmen. The baker, the confectioner, the very scullions, and even the fellow that looks after the poultry, are all of them Frenchmen. These, you may be sure, are maintained at very high salaries: and though Monsieur Fricando had the pay of a captain in a marching regiment, my lord was forced to double his wages at the beginning of the war, and allow him the free exercise of his religion, to prevent his leaving the kingdom.

I am sorry to add, that this pride of keeping a table has visibly impaired my lord's fortune: and this very summer he has been obliged to fell all the timber on his estate, as I may say, to keep up his kitchen fire. The only satisfaction, which he can possibly reap from all this expense, is the vanity of having it said, "that nobody treats so elegantly as his lordship;" and now and then, perhaps, reading in the newspapers,—"that such a day the right honourable ——gave a grand entertainment at his house in——, at which were present the principal officers of state and foreign ministers."

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

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No. 138.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1756.

Servatâ semper lege et ratione loquendi.

Hon.

Your talk to decency and reason suit,
Nor prate like fools or gabble like a brute.

IN the comedy of the Frenchman in London, which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of how do you? Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen, and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond

all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops as soon as he is down; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety: but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a Marquis and a *Valet de Chambre*. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the *Thuileries*.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours; and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of Whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can: but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, overshoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minnet step. They may be considered as speaking Harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the pos-

ture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-scai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance; though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the Professed Speakers. And first, the Emphatical, who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunction *and*; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe, (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low-speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass; the Bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into gad's bud, ad's fish, and demme, the Gothic Humbuggers, and those who nick-name God's creatures, and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable muskin, should never come into company, without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing

out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars, with this and that and t'other; and, lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the Gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any Signor or Signora for an Italian Air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once; Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to Hogs; Snarlors are Curs, that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the Spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech-Owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckoos. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than Asses: Critics in general are venomous Serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than Magpies. I myself, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a Dunghill

Cock; but as I must acquaint them, that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments.

W.

No. 139.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 23, 1756.

*Sine superbiam
Quasitam meritis.*

HOR.

Now to the utmost all your labours charge,
And show your mighty consequence at large.

I WROTE to my Cousin Village, informing him of my design to finish with the next number; and have received the following answer from him, which I shall lay before my readers.

Dear Cousin,

It was not without some regret, that I received advice of your intentions to bid adieu to the public: for, as you had been so kind as to introduce me to their notice, I began to indulge all the weakness and vanity of a young author; and had almost persuaded myself that I was the principal support of your papers. Conscious of my own importance, I expect that you will do me the justice to acknowledge, how much you are indebted to the assistance of your very ingenious Cousin; and I care not how many compliments you pay me on my wit and learning: but at the same time I must beg leave to put in a caveat against your disposing of me in what manner you yourself please. Writers of essays think themselves at liberty to do what they will with the characters they have introduced into their works; as writers of tragedy, in order to heighten the plot, have often brought their heroes to an untimely end, when they have died quietly many years before in their beds; or as our chroniclers of daily occurrences put a duke to death, give away an heiress in marriage, or shoot off an admiral's legs whenever they please. Mr. Addison, while he was carrying on the Spectator, said, "he would kill Sir Roger de Coverly, that nobody else might murder him." In like manner, my dear Cousin, you may take it into your head to cut me off; you may perhaps make an end of me by a cold caught in partridge-shooting, or break my neck in a stag-hunt. Or you may rather choose to settle me perhaps with a rich old country dowager, or press me into the army, or clap me on board of a man of war. But I desire that you will not get rid of me by any of these means; but permit me to assure your readers, that I am alive and merry; and this is to let them know, that I am in good health at this present writing.

Your papers, I assure you, have made a great

noise in the country; and the most intelligent among us read you with as much satisfaction as the Evening Posts or the Weekly Journals. I know more than one squire, who takes them in constantly with the Magazines; and I was told by the post-master of a certain town, that they came down every week, under cover to the butler of a member of parliament. There is a club of country parsons, who meet every Saturday at a neighbouring market-town, to be shaved and exchange sermons: they have a subscription for books and pamphlets: and the only periodical works ordered in by them are the Connoisseur, and the Critical and Monthly Reviews. I was lately introduced to this society, when the conversation happened to turn upon Mr. Town. A young curate, just come from Oxford, said he knew you very well at Christ Church, and that you was a comical dog: but a Cantab. declared, no less positively, that you was either a pensioner of Trinity, or a commoner of Bennet's. People, indeed, are very much perplexed about the real author: some affirm, that you are a nobleman, and others will have it that you are an actor: some say you are a young lawyer, some a physician, some a parson, and some an old woman.

The subjects of your papers have often been wrested to various interpretations by our penetrating geniuses; and you have hardly drawn a character, that has not been fixed on one or other of the greatest personages in the nation. I once heard a country justice express his wonder, that you was not taken up, and set in the pillory; and I myself, by some of my rural intelligence, have brought upon you the resentment of several honest squires, who long to horsewhip the scoundrel for putting them in print. Others again are quite at a loss how to pick out your meaning, and in vain turn over their Bailey's Dictionary for an explanation of several fashionable phrases; which, though they have enriched the town-language, have not yet made their way into the dialect of the country. Many exquisite strokes of humour are also lost upon us, on account of our distance from the scene of action; and that wit, which is very brisk and lively upon the spot, oftentimes wholly evaporates in the post-bag.

You moralists are very apt to flatter yourselves, that you are doing a vast deal of good by your labours; but whatever reformation you may have worked in town, give me leave to tell you, that you have sometimes done us harm in the country, by the bare mention of the vices and follies now in vogue. From your intelligence, some of our most polite ladies have learned, that it is highly genteel to have a rout; and have copied the fashion so exactly, as to play at cards on Sundays. Your papers upon dress set all our belles at work in following the mode: you no sooner took notice of cocked hats, but

every hat in the parish was turned up behind and before; and when you told us, that the town beauties went naked, our rural damsels immediately began to throw off their clothes. Our gentlemen have been also taught by you all the new arts of betting and gaming: and the only coffee-house in one little town, where the most topping inhabitants are used to meet to play at draughts and back-gammon, has, from the great increase of gamblers who resort to it, been elegantly christened by the name of White's.

As to the small share which I myself have had in your work, you may be sure every body here is hugely delighted with it; at least you may be sure, that I will say nothing to the contrary. I have done my best to contribute to the entertainment of your readers; and, as the name of Steele is not forgotten in the *Spectator*, though Addison has run away with almost all the honour, I am in hopes, that whenever the great Mr. Town is mentioned, they may possibly think at the same time on

Your affectionate Cousin and Coadjutor,

VILLAGE.

After this account, which my Cousin has sent me, of the reception I have met with in the country, it will be proper to say something of my reception here in town. I shall therefore consider myself in the threefold capacity of Connoisseur, Critic, and Censor General. As a Connoisseur, in the confined sense of the word, I must own I have met with several mortifications. I have neither been made F. R. S. nor even a member of the Academy of Bourdeaux or Petersburg. They have left me out of the list of trustees to the British Museum; and his Majesty of Naples, though he presented an "Account of the Curiosities found in Herculaneum" to each of the Universities, never sent one to me. I have not been celebrated in the *Philosophical Transactions*, or in any of our Magazines of Arts and Sciences; nor have I been styled *tres-illustre*, *tres-savant* in any of the foreign Mercuries or Journals Litteraires. Once, indeed, I soothed myself in the vain thought of having been distinguished by the great Swedish Botanist, Linnæus, under the title of *Eruditissimus Urbanus*, which I conceived to be the name of Town latinized; but, to my great disappointment, I afterwards discovered, that this was no other than the learned naturalist, Mr. Silvanus Urban, author of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This neglect of me as a Connoisseur, I can attribute to no other cause, than to my not having made myself known by my *Musæum*, or *Cabinet of Curiosities*: and, to say the truth, I am not worth a farthing in antique coins; nor have I so much as one single shell or butterfly.

All my complaints against the modern innovations of taste have been therefore disregarded: and with concern I still see the villas of our

citizens fantastically adorned with Chinese palings, and our streets encumbered with superb colonnades, porticos, Gothic arches, and Venetian windows, the ordinary decorations of the shops of our tradesmen.

Nor have I, as a Critic, met with greater success or encouragement, in my endeavours to reform the present taste in literature. I expected to have the privilege of eating beef gratis every night at Vauxhall, for advising the garden poets to put a little meaning in their songs: but, though I was there several nights this summer, I could not say (with Cassio) of any of their productions, "that is a more exquisite song than the other." I have not been able to write the operas out of the kingdom, and, though I have more than once showed my contempt for Harlequin, I am assured there are no less than three Pantomimes to be brought on this season. As I invested myself with the dignity of supreme judge in theatrical matters, I was in hopes that my Lord Chamberlain would at least have appointed me his Deputy-Licenser; but he has not even consulted me on any one new play. I made no doubt but the managers would pay their court to me; but they have not once sent for me to dinner; and, so far from having the freedom of the house, I declare I have not had so much as a single order from any of the under-actors.

In my office of Censor General, though I cannot boast of having over-turned the card-tables at routs and assemblies, or broke up the club at Arthur's, I can safely boast, that I have routed the many-headed monster at the Disputant society at the Robin Hood, and put to silence the great Clare-market Orator. In a word, I have laboured to prevent the growth of vice and immorality; and with as much effect as the justices of the quarter-sessions. For this reason I expected to have been put in the commission, and to have had the power of licensing all places of public diversion vested solely in my hands. But as I find my merits have been hitherto over-looked, I am determined to lay down my office; and in my next number I shall take my final leave of the public, when I shall give them an account of my correspondents, together with a full and particular account of myself. T.

No. 140.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1756.

Vel duo, vel nemo.

PERS.

Censor nor he, nor he: or both or none:
A two-fold author, Messieurs Mr. Town.

*Pene gemelli,
Fraternis animis.*

HOR.

Sure in the self-same mould their minds were cast,
Twins in affection, judgment, humour, taste.

PERIODICAL writers, who retail their sense or

nonsense to the world sheet by sheet, acquire a sort of familiarity and intimacy with the public, peculiar to themselves. Had these three volumes, which have swelled by degrees to their present bulk, burst forth at once, Mr. Town must have introduced himself to the acquaintance of the public with the awkward air and distance of a stranger: but he now flatters himself, that they will look upon him as an old companion, whose conversation they are pleased with: and, as they will see him no more after this time, will now and then perhaps miss their usual visitor.

However this may be, the authors of the *Connoisseur* now think proper to close the undertaking, in which they have been engaged for near three years past: and among their general thanks to the indulgent readers of their papers, they must include in a particular manner their acknowledgments to those, who have been pleased to appear in them as writers. They have, therefore, at the close of their work, brought Mr. Town and his associates on the scene together, like the *dramatis personæ* at the end of the last act.

Our earliest and most frequent correspondent distinguished his favours by the signatures G. K. and we are sorry, that he will not allow us to mention his name; since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his contributions. To him we are proud to own ourselves indebted for most part of No. 14 and 17; for the letter signed Goliath English, in No. 19; for a great part of No. 33 and 40; and for the letters, signed, Reginald Fitzworm, Michael Krawbridge, Moses Orthodox, and Tho. Vainall, No. 102, 107, 113, and 129.

The next, in priority of time, is a gentleman of Cambridge who signed himself A. B. and we cannot but regret that he withdrew his assistance, after having obliged us with the best part of the letters in No. 46, 49, and 52, and of the essays in No. 62 and 64.

The letters in No. 82, 98, 112, and 130, came from various hands, equally unknown to us. The imitation of Horace, in No. 11, was written (as we are informed) by a gentleman of Oxford: and from two gentlemen of Cambridge we received the letter signed W. Manly, in No. 65, and another, signed B. A. in No. 107.

These unexpected marks of favour, conferred on us by strangers, demand our highest gratitude; but we are no less happy in being able to boast the assistance of some other gentlemen, whom we are proud to call friends, though we are not at liberty to introduce them to the acquaintance of our readers. From a friend engaged in the Law, we had the first sketches and most striking passages of No. 75, 78, 87, and 104; though it may be regretted by the public

as well as ourselves, that his leisure would not permit him to put the finishing hand to them. From a friend, a gentleman of the Temple, we received No. 111, 115, and 119. To a friend, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, we are indebted for the song in No. 72, and the verses in No. 67, 90, 125, and 135. The list of contributions from such capable friends would doubtless have been much larger, had they been sooner let into the secret: but as Mr. Town, like a great prince, chose to appear *incog.* in order to avoid the impertinence of the multitude, he did not even make himself known to those about his person, till at last they themselves found him out through his disguise.

There are still remaining two correspondents, who must stand by themselves: as they have wrote to us not in an assumed character, but in *propria persona*: the first is no less a personage than the great Orator Henly, who obliged us with that truly original letter, printed in No. 37. The other, who favoured us with a letter, no less original, in No. 70, we have reason to believe is a Methodist teacher and mechanic; and we do not know either his name or his trade.

We now come to the most important discovery of ourselves, and to answer the often repeated question of, who is Mr. Town? it being the custom for periodical writers, at the same time that they send the hawkers abroad with their last dying speech like the malefactors, like them also to couple it with a confession. The general method of unravelling this mystery is by declaring, to whom the different signatures, affixed to different papers, are appropriated. For ever since the days of the inimitable Spectator, it has been usual for a bold capital to stand, like a sentry, at the end of our essays, to guard the author in secrecy: and it is commonly supposed, the writer, who does not choose to put his name to his work, has in this manner, like the painters and statuarys of old, at least set his mark. But the authors of the *Connoisseur* confess, that the several letters at first pitched upon to bring up the rear of their essays, have been annexed to different papers at random, and sometimes omitted, on purpose to put the sagacious reader on a wrong scent. It is particularly the interest of a writer, who prints himself out week by week, to remain unknown, during the course of this piece-meal publication. The best method, therefore to prevent a discovery, is to make the road to it as intricate as possible; and, instead of seeming to aim at keeping the reader entirely in the dark, to hang out a kind of wandering light, which only serves to lead him astray. The desire of giving each writer his due, according to the signatures, has, in the course of this undertaking, often confused the curious in their inquiries. Soon after the publication of our first papers, some

ingenious gentlemen found out, that T, O, W, N, being the letters that formed the name of TOWN, there were four authors, each of whom sheltered himself under a particular letter; but no paper appearing with an N. affixed to it, they were obliged to give up this notion. But, if they had been more able decyphers, they would have made out, that though T, O, W, will not compose the name of TOWN, yet, by a different arrangement of the letters it will form the word TWO; which is the grand mystery of our signatures, and couches under it the true and real number of the authors of the Connoisseur.

Having thus declared Mr. Town to consist of two separate individuals, it will perhaps be expected, that, like two tradesmen, who have agreed to dissolve their partnership, we should exactly balance our accounts, and assign to each his due parcel of the stock. But our accounts are of so intricate a nature, that it would be impossible for us to adjust them in that manner. We have not only joined in the work taken together, but almost every single paper is the joint product of both: and, as we have laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend, that any one particular part is the sole workmanship of either. A hint has perhaps been started by one of us, improved by the other, and still further heightened by a happy coalition of sentiment in both; as fire is struck out by a mutual collision of flint and steel. Sometimes, like Strada's lovers conversing with the sympathetic needles, we have written papers together at fifty miles distance from each other: the first rough draught or loose minutes of an essay have often travelled in a stage-coach from town to country, and from country to town; and we have frequently waited for the postman (whom we expected to bring us the precious remainder of a Connoisseur) with the same anxiety, as we should wait for the half of a bank note, without which the other half would be of no value. These our joint labours it may easily be imagined, would have soon broke off abruptly, if either had been too fondly attached to his own little conceits, or if we had conversed together with the jealousy of a rival, or the complaisance of a formal acquaintance, who smiles at every word that is said by his companion. Nor could this work have been carried on, with so much cheerfulness and good humour on both sides, if the Two had not been as closely united;

as the two Students, whom the Spectator mentions, as recorded by a *Torræ Filius* at Oxford, "to have had but one mind, one purse, one chamber, and one hat."

It has been often remarked, that the reader is very desirous of picking up some little particulars concerning the author of the book which he is perusing. To gratify this passion, many literary anecdotes have been published, and an account of their life, character, and behaviour, has been prefixed to the works of our most celebrated writers. Essayists are commonly expected to be their own Biographers: and perhaps our readers may require some further intelligence concerning the Authors of the Connoisseur. But, as they have all along appeared as a sort of *Socias* in literature, they cannot now describe themselves any otherwise, than as one and the same person; and can only satisfy the curiosity of the public, by giving a short account of that respectable personage Mr. Town, considering him as of the plural, or rather (according to the Grecians) of the dual number.

Mr. Town is a fair, black, middle-sized, very short man. He wears his own hair, and a periwig. He is about thirty years of age, and not more than four-and-twenty. He is a student of the law, and a bachelor of physic. He was bred at the university of Oxford; where having taken no less than three degrees, he looks down on many learned professors, as his inferiors: yet, having been there but little longer than to take the first degree of bachelor of arts, it has more than once happened, that the Censor-General of all England has been reprimanded by the Censor of his College, for neglecting to furnish the usual essay, or, (in the collegiate phrase) the theme of the week.

This joint description of ourselves will, we hope, satisfy the reader, without any further information. For our own parts, we cannot but be pleased with having raised this monument of our mutual friendship, and if these essays shall continue to be read, when they will no longer make their appearance as the fugitive pieces of the week, we shall be happy in considering, that we are mentioned at the same time. We have all the while gone on, as it were, hand in hand together: and while we are both employed in furnishing matter for the paper now before us, we cannot help smiling at our thus making our exit together, like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.

W. O.

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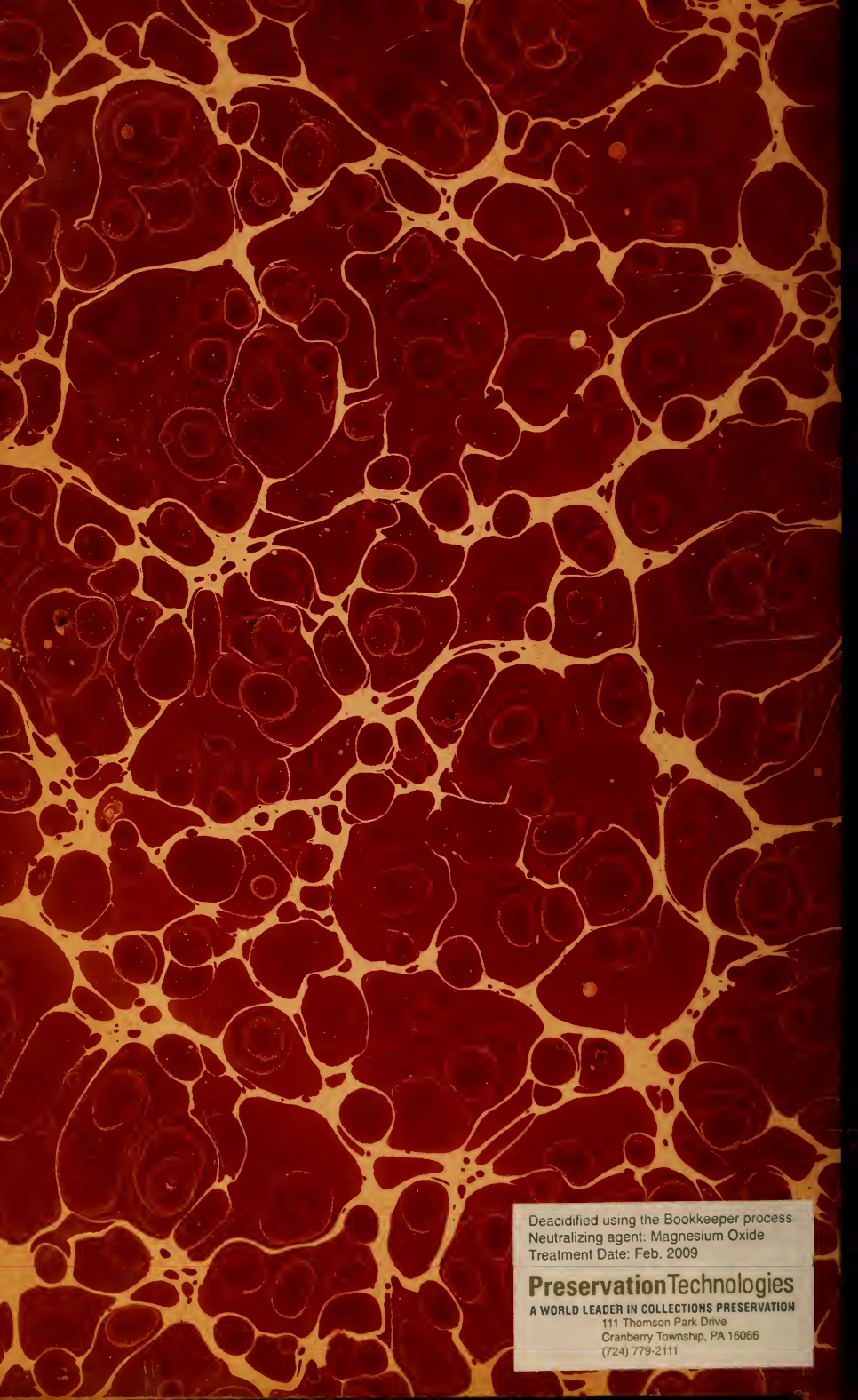
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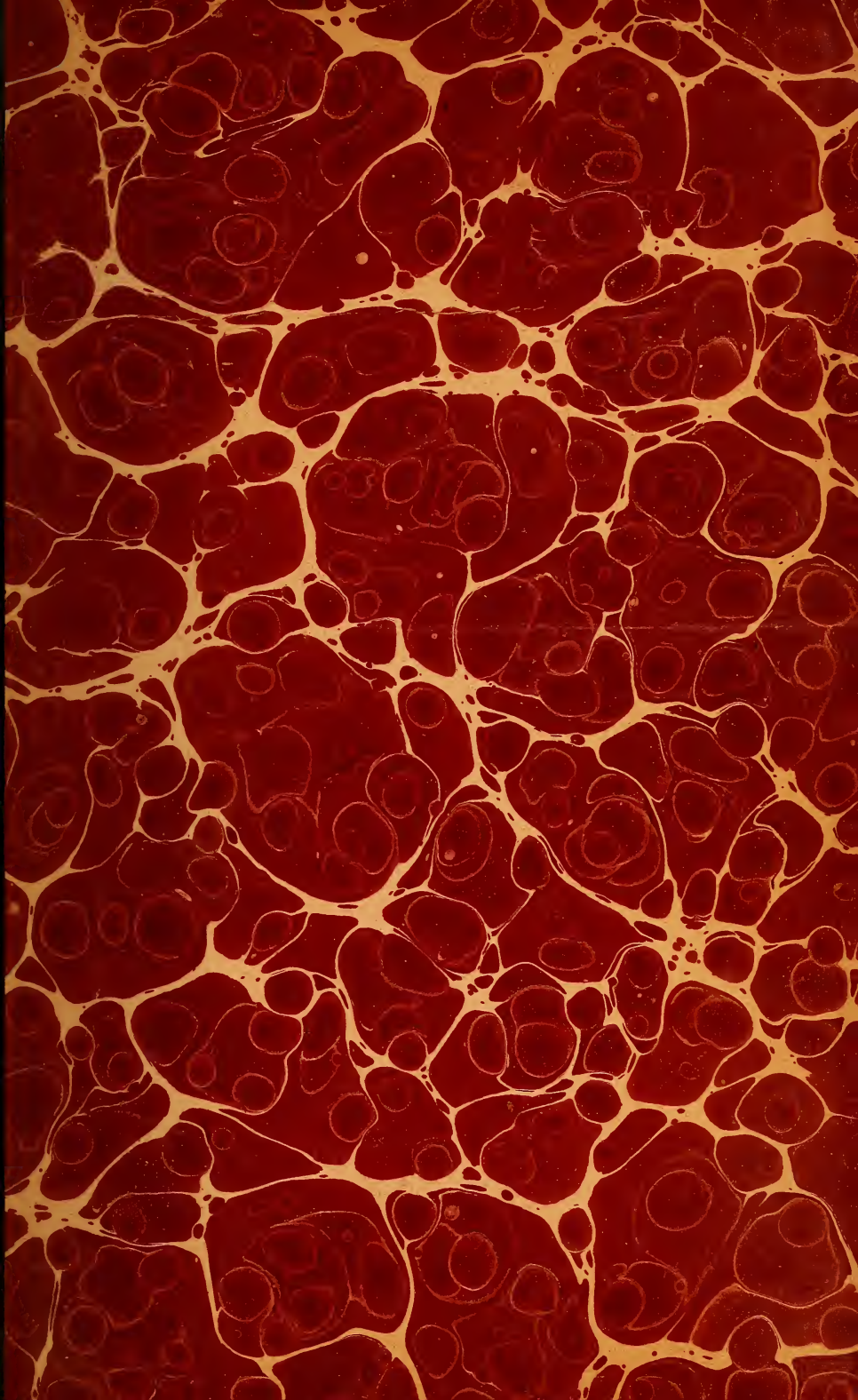
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